

The Present  
**Court of Spain :**

O R,

The Modern GALLANTRY  
of the *Spanish* Nobility unfolded.

In several HISTORIES  
And Seventy Five

**LETTERS**

FROM

The Enamour'd *TERESA*,

To her Beloved

The Marquis of *MANSERA*.

By the Ingenious Lady — Author  
of *The Memoirs and Travels*  
into Spain.

**Done into English,**  
By *J. P.*

L O N D O N,

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TO THE  
READER.

**T**HE Reader would take it unkindly, should I amuse him with a tedious and impertinent Preface. It is incomparably much better in my Opinion, to tell him in few Words, to the end he may be sensible before-hand of the pleasure he will have in reading it, that the Piece which I have here expos'd to publick View was written by the same Lady who compos'd the Memoirs, and the Relation of the Spanish Travels. It will be so much the more usefull to Foreigners, in regard no Person in the World was better acquainted then she who made it, with the Spirit and Genius of the Spanish Nation. And'tis no small thing to understand well how to paint forth to the Life the Characters of People. They then who are desirous to converse with those of that Court, which is so different from all others in Europe, all things being there carry'd with no less Mystery then Pomp and Ostentation, by the Knowledge of these short Stories, will have a most

## To the READER.

*ease Insight into it. For Examples make Impressions much more quick and lively, then all that a Man can speak in long Discourses. So that there will be no need to venture Prolixity upon the Merits of this History. It will be sufficient for me to assure the Reader only, that if it has been acceptable to those Illustrious Persons who have with pleasure and approbation read this Piece in Manuscript, other Persons will have the less reason to scruple the adorning their Libraries with it. And before I conclude, I shall add this further, which cannot be displeasing to the Publick, that in a little time, there will appear some other Pieces of the same Author, which will at least be no less Gratefull then this, or those other which she has already set forth, and of which there have been printed already several Impressions, as is well known to all the World.*

A New

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A  
New HISTORY  
OF THE  
COURT of SPAIN.

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The History of the Marquis of  
*LEMOS*; and of *DONA*  
*ELEONORA*, of *Monteleon*.

**D**ona Eleonora of Monteleon was  
carry'd so young to the Court of  
*Spain*, that she hardly knew she  
had any other place of Nativity. She  
had already lost her Mother, and her Fa-  
ther dy'd in a very short time after. For  
these Reasons therefore, the Duke of *Hix-*  
*ar* her Uncle, found himself engag'd to  
take care of her Education. She had al-  
so a Brother elder then her self, who be-  
gan betimes to exercise a kind of Paternal  
Authority over her, with so much rigour  
that she stood more in awe of him, then

of all the rest of her Relations together. His Name was *Don Alvare de Monteleon*; and as for the young Lady, she was made choice of to be one of the Queen Mother's Minions, and to that purpose immediately sent for to the Court, where her Lodgings were provided for her. The Marquis of *Lemos* at the same time was also one of the King's Minions. These are Children of Honour, of both Sexes, placed about the Persons of the King and Queen, to delight 'em with their Company, and to do 'em some little sorts of Service proper for their years, and therefore always selected out of the Prime Nobility of the Kingdom. *Eleonora* was about Fourteen years of Age; the Marquis about Eighteen; and they were so eminently remarkable above others, as well for Beauty of Body, as the Perfections of Mind, that they became the Wonders of the Court; so that all other Persons of both Sexes were enforced to yield 'em the Superiority in all things: and it must be agreed on all hands, that *Spain* never yet beheld any thing so perfect. From the first moment therefore, that the Marquis saw the young *Eleonora*, he felt something of a Passion for her, which he had never felt before for any other of the Children  
of

of Honour that were his Companions; and the Freedom which he had to see her often, serv'd only to render him still the more enamour'd. In her Company he spent all his time which he could spare from his Duty; and he study'd a thousand Gallantries to please and divert her. When the Queen went abroad, he so sedulously watch'd his Opportunities, that he never fail'd to be at the Boot of the Train Coach wherein she rode. For it is a usual thing at the Court, for the young Gentlemen to follow on foot the Ladies of the Pallace, for whom they have a particular Kindness; to the end, that by that means they may have the Advantage and Satisfaction of discoursing with 'em. All these Sedulities were soon observ'd; nor were the Contentions of such a friendly War displeasing to *Eleonora*: Neither was she the last, who was sensible of what she had inspir'd into the Marquis of *Lemos*; and therefore suffering her self to be govern'd by that Inclination which sway'd her to have a more particular esteem for him than any other; she allow'd that Liberty to Tenderness of Affection, which she thought should have gone no farther than grateful Acknowledgments.

One day that the King was at *Aranjuez*, and that the Queen was gone to take a Walk in *Buen Retiro*, (which is a Pallace Royal so very near to *Madrid*, that it joyns to *Alcala*) the King wrote a Letter to her, and order'd the Marquis to carry it; and withall to give the Queen an Account of some Business, which nearly concern'd her: wherein the Marquis discharged himself of his Message with such a Grace, that he had the good Fortune to be look'd upon with a favourable Eye. Thereupon the Queen commanded him to stay till the end of the Promenade, for that she had a Present which she intended he should deliver to the King. This Opportunity procur'd him the Happiness of spending some part of the day in *Eleonora's* Company; of which he took his Advantage, to acquaint her with the Passion he had for her, which alone would prove the Blessing or Misfortune of his Life.

‘ Were the Sentiments, *said he*, which  
 ‘ I have for your Person, Madam, less  
 ‘ submissive, could my Vows and Prote-  
 ‘ stations offend ye, I would condemn my-  
 ‘ self to an eternal silence; nor should my  
 ‘ Eyes presume to take the Liberty to let  
 ‘ you understand my Passion; but I adore  
 ‘ ye,

' ye with so profound a Respect, with that  
 ' Fidelity wherein there is not any thing  
 ' of common, that I dare adventure to  
 ' flatter my self, that you will find no-  
 ' thing to merit your Displeasure in the  
 ' humble Protestation which I make ye.  
 ' Nevertheless, Madam, 'tis true, that  
 ' such is the trouble of my mind, so vio-  
 ' lent are my fears, that I am less afraid of  
 ' Death, then to incur your Indignation :  
 ' Vouchsafe therefore, not to look upon  
 ' that, as an effect of my presumption,  
 ' which is the effect of your Charms.  
 ' Indeed, how was it in my power to re-  
 ' strain my self; for are not you, Madam,  
 ' the most amiable Person in the World,  
 ' and ———

' He was going on, but the Lady inter-  
 ' rupting him, ' Sir, *said she*, you cannot  
 ' but well know, that I am not so much  
 ' the Mistress of my own Heart, as to  
 ' dispose of it my self: Infant of Honour  
 ' to the Queen, the Duke of *Hixar's*  
 ' Neece, and *Don Alvarez's* Sister: these  
 ' are they who must over-rule my Desti-  
 ' ny. ' How! *said the Marquis*, with a  
 ' vehemency somewhat more then usual, should  
 ' they go about to make you miserable,  
 ' should they design to engage you with a  
 ' Person whom you could not love,



' Would you be willingly submissive to  
 ' so much Rigour ? ' I never yet, *said*  
 ' she, consulted my own Thoughts what  
 ' I should do in such an Extremity ; tho'  
 ' I am persuaded they are too just to re-  
 ' duce me to it : yet in short, should they  
 ' be so severe in the Exercise of their Au-  
 ' thority, I should not have the Courage  
 ' to withstand their Power. ' Ah ! Ma-  
 ' dam, *contin'd the Marquis, with a pen-*  
 ' *sive Aspect*, then it seems there would be  
 ' no distinction made of me in the  
 ' Croud. Would any Husband be alike  
 ' in your Affection, so you receiv'd him  
 ' from the Hands of the Queen, or those  
 ' of your nearest Relations ? ' How im-  
 ' portunate Sir, you are, *reply'd the lovely*  
 ' *Eleonora, blushing* ; but wherefore is it  
 ' that you urge me in this manner to ex-  
 ' plain my self any farther in this particu-  
 ' lar ? ' Wherefore is it ? *reply'd the Mar-*  
 ' *quis, throwing himself at her feet* ; alas !  
 ' most charming Creature, the whole  
 ' Repose and Happiness of my life de-  
 ' pends upon it. ' If that happiness, *re-*  
 ' *ply'd the Lady*, depended upon me only,  
 ' I am apt to think you never would have  
 ' any Reason to upbraid me with obstru-  
 ' cting it.

The



The Marquis at those words was so transported with Joy, that he wanted utterance to express the Condition of his Soul. *Dona Eleonora* was naturally very timorous ; an extraordinary Vertue, and an exact Reserv'dness restrain'd her within such narrow Limits, that she was afraid of having said too much ; but yet she could not be uncivil to a Person in whom she found so many noble Qualities ; and if she must have been forc'd to have taken up a Resolution of being either too Indulgent or too Rigorous, she would certainly have inclin'd to Indulgence. So that where a Lady is thus anticipated in her Thoughts, 'tis an easie thing for Wit and Merit to make fair Progresses toward the winning of her Heart.

After this, the Queen sent back the young Marquis to *Aranjuez*, with her Dispatches for the King : and in regard the King was frequently accusom'd to write to the Queen his Mother ; as also, for that the Marquis was always entrusted to carry the Letters, he always improv'd those Opportunities, which bless'd him as often with the Sight and Company of his beloved *Eleonora*, to his best advantage.

It was not long before both Courts return'd to *Madrid* ; which occasion'd as

much rejoycing, as if their Majesties had taken a longer Progress : in the streets were Bonfires, all sorts of Fire-works, and Masquerades on Horse-back ; in the Palace they danc'd the Canaries and the *Sarar*, or *Sarad*, which is a Moresco Dance, very delightfull to the Eye , wherein the young Ladies and Noble-men hold Flambeaus in their Hands , and where every one appear'd at that time in disguise, by the King's Order. Among the rest, the Marquis of *Lemos* had made him a Habit which had something of more then usual Curiosity ; beside that he had added to it something of his own Fancy. Now while the Workmen were making up this Habit, *Don Alvarez*, who was appointed to be one of the Maskers, not knowing what sort of Disguise to contrive for himself, happened to have a sight of the Marquis's Habit, was extremely taken with the Novelty , and order'd another to be made just like it.

The Children of Honour to the Queen were all clad like Shepherdesses for that day ; among whom, there was no need of any long Search for the Marquis to find out *Dona Eleonora* ; her Air and Carriage distinguish'd her so much to her advantage from the rest of her Companions, and

and besides he lov'd her with such a tender Affection, that he no sooner cast his Eyes upon that lovely Medly, but he soon sing'd out his own adored Shepherdess. Presently approaching near her, 'Tis in vain Madam, *said he*, that your Habit is so like to that of the rest of your Companions, and that you put on a Disguise to conceal your self among many; your Eyes are so lively and so sparkling, the Air of your Deportment so noble, that any Man the least concern'd to take notice of your Graces, might easily distinguish and find ye in a greater Croud. Judge then my lovely Shepherdess, by those Emotions of Mind that seiz'd me in my approach to your Person, what my Heart has spoken, and what it may be sensible of. *Alas! Sir, said she, with a pensive Air*, I am but too well convinc'd of the Sentiments of value and esteem which you have for me; they begin to make me suffer; you overcast the serene days of my Life, and I have ill News to tell you: you see me here because my Duty and Complacency require it, but had it become me to have dispens'd with my coming hither, I should have preferr'd a Retirement all alone by my self in my Closet, where I

I might have abandon'd my self to my  
 Grief. Such a Discourse as this, very  
 much alarm'd the Marquis; but as she  
 was going on, the King beckon'd him to  
 attend his Commands; so that notwith-  
 standing the Disturbance of his Thoughts,  
 occasion'd by *Eleonora's* words, he could  
 not avoid quitting her, to wait upon the  
 King. In a very short time after, *Don*  
*Alvare*, who knew his Sister, though she  
 knew not him, came and plac'd himself  
 close by her; and I have told ye already,  
 that his Disguise was just the same with  
 the Marquis's. She therefore not questi-  
 oning in the least, but that it had been  
 the Marquis, who had made a quick Re-  
 turn from the King, through his impati-  
 ence to know what she had more to say  
 to him: 'Hear then, said she, beginning  
 'where she ended, the occasion of those  
 'Sorrows that almost overwhelm me;  
 'for though it be not in your power to  
 'rid me absolutely of 'em, yet I find it  
 'will become an Alleviation of my Grief  
 'to let you share it with me. The Count  
 'of *Araval*, for a long time has had a vio-  
 'lent Passion to be my Servant, but after  
 'he had made use of all the ways that  
 'could be, to engage me to some Ac-  
 'knowledgment, seeing I refus'd him with  
 'so

' so much Obstinacy, a Happiness of which  
 ' he is not worthy, he resolv'd at length  
 ' to discover his mind to my Brother.  
 ' Him, he easily won over to his side, and  
 ' fasten'd him to a Compliance, by the  
 ' Tye of his own Interests: he has pro-  
 ' mis'd him to make a cross Match of it,  
 ' and give him his own Sister, for whom  
 ' my Brother has had a Kindness many  
 ' years. This Proposal put him into an  
 ' Extasie of Joy; away he ran to the  
 ' Duke of *Hixar*, and so powerfully laid  
 ' before him the Advantages that both Fa-  
 ' milies would reap by the Alliance, that  
 ' he drew a Promise from the Duke, that  
 ' he would mention it to the Queen.  
 ' Afterwards, he came to me, and told  
 ' me, I must prepare to be dispos'd of,  
 ' so soon as their Majesties had deliver'd  
 ' their Approbation of what would be  
 ' propounded to them. Now Sir, *conti-*  
 ' *nued she*, be you the Judge of my Condi-  
 ' tion. While she was thus telling her  
 Story, the Marquis of *Lemos*, having done  
 what the King had commanded him to  
 do, return'd in all hast to his Mistress.  
 But he was strangely surpriz'd to find her  
 in such a serious Discourse with a Person  
 clad in a Disguise in nothing different  
 from his own: and she was no less asto-  
 nish'd,

mist'd, to see two Disguises so much alike,  
 that she could not discern which of the  
 two was her Real Lover. Neither did  
 the Marquis know *Don Alvare*, but the  
 latter knew the Marquis: so that they  
 look'd one upon another with an Eye of  
 Fury, and complemented each other with  
 sharp and cutting Expressions. On the  
 other side, it is not to be imagin'd how  
 much the Lady was concern'd; she had  
 unfolded the Secrets of her mind, but  
 knew not to whom; and it was impossi-  
 ble for her to clear the Mistake, so long as  
 the Ball continu'd. The Count d' *Ara-  
 val*, who had also plac'd himself next to  
 her, never quitting her so much as one  
 moment. This unseasonable struggling, and  
 his obstinate persecution of the amiable  
 Lady, reduc'd her under those Severities  
 of ill Success, as brought her to the  
 Brink of Despair: Nor was the Marquis  
 of *Lemos* less disturb'd in his mind; he  
 brook'd their Conversation together with  
 a more than ordinary Impatience, and  
 beheld the Person in a Disguise so like his  
 own, with Eyes full of Choler and Vex-  
 ation; nor had he delay'd the Proofs of  
 his Dissatisfaction, but for the Respect  
 which was due to the Presence of the  
 King, and his Mistress, which hindred  
 him

him from deciding his Quarrel upon the Place. The Ball being ended, Don *Alvare de Monteleon*, who was really enrag'd upon what his Sister had discover'd to him, sent one of his Friends to the Marquis, to let him know, that the Person in Disguise, with whom he had been so brisk at the Ball, desir'd to see him with his Sword by his side : That he needed not to bring along with him any more then two Flambeaux ; himself intending to have as many, which would afford them light sufficient, by which to determin their Differences. The Marquis of *Lemos*, being too brave to refuse so bold a Challenge, caus'd two of his Pages to follow him, and hastned to the *Prado*, which is a delightful Walk near *Buen Retiro*, and was the Place appointed where to meet ; and tho' he knew not the Person, against whom he fought, yet he was sensible, that he hated him so sufficiently, as to kill him, if he could : In short, they fought with so much Courage, as could be expected from two Men of matchless Prowess, till at length, Don *Alvare* was dangerously Wounded, and soon reduc'd to beg his Life. But in what a condition was the Marquis of *Lemos*, when he pull'd off his Antagonist's Vizor?

He



He was ready to expire for Grief, when he perceiv'd him to be *Eleonora's* Brother. Never was Man so sensibly concern'd; and therefore, void of all Consolation, after so freakish, and yet so unlucky an Accident. So soon therefore, as he had sent for Succour to take Care of Don *Alvaré*, he betook himself to a House of one of his Friends, to whom he imparted his Misfortune, and the little Probability there was, that Don *Alvaré* could recover.

In the mean time, *Eleonora* full of restless and troublesome thoughts that hinder'd her Repose, got up, and desir'd *Dona Laura*, her daily Companion and best Friend, to be so kind to her, as to take a Walk with her upon a Terras that looks over into the Great *Piazza* before the Palace. There they had not been but a very little while, when they beheld several Flambeaux making toward 'em, and observ'd withal, a Person in a Masquerade Habit, carry'd easily and gently along, and in a languishing posture. *Eleonora*, who had as much time as was needful, to view and take notice of the Habit, made no Question, but that it was her dear Marquis of *Lemos*, and immediately, being no longer Mistress of her Grief, Swooned away in *Laura's* Arms; and it was



was a long while before they could bring her to Life again, by the assistance of her Women, and several powerful Remedies. But the Lamentations and Moans that she made the remaining part of the Night, would not permit her to close her Eyes one single moment. Scarcely was the Day broke, before she sent to know whither the Marquis were in his Chamber. It was told her, that he had not lain in the Palace, and that his Attendants were all in a great Consternation. Then having no longer any Room for flattering Thoughts, she believ'd the suspicions of her own Eyes. But when she heard more truly, that it was her Brother whom she saw in that Extremity, and that it was the Marquis of Lemos who had wounded him, she abandon'd her self entirely to her Sorrows; and upon those unwelcome Tydings, almost sinking under the Accumulation of her Troubles : ' My Dearest *Laura*, said she, to her Companion, pouring forth a deluge of Tears, I could have lov'd him without a Crime, I could have been really sorry for him, had the Misfortune been his, and could have wish'd with all my Soul, the recovery of his Health; but now what can I do less than hate him? He is the Murtherer of my Brother; he has

‘ has shed my own Blood; and it is I  
 ‘ that find my self at length oblig’d to  
 ‘ pursue the Revenge of it. These sad  
 Reflections threw her into utter despair;  
 she ran to her Brother; he refus’d to  
 speak with her; but order’d the Duke  
 of *Hixar* to tell her his Mind in severe  
 and upbraiding Language.

The Marquis of *Lemos* durst not ap-  
 pear; he had to doe with Persons of so  
 great Authority, that he knew not what  
 course to take; however, the Queen be-  
 ing inform’d of the Danger he was in, if  
 he remained in *Spain*, sent him in her  
 Name a Friendly Admonition to retire  
 into *Flanders*, and was graciously also plea-  
 sed to grant him her Letters to the Go-  
 vernour of the Low-Countries. Which  
 done, it behov’d him to depart: but he  
 could not resolve to leave *Madrid*, till he  
 had seen his charming Enemy, and bid  
 her adieu. He had written to her several  
 times, but she refus’d to receive his Let-  
 ters, and still sent ’em back again, seal’d  
 as they were; yet not without fixing a  
 tender Kiss upon ’em, and moistning ’em  
 with her Tears. Never Virgin lov’d more;  
 never Virgin with a more noble Violence  
 restrain’d her Love, to hinder it from ap-  
 pearing, and making too great a Progress  
 in her Heart. On

On the other side, the Count *d' Araval*, the more to encrease her Afflictions, now openly declar'd his Amours, and pay'd her most assiduous Visits. One Evening, being in her Closet, quite dejected by her Misfortunes, and making sad Reflections upon the same, one came and told her, that one of the *Duenna's* belonging to the Lord Constable's Lady, desir'd to speak with her. These Venerable Matrons and Governesses are freely admitted every where, and are always wrapt about over head and shoulders, in a large black Taffata Mantle. So soon as *Eleonora* and she were perfectly alone together, she discover'd her self, and then appear'd to be the lovely Marquis of *Leones*: nor had his Disguise detracted any thing from his goodly presence; only he was sad and serious, while Grief and Respect shew'd themselves in his Eyes, as well as Love. Immediately he threw himself at her Feet, and notwithstanding all the Resistance which she made, took hold of one of her hands, and pressing it close to his Lips, much more apparently by that Action, assur'd her of his tender Affection, then by all the amorous Expressions he could have utter'd. But at length, after a profound Silence for some time, he thus deliver'd himself.

‘ Con-

' Considering the Condition to which I  
 ' am reduc'd, there is no Obligation up-  
 ' on me to be sparing of a miserable Life.  
 ' I foresee, Madam, all my Misfortunes,  
 ' but am of none so deeply sensible as of  
 ' my being constrain'd to absent my self  
 ' from your Person. And is it then a  
 ' thing possible to be done? Can I think,  
 ' and not dye for Grief, that I must love  
 ' ye; that I must never see ye more?  
 ' Can you observe without some Pity,  
 ' the Despair that attends this cruel Ne-  
 ' cessity of mine to separate from your  
 ' presence?

Concluding these words, which were  
 often interrupted with profound Sighs, he  
 amorously kiss'd the fair *Eleonora's* hands,  
 and moisten'd them with his Tears: but  
 as she was going to raise him up, and re-  
 turn him an Answer, the Count of *Ara-*  
*val* enter'd her Chamber, and had almost  
 surpriz'd her. Not that it is the Custom to  
 take that Liberty in *Spain*; but the Count  
 was so enamour'd, and his Love was au-  
 thoriz'd to that degree, by the Relations  
 of *Dona Eleonora*, that he thought it no un-  
 decency. However, the Lady quickly  
 recovering her self from her sudden Fright,  
 made a sign to the Marquis to wrap him-  
 self up in his Mantle, and with an As-

pect

peet more than usually Compassionate ,  
 directing her Speech to the Count ; ‘ See  
 ‘ Sir, said she, here prostrate at my feet,  
 ‘ one of the *Duenna's* belonging to the  
 ‘ Lord Constable's Lady ; she comes hi-  
 ‘ ther to conjure me, that I would use my  
 ‘ Credit with your Lordship ; her Son  
 ‘ was an Officer in the Citadel of *Oran*,  
 ‘ but not long since unfortunately taken  
 ‘ by the Moors ; now in regard you have  
 ‘ several Prisoners to release in exchange  
 ‘ of such as can make Friends, she begs of  
 ‘ you to speak to the Queen, that her  
 ‘ Majesty would vouchsafe to grant her  
 ‘ that Favour. The Count was overjoy'd  
 to find an Opportunity to oblige the on-  
 ly Person that he lov'd in the World :  
 he promis'd her more then she desir'd, and  
 away he flew, without stop or stay, to get  
 the Business done , wherein his Mistress  
 had so artfully employ'd him. All this  
 while the Marquis of *Lemos* had much a-  
 do to contain himself ; so eager was he to  
 have had a Brush with his Rival. For he  
 had understood by *Dona Laura* , who was  
 one of his Friends, and fast to his Inte-  
 rests, all that had past at the Ball between  
*Eleanor* and her Brother ; and she had  
 likewise inform'd him of the Count's Pre-  
 tensions ; but Prudence and good Man-  
 ners

ners over-rul'd his Passion. However, so  
 soon as the Count was gone, he re-ap-  
 proach'd his Mistress; and falling upon  
 his Knees, ' Madam, *said he, with an aw-*  
 ' *ful and affectionate Air,* I am now going  
 ' to leave ye, and to carry my Misfortunes  
 ' into another Country; you will no  
 ' more behold that same detested Lover,  
 ' whose Letters you would not vouchsafe  
 ' to open; but what is my Crime? Did  
 ' I know that I fought with *Don Alvarez*?  
 ' Could I, without rendring my self un-  
 ' worthy your Esteem, refuse the Chal-  
 ' lenge? Alas! Madam, my Miseries are  
 ' too weighty already; never heap Af-  
 ' fliction upon Affliction; I am persecu-  
 ' ted by all your Family; hated by your  
 ' Brother; banish'd by the Court; aban-  
 ' don'd by your self; can I survive all  
 ' these Calamities? Concluding these  
 words, he fix'd his Eyes upon *Eleonora's*:  
 she, on the other side in a languishing po-  
 stance held down her own all full of Tears,  
 and altogether heartless, ' I cannot hate  
 ' ye, Sir, *said she,* whatever Necessity  
 ' my Duty imposes upon me; nor can I  
 ' love ye any longer, considering the  
 ' Condition to which you have reduc'd  
 ' my Brother; we are yet uncertain whe-  
 ' ther he will live or dye; but this you  
 ' may

' may believe, that tho' my Honour for-  
 ' bids me to be yours, my Heart will ne-  
 ' ver suffer me to be another's; my ar-  
 ' dent Vows, and zealous Prayers shall  
 ' always invoke Heaven in your favour;  
 ' and if Heaven restores my Brother to  
 ' me, my Inclination shall do ye Justice.  
 So saying, she would have left him, tho'  
 not without an absolute violence upon her  
 Will; but he stopt her, took her by the  
 hands, and look'd as if he would have  
 expir'd for Grief at her Feet: which,  
 though it did not a little move and molli-  
 fie the Heart of *Eleonora*, yet upon other  
 Considerations more prevalent, she wrest-  
 ed her self out of his hands, and forbid-  
 ding him to follow her, retir'd into  
 her Chamber, and threw her self, half  
 dead, upon her Couch; while the Marquis,  
 wrapt up in his Mantle departed, without  
 being discover'd, and went to his Friend's  
 House; where finding there was no o-  
 ther Remedy, he resolv'd upon his Jour-  
 ney for *Flanders*. The Letters which he  
 had from the Queen, and his own Merit,  
 easily acquir'd him the Favour and Good  
 Will of the Governour of the Low-Coun-  
 tries, and the Esteem of all the Court:  
 more then that, he gave signal Proofs of  
 his extraordinary Courage upon several  
 Occa-



Occasions, and at all times he shew'd him-  
 self no Niggard of his Life, which the  
 Absence of his beloved *Eleonora* render'd  
 irksome to him. In the mean time he  
 wrote several Letters to her, but recei-  
 ved no Answer: which continu'd Seve-  
 rity of Silence afflicting him with a more  
 then ordinary Disquiet of Mind, he dire-  
 cted a Letter to *Dona Laura*, and besought  
 her to give it his Mistress, her self: who  
 being well acquainted with his Passion,  
 as also no less well inform'd of the kind  
 Sentiments which *Dona Eleonora* had for  
 him, fail'd not to carry her the Letter;  
 and perceiving her in a quandary whether  
 she should open it or no: 'Is it possible,  
 ' *said she*, my dear Companion, you can  
 ' delay one single moment, the pleasure  
 ' of hearing from a Person that adores  
 ' ye, and whom you love your self so ten-  
 ' derly. 'Tis therefore because I love  
 ' him, *replied the fair Eleonora, fetching a*  
 ' *deep Sigh*, that you see me so irresolute:  
 ' for in short; it is not to add more pain-  
 ' full Sorrows to those which I already  
 ' feel, to be made still more sensible of the  
 ' Condition to which he is reduc'd. Cou'd  
 ' I promise to my self, to afford him any  
 ' Consolation (Good God! *said she, with*  
 ' *a kind of Vehemency*, wou'd I but knew  
 ' the



' the way ) believe me , *Laura* , you  
 ' should have nothing wherewithal to re-  
 ' proach me. But 'tis a difficult thing for  
 ' me to acquit my self of all my Obliga-  
 ' tions, on the one side owing to my Duty,  
 ' on the other, due to my Lover. You  
 ' know after what manner I have all a-  
 ' long exprest my mind ; I have still to  
 ' you disclos'd my most secret Thoughts ;  
 ' what Woman could ever be more ten-  
 ' derly affectionate , and more miserable  
 ' then my self ! I have continually to com-  
 ' bat with the impatient Importunities  
 ' of the Duke of *Hixar* and my Brother ;  
 ' neither of 'em will let me be at quiet  
 ' one hour in the day. The Count of *Ara-  
 ' val* persecutes me ; the Queen-Mother  
 ' approves his Passion for me, and I alone  
 ' am forc'd to stand the shock of all these  
 ' different Assaults. In the mean time, the  
 ' Person for whose sake I undergo all this,  
 ' believes me faithless ; nor have I the Li-  
 ' berty to justify my self against his Ac-  
 ' cusations : he loads me with Reproach-  
 ' es , and I prefer the Misfortune to be  
 ' counted Faithless, before the Mischief I  
 ' should inevitably draw upon my Bro-  
 ' ther and the Count, by informing the  
 ' Marquis of their Proceedings. Consi-  
 ' der *Laura*, continu'd she ; letting fall at  
 ' the

' the same time a shower of Tears, consider  
 ' the Condition to which I am reduc'd.  
 ' So violent my Sufferings are, that Death  
 ' it self would terrifie me less, and my  
 ' expiring pangs be much more pleasing  
 ' to me. ' I condole and pity your hard  
 ' Fortune, Madam, with a real Com-  
 ' passion, reply'd Laura, tenderly embrac-  
 ' ing her ; however in hopes to procure  
 ' our selves a little Comfort, delay no  
 ' longer the reading what his Sorrows  
 ' have endited. And thus at length she  
 over-rul'd her to open the Letter ; where-  
 in she found these Words.

**H**OW happy are you, Madam, that it is  
 in your Power to Hate the Person whom it  
 is your chief Desiré to Hate. It would not  
 else be possible that your Heart should be so rea-  
 dily Obedient to your Duty, did not your indif-  
 ference for me furnish it with all the pronest  
 Inclinations you could wish for. No, Madam,  
 No ; you never design'd me the Happiness with  
 which you flatter'd me, though my Respect and  
 Passion deseru'd more Sincerity. But, alas !  
 what do I say ? I accuse ye of the pains I suffer,  
 of which you, perhaps, are not the occasion,  
 but with no less vexation to your self. Pardon,  
 Madam, the violence of my Grief, which hi-  
 therto has made me eager in the search of Death,  
 which

*which yet I cannot find; and sure it cannot be, because that you are my Defence against it.*

‘ Well, now — are ye satisf’d? *said*  
 ‘ Eleonora, *casting a mournful look upon her*:  
 ‘ I have read nothing but Reproaches,  
 ‘ which, though they be unjust, cannot  
 ‘ however incense me against this illustri-  
 ‘ ous Unfortunate. ‘ I am satisf’d, *reply’d*  
 ‘ Laura, with what you have done; and  
 ‘ I no less approve your Sentiments: but  
 ‘ I shall not be so well pleas’d with your  
 ‘ Complaisance, unless you write an An-  
 ‘ swer to this Letter. What can you  
 ‘ hazard where there is such signal Merit,  
 ‘ a Noble Extraction, and a plentiful E-  
 ‘ state? The Capricio’s of your Fami-  
 ‘ ly are Idlely grounded; and had he less  
 ‘ of Passion and Respect for your Person,  
 ‘ he might have sought out proper ways to  
 ‘ have done himself Justice, for the wrongs  
 ‘ that have been offer’d him. *Eleonora,*  
 held out a while against all these perswa-  
 sions, but with such a feeble Resistance,  
 that at length she consented to send these  
 few Lines to the Marquis.

**W**HAT Injuries have I done ye, Sir, that you  
 tell me of seeking so earnestly after Death,  
 and that you hope to find it? I never thought  
 C that

that without my permission, you would ever go about to be the disposer of a Life, wherein you know I have so great an Interest. But I am to blame; you know it not; you listen to outward Appearances that are against me, and you condemn me; and yet I merit not to be condemn'd: the lovely Laura will inform you better. Live, then, Sir, to Love me, and I will Live to value and esteem your Love.

Less then this Letter could never have afforded him any Consolation in that excess of Melancholy which he had contracted. All the endeavours of his Friends in *Brussels*, to divert him, were in vain; so insensible was he of all the sports and pastimes which they propounded to dissipate his pensive humour. Nor did any other Pleasure charm him, but in seeking out the means that might restore him to the presence of his beloved Mistress.

Now while he lay wasting himself with Grief, *Don Alvaro de Monteleon*, who was by this time perfectly recover'd of his wounds, study'd nothing so much as to satisfy the mortal Aversion which he had against the Marquis. He knew well that *Eleonora* had no kindness in the least for the Count of *Araval*, if she did not rather despise him in her Heart. He also was assur'd,

affur'd, that if the Count did not espouse his Sister, he could never hope that e're the Count of *Araval's* Sister could be his Bride. Such thoughts as these threw him into so violent a Despair, and troubl'd his Reason to that degree, that he resolv'd to take a journey into *Flanders*, and find out the Marquis of *Lemos*, with a Design to put in Execution the most fatal Dictates of his Rage and Malice against him; not questioning but that he was the only Cause of *Eleonora's* Aversion to the Count of *Araval*. This Design he imparted to no Person living, but away he went before any body was aware of it; and so private was his Departure, that 'twas impossible to give the Marquis any Notice of it.

The Court was at *Brussels*, when *Don Alvarez* arriv'd there *incognito*, and where immediately he enquir'd for the Marquis of *Lemos*, punctually informing himself of his most familiar Acquaintance, and what manner of Life he lead. 'Twas told him, that he was the most Melancholy Person in the World; that he had been in *Flanders* for some Years; that he walk'd always alone and musing by himself; that he visited very few Ladies; nevertheless, that his Merit was such as won him the Love and Esteem of all People, though

he made that Art the least of his Study. Things thus distinctly understood, *Don Alvarez* remain'd some Days after this, uncertain where and when to attack him : but understanding by accident, that he was to go to the *Canal* (which is a walk adjoining to the Gates of *Brussels*, little frequented in the Morning,) thither he hasten'd by that time the Sun was up. But he was no sooner alighted from his Horse, with an intention to take a turn or two, when on a sudden he was beset by four Men, who fell upon him with so much Fury, that he must have sunk most certainly under the great disadvantage of Multitude, had not the generous Marquis of *Lemos*, as he was ready to fall by Reason of the many Wounds he had receiv'd, arriv'd in time. The Marquis so naturally abhor'd the inequality of the Match, that he flew immediately to the Succour of a Gentleman, whom he saw rather overlaid by Number, then master'd by Valour. He was also seconded by a Friend that accompany'd him ; and being all three thus join'd together, they so vigorously assail'd, and drave the Russians before 'em, that two being dangerously wounded, the other two betook themselves to hasty flight. Now in regard that such an Encounter as this could

could never happen without Noise, it was easily heard as far as the Church that stood at the end of the Walk. And this made the People all run out, to see what the Matter was, at the same time, that the Marquis of *Lemos*, being recover'd from those Commotions which Anger and Passion raise in heat of Combat, cast his Eyes upon *Don Alvaro*. There needs no great depth of Reason to judge of the surprize that seiz'd the Marquis, to meet an Accident so extraordinary. He bless'd his Good Fortune; he neglected nothing wherein he might be Serviceable to a Person, of whom he had so much Reason to be tender; and he flatter'd himself that this Accident might work his Enemy to a Reconciliation. In the midst of these thoughts, his Love, which had no need of his natural Generosity to instruct it, caus'd him to act with a more then ordinary Zeal: he caused the Count to be carry'd home to his Lodgings; he spent whole days, and the greatest part of the Nights in his Chamber; nor did he omit to cause those two Ruffians that were wounded to be seiz'd; and they confess'd in the Prison, That the Count of *Araval* being reduc'd to utter Despair, by reason that *Dona Eleonora* slighted him, had sent 'em to kill the

Marquis of *Lemos* ; that they knew him not , but being certainly inform'd that he was to walk early in the morning by the side of the Canal, they tarry'd for him in that place : that seeing *Don Alvare* appear at the same instant , they made no doubt but that he had been the Marquis, and so falling upon him, they had felt the effects of his Deliverer's united Courage. And indeed they were so desperately wounded, that Death, soon after ensuing, prevented the publick punishment of their Villany.

In the mean time *Don Alvare* was so feelingly touch'd with the prevailing Motions of Acknowledgment for the Marquis, that after he had embrac'd him several times, and conjur'd him to forget what had past between 'em , he gave him his word to make use of all his Credit with the Duke of *Hixar*, and his Sister ; to the end he might obtain her for his Wife. ' I make no question , *added he* , but to gain her Consent ; she knows your worth, ' Sir , and she has always done it Justice ; ' and as soon as my strength will permit ' me, I will in writing give her an Account of the Obligations you have lay'd ' upon me ; I will inform her of the unworthy Treacheries of the Count *d'A-* ' *raval*, and am assur'd she will never deny



'ny me what I request in your behalf. Upon this, the Marquis embrac'd him with those transports of Joy, which cannot be express'd. But, in a short time after, he found his Joy redoubl'd, perceiving in the Hands of *Don Alvare*, Letters from the Duke of *Hixar*, and *Dona Eleonora*; the Contents of which were, That the Marquis of *Lemos* might leave *Flanders*, when he pleas'd, with an absolute assurance to enjoy the Price of his Love. *Don Alvare* would have been glad, that his weakness would have suffer'd him to accompany the Marquis, in a Journey so long wish'd for, and so pleasing to him; and indeed, the Marquis offer'd to stay for him; but he utter'd that Complement, poor Gentleman! with such an Air, that it was easie to discern, how much a greater kindness *Don Alvare* would do him, not to retard his departure; and he, on the other side, was so far from desiring him to tarry, that he hastned him away, as much as lay in his Power. And in regard they were afraid, least the violent Count of *Araval* should engage himself in deeper Crimes, to cross the Marriage of the Marquis and *Eleonora*, the Duke of *Hixar* resolv'd to send her away privately, to an Estate of his, near *Lerma*; and as

for himself and his Friends, they were to take another Road, while the Marquis, in the mean time, had perfect Notice of the Time and Place design'd for the accomplishment of his Felicity. And for more certainty, *Dona Eleonora* stay'd at *Lerma*, in expectation of her dearest Marquis, and to conduct him to the Duke of *Hixar's* Seat. Her Wit and Heart now both at ease, and satisfy'd alike, furnish'd her with a thousand pleasing thoughts; nor did she call to mind the long absence of the Marquis, for any other Reason, but that she might the more sensibly taste the Sweets of his return. 'I cannot Repent,' *said she*, the Tears which his absence has cost me, since now so near the approaching Moment, that must unite our Destinies for ever. And with such grateful Reflections as these, she continu'd entertaining her contented mind till the Marquis arriv'd. But then ——— Here it behoves us to make a stop; for it would be a task too difficult to express the Joy of these two faithful Lovers. If the Reader ever Lov'd, he may much better judge, than I can write. The Nuptials were Solemniz'd with that Freedom, which is more easie to be met with in the Countrey, than in great Cities; and in regard

regard the loving Couple could behold  
no Objects more Lovely then themselves,  
they requested the Duke of *Hixar*, that  
they might remain for some Months, to-  
gether at his House.

*The END.*

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
DONA ORTANSA,  
of *Ventimiglia*.

Several Spanish Ladies, and some  
that were Strangers, being gone all  
together to *Aranjues*, to view the  
Beauties of that Royal Palace, after they  
had spent a good part of the Night, in  
walking up and down, as *Don Ferdinand*  
*de Paredes* took *Dona Catherina de Palacios*  
by the Hand, to lead her to her Coach

that stood at the end of the Walk ; and that *Dona Elvira de Pacheco* follow'd her, led by *Don Estevan de Caravajal* , the latter perceiv'd something drop from *Don Ferdinand's* Pocket, that glitter'd with such a sparkling brightness, as rais'd her Curiosity. *Don Estevan* took it up, and then they found it to be a Box of Gold, set with Diamonds: upon which, they withdrew to a place ; where the Moon shon free from the coverture of Trees, and observ'd that it enclos'd a small Picture in Miniature, a curious and jolly piece of Workmanship. 'Twas the Portraiture of a young Lady, whose Hair was black, all the Lineaments of her Face beautiful and regular, with a Physiognomy gay and lively, that was extremely pleasing.

*Dona Elvira* requested *Don Estevan*, that she might have the delivering of it back again ; to which purpose she seated herself in the Boot, where *Don Ferdinand de Paredes* plac'd himself by her. After they had for some time discours'd of General Matters, *Dona Elvira*, whispering to *Don Ferdinand*, presented him the Picture : ' I have now, said she, discharg'd my self of the Obligations you have lay'd upon me : I make no question but this Portraiture belongs to you ; it is  
 ' too

' too fair and amiable to be beheld with  
 ' indifference : I restore it ye back again,  
 ' continued she, and I am apt to believe, I  
 ' could not do you a greater Kindness.  
 This brought the Blood into *Don Ferdinand's*  
 Cheeks, and he blush'd, as if she had lay'd  
 some Crime to his Charge. ' Outward  
 ' appearance, Madam, said he, Appearances  
 ' are against me : But I conjure ye to listen  
 ' to me. *Elvira* interrupted him, by falling  
 into a great Fit of Laughter ; which be-  
 ing over, she told him, That his Modesty  
 was altogether out of Season ; that it did  
 not become him to be troubl'd, because  
 she understood, he had a Passion for a  
 delicate Woman, and for that she also  
 knew, the Lady had a Kindness for him:  
 However, if it were a Secret, which  
 might any way turn to his Prejudice, she  
 would be sure it should go no farther. But  
 all these aggravations serving only to per-  
 plex him so much the more : ' Madam,  
 ' said he, were I enamour'd of this fair  
 ' Lady, I should not be ashamed to ac-  
 ' knowledge it ; nor would it be any dis-  
 ' honour to be Fetter'd in such Chains as  
 ' those ; but, Madam, since you have  
 ' time to spare, vouchsafe to hear me for  
 ' some few Moments, and I will rehearse  
 ' concisely to you some odd Accidents,  
 that

\* that may perhaps, deserve your Attenti-  
 ' on. And having obtain'd the Liberty,  
 ' he thus began :

The Marquis of *Condro*, Nephew to the Prince of that Name, is descended from one of the most Illustrious Houses of *Sicily* ; he was Young and Wealthy , goodly of Person , and might be truly said to be Witty withal ; he was most affectionately in Love with *Dona Ortansa*, of *Ventimiglia* , a Lady most infinitely amiable , and whose Name, Madam, doubtless cannot be unknown to your self. Their Age , their Estates , their Birth, had so suitably match'd 'em together , that the Marquis flattering himself that he could not receive a Repulse, demanded her in Marriage, and obtain'd his Request, upon Condition of a Dispensation, which was necessary, in regard they were too near a Kin : In pursuance of which , an Agent was forthwith dispatch'd to *Rome* , whose return was only expected.

In the mean time , never were two Persons better satisfy'd with their happy Fortune then the Marquis and his Mistress. And in this charming Tranquillity, they liv'd together, when *Don Carlos*  
 of

of the House of *Altamira*, arriv'd at *Messina*. He was a Spaniard, impetuous, and oversway'd by his Passions ; but, excepting that, a Person of much Bravery, and One that very well understood the World. He saw *Dona Ortansa*, and found her so incomparably beautiful, that he fell most desperately in love with her ; and his Passion made that progress in a few Days, which in other colder Lovers would have requir'd some Years to have gather'd the same force. He knew this lovely Lady was promis'd to the Marquis of *Condro* ; that it was a Match that could not be brok'n off ; and that their Hearts were so united, that it was in vain to pretend to any thing of Courtship, as a Lover. These Reflexions cast him into a deep despair ; never was any Person more in Love, and more Afflicted. Nor had he any Adviser what course to take in these Distractions, but only one Friend, who was called the *Cavaliero de Stillana*, and who accompany'd him from *Madrid*. Him he acquainted with the Condition of his Heart ; from him he kept nothing secret, and he was the only Person to whom he apply'd himself for the Consolation of his corroding Pains.

These

These Two happen'd one Evening to be together at the Palace of the Vice-roy's Lady ; where the Company were playing at several Tables. But the young Ladies, who were desirous of Pastimes more suitable to their Age, retir'd into a large and lightsom Cabinet, hung about with several Instruments which they had skill to play upon ; and while they were beginning to make a little Consort among themselves, the *Cavaliero de Stillano* whisper'd *Dona Ortansa* in the Ear, that *Don Carlos* sung incomparably well. Upon which she begg'd him that he would please to afford the Company the Satisfaction of hearing him. Presently he took a Theorbo in his Hand, to accompany his Voice ; and fixing his Eyes upon those of the fair Person that had charm'd his Soul, he began these words in Spanish,

*Mi muero de Amor, mi muero de Amor :*

“ I die for Love, I die for Love.

But after he had repeated these words, without being able to go any farther, he felt himself on a sudden, in such a languishing Condition, that letting fall his Theorbo on the one side out of his Hands, he sank down on the other like a Man quite



quite dead. All the young Ladies were affrighted to behold him in that deplorable Estate. But the *Cavalier de Stillana* having brought him somewhat to himself, perswaded him to take a Turn in the Garden for a little fresh Air. To which purpose they walk'd forward to a little Grove of Lawrel-Trees, which was embellish'd with several Fountains; and tho' the Season was very sharp and cold, yet it did not appear to have ravish'd any thing from the Verdure of that delightful Retirement. So that when they found themselves at free liberty to speak their Minds, *Don Carlos d'Altamira*, addressing himself to the Knight, 'How cruel a Friend you are, (*said he,*) to relieve me, at the very moment that I was about to expire at *Ortan/a's* Feet, and to put an end to my Misfortunes. Alas! can you believe me able to make a long Resistance against the Violence of my present Condition? You have only for some Days delay'd the Conclusion of my Life. I love, my dearest Knight, with a Passion so extreme, that it is not in my power to express it. I am near the fatal moment of losing all manner of Hope; the fatal moment of seeing my Mistress in the Arms of my Rival. Oh Heaven! Just

'Hea-

' Heaven, (*cry'd he,*) can there be any  
 ' Sight more dreadful ! What will become  
 ' of me ! What Resolutions shall I take !  
 ' That of curing your self, (*reply'd the*  
 ' *Knight,*) is the most rational, and the  
 ' most easie. However, I advise ye to  
 ' it ; and the more readily to obtain your  
 ' Cure, begin with my Prescription, to  
 ' avoid the Object that enchants ye : Ab-  
 ' sence is an approved Remedy against the  
 ' Dotages of Love. ' Oh ! how unavail-  
 ' able will that be for me, (*cry'd Don*  
 ' *Carlos, interrupting him ;*) a faint and  
 ' feeble Love is easily indeed extinguish'd  
 ' and dissipated by Time and Absence ;  
 ' but when the Strength and Vigour of  
 ' Love is at the full height, when it  
 ' burns with all its flames, 'tis quite ano-  
 ' ther thing. No, my dear Knight, No,  
 ' 'tis impossible for me to quit her. What  
 ' will ye then do ? (*said he.*) ' I will do  
 ' (*reply'd Don Carlos, with a precipitate ve-*  
 ' *hemency,*) whatever Love and Despair  
 ' can inspire into a Man of Courage. —  
 Here he was interrupted by some of his  
 Friends, who seeing he did not return,  
 were afraid of worse Effects of his Dis-  
 temper. But finding how he was, it was  
 not long before they withdrew agen, after  
 some general Discourse.

At

At this time, the fair *Mariana de Suffo* was come to spend some some few Days at *Messina*. She is one of the most amiable and most delicate Creatures in the World ; and she happen'd to be in the Room when *Don Darlos* fell ill. Something also she felt of a favourable Inclination for him ; nor cou'd she resist the vehement Desire she had to follow him into the Garden, believing he might speak some things to the *Cavalier de Stillana*, which might concern her self ; or which, at least, she was willing might concern her. And to this purpose she requested *Dona Constantia di Vintimiglia*, who was one of her intimate Friends, to go along with her. Both thus agreed, they went softly stealing along without discovery, by reason of the Trees that stood thick and close together. But Good God ! in what a Condition was *Constantia* in, when she heard the Moans and Lamentations of that despairing Lover. They struck her with such a quick and piercing Grief, as supasses Imagination. Nor was *Dona Mariana* less afflicted ; so that after she had stood in a deep silence a good while, as soon as *Don Carlos* was gone, the lovely Fair One's tenderly both embrac'd each other ; and then *Dona Constantia* said, ' What Course shall I  
' resolve

' resolve to take, my dearest *Marina*, (*said*  
 ' *she to her Friend*;) If I discover *Don Car-*  
 ' *los's* Passion to the Marquis of *Condro*,  
 ' have I not reason to fear the fatal Acci-  
 ' dents that may ensue? And if I conceal  
 ' it from him, will it not be a Breach of  
 ' that Sincerity which I owe him?  
*Dona Mariana* likewise had too great a  
 Respect for *Don Carlos*, not to be appre-  
 hensive, that if the Marquis should come  
 to have the least ink'ling of *Don Carlos's*  
 Affection, it might produce bloody Work,  
 and therefore out of that foresight, she  
 most earnestly requested *Dona Constantia*  
 not to let any Person living know of the  
 Discourse which they had over-heard.  
 ' What can you be afraid of, (*said Mari-*  
 ' *ana to her*;) you are forthwith to  
 ' marry the Marquis; and when you  
 ' are his Wife, then all your Lover's  
 ' Hopes will utterly vanish: and we  
 ' generally find 'tis Hope that feeds  
 ' and nourishes Love. ' Believe me, (*con-*  
 ' *tinued she*,) a Maiden Lady, that has her  
 ' Reason about her, never ought to let the  
 ' World know that any Person has a Pas-  
 ' sion for her; and that which you have  
 ' inspir'd into *Don Carlos*, would soon ex-  
 ' cite unquiet Jealousies in your Husband,  
 ' should he be once inform'd of it. For-  
 ' bear

‘bear that Discovery, and you will find, that *Altamira*’s Love will be like Lightning, that extinguishes at the same instant that it is perceiv’d.

*Dona Constantia* had so great an Inclination to believe her Friend, that she readily took her Advice. And with this Resolution they retir’d, both extremely pensive; and after many sad Reflexions, which cost *Mariana* as many painful Sighs, she could not think of any better Remedy to cure her Pains, then to forget the Person whom she had fancy’d already too amorously for her repose, especially not finding him concern’d in the least for her. So that the dishonour of Loving, without reciprocal Returns of Affection, and the secret Scorn of such an Ignominy, made her hasten back to *Palermo* sooner then she thought to have done. There she remain’d with the young Princess of *Condro*, who, for the most part, was wont to make that City her usual Place of Residence. And this Pretence seem’d to her sufficiently plausible, to prevent busie Curiosity from prying into the real Causes of her Departure. Away she went therefore, without seeing *Don Carlos*. And indeed there was need enough for her to summon up all her Reason, to persuade

swade her to abandon a Design that so pleasingly flatter'd her Inclinations.

In the mean time, *Don Carlos* durst not so much as mention his Passion to *Dona Constantia*; well knowing, that as things stood, such an open Discovery of his Mind wou'd have been but ill receiv'd, and moreover, altogether out of season. However, he saw her every Day; and he never beheld her, but he felt a redoubl'd Augmentation of his Love; which at length became so violent, that he must either Die, or seek some way to assuage the Fury of it. To this purpose, he inform'd himself exactly of the Time that the Agent was expected from *Rome*. Nor was it a difficult thing for him to be rightly instructed of that, in regard that at least in outward appearance he was look'd upon as one of the Marquis of *Condro's* best and most intimate Friends. Being therefore satisfy'd in his first Enquiries, away he went himself to wait upon the Marquis at his House. Whither being come, 'My dear *Altamira*, (*said the Marquis,*) you have testify'd your self so obligingly solicitous for every thing that concerns my Marriage, that you are the first Person whom it behoves me to acquaint that the Dispensation is come,

' and

‘and that within three Days, I shall be  
 ‘the most happy Person in the World.  
 This dreadful News so terribly alarm’d  
*Don Carlos*, that he was about to break  
 forth into a Fury : but at last, concealing  
 the trouble of his Soul with all the force  
 and might of his Reason, he embrac’d  
 the Marquis, and cunningly Dissembl’d  
 those Marks of outward Joy, which were  
 far remote from his Heart.

Now as he well foresaw this fatal Blow,  
 he had resolv’d himself to have recourse  
 to the most violent Remedies ; and to  
 bring about his Designs, he told the Mar-  
 quis, That being so much his Friend as he  
 was, he was resolv’d for his sake to give an  
 Entertainment to *Dona Constantia*, and all  
 the rest of the Ladies : to which end, he  
 had provided on purpose several small Ca-  
 lathes very trimm and gay ; that against  
 the next Evening all things should be rea-  
 dy for the Divertilement which he devo-  
 ted to his Mistress ; only he begg’d the  
 Marquis to give himself the trouble of  
 inviting the Ladies.

The Marquis of *Condro* thought him-  
 self most highly oblig’d to his Friend, for  
 a Testimony so particular of his Joy : and  
 after he had return’d him sincere and cor-  
 dial Thanks, away he went to acquaint  
 his

his Mistress with *Don Carlos's* Design. ' I  
 ' find (*said she*) you are not so precise and  
 ' dainty as you should be ; for, how can  
 ' you endure that any other Man should  
 ' proffer to gallant your Mistress, but  
 ' your self ? I must be free to tell ye, that  
 ' I cannot but think my self wounded in  
 ' my Reputation by it ; and therefore to  
 ' revenge my self, I will be none of the  
 ' Company. ' Whatever Injustice  
 ' (*reply'd the Marquis*) you do me, I  
 ' cannot blame your Prudence in a point  
 ' so nice and tender : but I beseech you  
 ' consider that *Altamira* is one of my choi-  
 ' cest Friends, and that you will do me a  
 ' real Diskindness, if you refuse to ap-  
 ' pear at a Banquet, which he makes only  
 ' for your sake. *Dona Constantia*, who  
 could not forget the Discourse which she  
 had over-heard in the Palace Garden,  
 still continu'd obstinate not to goe ; and  
 there appear'd in this Refusal something  
 of a Humour so full of Discontent, that the  
 Marquis was almost at his Wit's end. But at  
 length he besought her with so much Im-  
 portunity, to afford her this single Proof  
 of her Affection, that she was no longer  
 able to resist his Entreaties. Alas ! how  
 weak are they that love ! Affection most  
 frequently masters Reason : so that all the  
 Counsells



Counsell that Reason gives, prove in vain and fruitless, when our Inclinations comply not with it.

The next day the Ladies met at *Dona Constantia's* House, having Pages to attend 'em, that carry'd Flambeaux to light 'em when they were in the Wood: where were to be seen in all the chief Walks, Illuminations very well order'd. Every Lady took her Calash, with a Noble-man to drive it; and *Don Carlos*, who had caus'd a magnificent one to be made for *Dona Constantia*, would needs be her Conductor, notwithstanding all her Reluctancy, and the Excuses which she made to the contrary. There is nothing so gay and jolly as these sort of Races; the Horses are trap'd with Houffes, and hung with silver Bells: the Calashes are painted with several amorous Devices; they are gilded all over; and tho' they flye along with a prodigious Swiftnes, yet they are easie beyond Imagination. It was now within some hours of Night, and dark; but the flaming Light of an infinite Number of Flambeaux made another truly artificial Day. Now for some time *Don Carlos* drove as the rest did; but gaining Ground insensibly, all of a sudden he lash'd on his Horses, and gallop'd away full speed, with  
such

such an extraordinary swiftness, that no Body durst presume to follow him. Every body expected, that so soon as the Frolick was over, he would have return'd again; but they were all deciev'd. For *Don Carlos* being in a trice got out of sight, and finding the Cavalier *de Stillana*, and his Servants ready at the place appointed, notwithstanding all her cries, her tears, her lamentations and prayers, he pull'd the unfortunate *Constantia* out of the Calash, and in despite of all her feeble Resistance, put her into a Post-Litter; and having Horses lay'd upon the Road, he flew to *Palermo* with a more then ordinary speed. There he embark'd with her in a Vessel before-hand engag'd for his purpose; and after a long and dangerous Voyage, arriv'd at *Cadix*, which was the nearest Port to his Estate. And now neither the Hatred of that fair Virgin, nor her Threatnings, nor the Reproaches, wherewith she loaded him, signify'd any thing, to stemm his farther Resolutions. He practis'd all the ways of humility and submission at first, and courted her with all the marks of an extream and violent Passion, flattering himself by that means to find the way to her Heart. But finding, at length, all such Caresses ineffectual,

al, he desir'd the Cavalier de *Stillana* to let her know, that she was no longer Mistress of her own Destiny; that she might well believe, a Man who had ventur'd all to carry her away by Force, would hazard all to consummate his Felicity; and therefore, that the best and safest course she could take, considering the Condition she was in, wou'd be, to give her free Consent to marry him. Upon this serious Admonition, notwithstanding the excess of Sorrow which that lovely Lady suffer'd for being thus rudely torn from her dear Marquis of *Condro*, she found her Honour too deeply concern'd in the Accident which had befall'n her, to make any longer resistance. And therefore well knowing her self to be in the Power of a Person Enamour'd, Young and Violent, the terrible Consequences which she had reason to fear, enforc'd her to a compliance with what she most detested in the World.

Thus marry'd, *Don Carlos* lov'd her more entirely after she became his Wife, then when she was his Mistress. But notwithstanding all the Sweets he tast'd by her Side, he was constrain'd to quit her for a time, there being an indispensable Necessity which drew him to *Madrid*, to

prepossess the King's Ear in his behalf, and at the same time, to acquaint his Friends and Relations with the true State of his Business.

But now to return to the enamour'd Marquis of *Condro*: He, poor Gentleman! after he had long waited in vain for the coming back of his Mistress, and spent the rest of the Night in searching after her, full of anxious Cares, and restless Fears, lest some unlucky Accident should have befall'n her, next Morning was inform'd of the perfidiousness of a Person whom he had always look'd upon as his most faithful and entire Friend. Transported with Rage, he curs'd the Treason and the Traytor; he sent every way in pursuit of him, and rode himself from place to place to overtake the Ravisher: His Despair and his Fury were not easie to be represented; and at length he resolv'd for *Spain*, to demand Justice of the King for the Rape of his *Constantia*.

The Count of *Ventimiglia*, also Brother to the fair Lady, found his Honour too deeply engag'd in this Affair, to refuse accompanying the Marquis to *Madrid*. Therupon they departed both together, incens'd alike against the Marquis of *Alamira*; for that Title he assum'd immediately

diately after his Marriage. The Count of *Ventimiglia* was a Gentleman of a sweet Temper, Witty, Vigorous, and capable to entertain a strong Passion. His Hair was Flaxen, his Head rarely well proportion'd, and all his Lineaments regular. It may be said he was too Fair for a Man, if *too Fair* may be thought a Defect in any Person: He Danc'd and Sung as became a Gentleman; he was also Poetical, and few there were that wrote better then he did. These two Sparks quitted their disconsolate Families, in Prosecution of the Person who had occasion'd their Distresses, and they arriv'd at *Madrid* the Evening of a Day, the next to which was appointed for the usual Pastime of Coursing the Bull. This Solemnity brought together infinite multitudes of People into the Great Piazza; at what time the Ladies in their Balconies richly hung with Tapestry, made the most beautiful Show, and might be truly said to be the most admir'd and gaz'd-on Ornament of the Festival. The Marquis of *Condro* could not be perswaded to see the Sight: His Vexations would not permit him to take his share of any Publick Pastime. But the Count of *Ventimiglia*, whose Thoughts were not so much incumber'd, and whose

*Genius* was more free and sociable, made one of the number, and met with the convenience of a Balcony. Where presently, by the Magnificence of his Habit, and his Comely Presence, he was readily conjectur'd to be some Stranger of Great Quality. For this reason he drew the Eyes of many Considerable Persons upon him; but more particularly of a Noble Young Lady, who seem'd so charming to him, that he had not leisure to admire any other but Her only. He strove in vain to inform himself of her Name; for the Persons of whom he enquir'd, either could not, or would not satisfy his Curiosity. Nor could he have an Opportunity to have her watch'd home, in regard he had none of his Attendants about him; and at the same time that he thought to have follow'd her himself, and was got clear of the Throng to that purpose, he perceiv'd a Back-door through which, in all probability, she had escap'd his farther pursuit: So that he return'd to the Marquis of *Condro*, full freighted with the Object that had enchanted him. He talk'd of nothing but this unknown Miracle of Beauty: but for several Days together he was still in the dark, not knowing which way in the World to gratifie his impatient Anxiety;

Anxiety ; though he used all the diligence imaginable, in the Morning going to the Churches, in the Afternoon visiting the frequented Walks, and haunting the most celebrated Comedies, to try whether he could meet with her.

However, all these restless Perplexities, wherein the fair Unknown had involv'd the Count of *Ventimiglia*, did no way hinder him from assisting the Marquis of *Condro* with a fervent Zeal in his Prosecution of the Marquis of *Altamira*. They had both the Honour to kiss the King's Hand, and the leisure to aggravate whatever might incense his Indignation against the Marquis ; so that while he thought himself secure, by means of the private Friends which he had made at Court, the King caus'd him to be seiz'd and kept under a very severe Guard. He also appointed Commissioners to draw up an Information against him, in order to his Tryal. And this Affair was carry'd on with so much hast and vigour , that it was apparent the Marquis's Life was in great danger.

In this posture of the Judicial Proceedings, Word was brought to the Count of *Ventimiglia*, that two Ladies, who would not tell their Names, desir'd to speak



with him in private. With that, he left the Marquis of *Condro*, in whose Chamber at that present he was, and retiring to his own Apartment, sent for 'em in. No sooner was the Room clear'd, but they threw themselves at his Feet, and discovering their Faces, which before were wrapt up in their Veils, let him see that the one was his Sister, the Marchioness of *Altamira*, and the other that same charming Lady that had so long disquieted his Thoughts. A sight so unexpected and amusing, put him into such a pleasing Consternation as could by no means be unwelcome to a Person so prepossess'd as he was. He embrac'd his Sister with a most tender Affection, after he had rais'd upon her feet the charming Unknown, who deliver'd her self to him in these words.

' The Condition of the unfortunate  
' Marquis of *Altamira*, is reduc'd to that  
' Extremity, that we have no other Hopes  
' but in your Lordship's Compassion.  
' You see his Wife, you see his Sister, and  
' I dare presume to tell yee, that if you  
' prosecute your Resentment to the ut-  
' most Rigour, the Consequences will  
' be alike Tragical both to your self and  
' us. For tho' the new Alliance by  
' him



' him contracted with your Family was  
 ' sought against your Will, and brought  
 ' to pass by violent means, yet has it still  
 ' the Honour to be a Branch of yours ;  
 ' and will you be so cruel Sir, to imbrue  
 ' your hands in my bloud ? Concluding  
 those Words, she look'd upon him with  
 such a moving and suppliant Aspect, that  
 a Person less enamour'd then he, would  
 have yielded without farther Contest.  
 The Marchioness of *Altamira* also, secon-  
 ding her Sister in her Turn, conjur'd him  
 to grant her the Life of her Husband.  
 She told him withal, that tho' she had not  
 marry'd him by choice, his present Rela-  
 tion oblig'd her to do all she could to save  
 him : and then throwing her self a second  
 time at his Knees, she tenderly embrac'd  
 'em, withal protesting that she would ne-  
 ver leave him till he had made her some  
 favourable promise. Never did any Man  
 labour under a greater agitation of Mind  
 then the Count of *Ventimiglia* ; while at  
 the same time the various and struggling  
 Sentiments of Honour, Love, and Piety,  
 divided his Heart ; but those of Love at  
 length prevail'd. What possibility to  
 resist *Emilia's* charming Eyes (for that  
 was *Altamira's* Sister's Name ) those  
 lovely Eyes, said he, commanded on the

one side like superiour Lords and Tyrants;  
 while on the other side her Lips besought  
 him with melting Supplications. ‘ What  
 ‘ is it, Madam, you would have me to  
 ‘ do: Madam, (*said he,*) I am not the on-  
 ‘ ly Person concern’d in this Affair: the  
 ‘ Marquis of *Condor* is come on purpose;  
 ‘ our Honour, and the Honour of our  
 ‘ Family depend upon the Prosecutions  
 ‘ we are making: is it possible that ha-  
 ‘ ving receiv’d so bloody an Affront as I  
 ‘ have done, I should all of a sudden ab-  
 ‘ jure my Honour and my Indignation.  
 ‘ I beg your Pardon, Madam; command  
 ‘ me nothing that may redound to my  
 ‘ Ignominy. But oh!—how feeble was  
 he, when he maintain’d this petty Com-  
 bat between his Inclination and his Ver-  
 tue. A Mistress with all the Charms of  
 Beauty triumphs with ease, and whatsoe-  
 ver she desires, she is certain to obtain.  
*Emilia* soon, alas! dispers’d the turbulent  
 Scruples that so powerfully turmoil’d the  
 Count of *Ventimiglia*’s Breast; she call’d  
 to mind how earnestly he gaz’d upon her,  
 all the time that the Bulls were cours’d;  
 she beheld his Eyes full of Love and Re-  
 spect. For these Reasons she flatter’d her  
 self with Success; and in a word, the  
 Resolution of the Count surrender’d to  
 the

the Charms of young *Emilia*: he consented for her sake to betray the Marquis of *Condro*, and to abandon his own proper Interests. And now the only question was, which way to go about it: but soon ingenious Love instructed him, and put it into his head to tell the Marquis of *Condro*, that he had a shrewd Suspicion of *Altamira's* Guards; that they were certainly brib'd, and therefore there was an absolute necessity to have 'em chang'd; and that Province he took himself: so that in a short time the Old Guards were remov'd, and such others made choice of according to *Emilia's* Direction, as easily conniv'd at her Brother's Escape; who was got far enough out of the way, before the Marquis of *Condro* had any notice of it: but so soon as he understood it, he was in a dreadful Rage; he run to tell the Count of *Ventimiglia*, not in the least suspecting him to be the Contriver of his Vexation. He was almost beside himself, that his Enemy had escap'd him, and he neglected no Sedulity or means to have him re-taken. He was in such disorder after the flight of the Marquis of *Altamira*, that he renounc'd all manner of Society; he never stirr'd out in the day-time, but when his Occasions were

such as could not be dispenc'd with ; and he spent the greatest part of the night in *La Florida*, which is a pleasant and solitary Garden, not far from his Lodging, to which he had a Key, and where remote and retir'd from all the World, he wholly abandon'd himself to his just Grief.

In the mean time, the Count of *Ventimiglia*, who acted by concert with *Emilia*, went every day privately to her House, and the Marchioness of *Altamira*, the Count's Sister, so order'd it, that he had always free and easie Access to her. The Obligations which he had lay'd upon that young Lady were so essential, that he needed no other Motives to engage her to prefer him before all her more familiar Acquaintance at the Court. To which, if we may add the personal Merit of the Count, his extream Passion for her, and the kind Offices which the Marchioness of *Altamira* did him to her Brother ; it may be readily apprehended that *Emilia* could not easily defend her Heart against his amorous Assaults.

He knew his Happiness consisted in her, and he had a perfect Relish of it. He was free to converse with the Person whom he lov'd, and by whom he knew he was be-  
lov'd

lov'd again : she favour'd him with all that  
 more then ordinary Respect, with all those  
 charming Glances, all that Confidence,  
 which were requisite to nourish and sup-  
 port a strong Passion. ' My lovely *Emi-*  
 ' *lia*, (*would be sometimes say to her*) I am  
 ' afraid you pay to your Acknowledge-  
 ' ment, what I would have only owing  
 ' to the motions of your Heart. What-  
 ' ever Reason I have to think my self the  
 ' most happy among Men, by reason of  
 ' those Favours which you shew me ; yet  
 ' my Passion is so ingenious, that it cau-  
 ' ses me to fear, your Affection is not the  
 ' only Source of all those Kindnesses  
 ' which are the Felicity of my Life.  
 ' I permit ye to be nice and delicate, (*re-*  
 ' *ply'd Emilia*,) but I forbid ye to mistrust  
 ' my heart. No, Sir, I felt the Effects  
 ' of your Merit, before I was beholden to  
 ' ye for my Brother's Life ; and thus far,  
 ' the Obligations which you have lay'd  
 ' upon me , have not been the Motives  
 ' that induc'd me to prefer your Person  
 ' to my kind Opinion. For if I may  
 ' presume to speak it without blushing,  
 ' my Inclination prevented my Recogni-  
 ' zance. Such soft and winning Disputes  
 as these, and their frequent Converse to-  
 gether, enchanted both the one and the  
 other.

other. Nor did they mistrust any unlucky Turn of Fortune ; as if they thought it behov'd her to respect a Flame so pure, and burning with such an equal Ardour. But there is no Felicity so fix'd, as to be exempted from the Crosses of ill Fortune. Hear now how it happen'd.

One Evening that the Count of *Ventimiglia* was dispatching certain Letters about important Business, the Marquis of *Condro*, solely taken up with his Love, and the Wrongs he had receiv'd, had lock'd himself into *La Florida*, attended only by a Page; and there he had spent the greatest part of the Night : but as he was returning home, with a slow and musing pace, abandon'd to his own Melancholly, he found himself near his own Lodgings, and was thinking to goe in, when he perceiv'd a large and stately Palace all on fire. With that he hasten'd to the place, and by the profound Silence which his listning Ear observ'd within, he readily conjectur'd, that all the People were asleep, and was afraid least the House should be burnt before they wak'd. Upon this, a true Sence of Pity and Compassion oblig'd him to seek which way he might get in. To this intent he diligently search'd the Garden Walls, and having found

found a little Door (as it is the Custom of *Madrid*, to have an Out-let always from the Garden into the street) he forc'd it open with his foot : and entring farther, he perceiv'd another by the Light of the Flames, which was the upper half of it enlighten'd with a Glass-Window, and open'd into a Terrass, enclos'd with a marble Ballister. This Door he also broke open with some difficulty, and then enter'd into a magnificent Apartment, which the Flames began to surround on every side; at what time seeing a Bed in the Room, he drew near it, and there beheld a young Lady, transcendently beautifull, fast asleep. He had not time to observe all the Charms that accompany'd her Beauty as she lay : only he knew her at length to be *Emilia*, the Marquis of *Altamira*'s Sister, the Sister of his Enemy that of all Men in the World he hated most. This seem'd to him, as if that Chance had held a Correspondence with his Anger, and furnish'd him with an Opportunity to revenge himself; and willing to take his advantage of the Right of Reprizalls, he snatch'd her hastily up in his Arms, and carry'd her away.

In

In the mean time, the noise which he made, rais'd several of *Emilia's* Women that lay in the Rooms adjoining; but when they saw the dismal Flames about their Ears, they minded nothing but to save themselves, and to cry out for Help. As for *Emilia*, the Marquis of *Condoro* had order'd his Page to throw his Cloak about her, and slipping out of the Garden at the same Door that gave him entrance, he took his Prey along with him, and all in a hurry convey'd her to his own Lodgings, that were close by. The Fright wherein that lovely Lady was to see her House on fire; her Astonishment to find her self in a Man's Arms, and the shame of being almost naked, took from her, for a time, the use of her Speech; she durst not so much as lift up her Eyes; she look'd pale, and trembl'd every Joint of her: but at length striving with her self,

‘ I make no question, Sir, (*said she to the*  
‘ *Marquis*) but that you are both gene-  
‘ rous and ready to assist the Distress'd;  
‘ what you have done for me is a certain  
‘ Proof of it; I am beholden to you for  
‘ my Life, and therefore I conjure ye  
‘ that I may be your Debtor for some-  
‘ thing more; I mean my Honour and  
‘ Reputation. What would the World  
‘ think,



' think, should it be known that the  
 ' Marquis of *Altamira*'s Sister was alone,  
 ' at this time of the Night, in the Cham-  
 ' ber of a strange Gentleman? All the  
 ' Fire which now consumes my House,  
 ' would not suffice to purifie me from  
 ' the Scandal. Concluding those words,  
 she cast her Eyes upon the Marquis, ha-  
 ving, by this, recover'd her self from  
 her Fears, and the disturbance of her  
 Senses. But in what a Condition was she,  
 when she understood him to be the mor-  
 tal Enemy of her Family! She thought  
 of nothing then, but how to get from  
 him; and the Marquis made it his busi-  
 ness to oppose her with so much Vio-  
 lence, that the Lady's Out-cries began  
 to alarm the rest of the House. She  
 made most bitter Lamentations, and  
 when nothing else would do, she cry'd  
 out with all her Strength for help. The  
 noise which they made both together,  
 was so loud, that the Count of *Ventimig-  
 lia*, hearing it from his Apartment, and  
 fearing least some Mischief had befall'n  
 the Marquis of *Condro*, ran with all speed  
 to his Chamber to assist him, if occasion  
 were. But in what a surprising asto-  
 nishment was he, to see the only Person  
 that he lov'd most tenderly in the World,  
 with

with her Hair about her Ears; her Eyes blubber'd, and her Countenance chang'd. However, no sooner she perceiv'd him; but wresting her self out of the Marquis's Arms, who held her, she ran to the Count, and with her Hands clasp'd together, and her Eyes lifted up to Heaven, ' Oh Sir! *said she*, deliver me from ' the Fury of this Tyger. Upon those words, the Count of *Ventimiglia* fell into such a Rage, that he was never known to be so violently transported, so that had he been capable of a base or cowardly Action, he had immediately torn the very Heart of the Marquis from his Breast. But he rather chose by affrontive and reproachful Language to provoke him to stand upon his Guard; so that they fought before *Emilia's* Face, without stirring out of the Room. You may easily conjecture what a dreadful Spectacle this was for a young Virgin to behold; what Affrights, what Terrors, what Disturbances assail'd her Soul! she disputed with her self, whether to lay hold of the opportunity, and flye for it or no; but her Interest which had ty'd her to the Count of *Ventimiglia*, detain'd her by him, to assist him with her Prayers. But he was so well warm'd and animated

mated by Anger and his Love, that it was not long before the Marquis of *Condro* lay weltring at his Feet in a stream of Bloud; run through in several places.

Immediately the Count took up the fair *Emilia* in his Arms, and carry'd her safe to her own House, where by that time they also found the Marchioness of *Altamira*, to whom he recounted the Tragical Accident that had happen'd. Which pierced her with a lively sorrow to the Heart; in regard that still she had a tender Kindness for the Marquis.

' How! is it you, Brother, (*cry'd she,*  
' *with a mournful Accent,*) is it you that  
' have giv'n the Marquis his Mortal  
' Wounds? I began, and you have com-  
' pleted his Misfortunes: What a fatal  
' Mishap it was for him to have ever  
' known me, to have lov'd me, and ne-  
' ver to have chang'd his Affection, when  
' he left off being my Husband! Wo is me!  
' He follow'd me to *Madrid*; he preserves  
' a Fidelity for me beyond Example;  
' and my own Brother now is the Person  
' that has bereav'd him of his Life.' Her  
Tears and her Sighs would not permit  
her to proceed in her Lamentations; and  
the Count of *Ventimiglia*, no less void of  
Consolation, to behold the Marchioness  
so

so deeply afflicted, and to have contributed himself to her Sorrows, retir'd quite overwhelm'd with Grief.

By this time the fire was quench'd ; but not till it had occasion'd great Disorders, and burnt down the one half of that same spacious Pile. And now 'twas impossible for the Count to abide any longer with his Mistress, considering what had happen'd ; so that he was forc'd to seek for shelter in the Duke of *Uceda's* House, who was his intimate and bosome Friend ; a truly sincere and honest Gentleman, and Son-in-Law to the Duke of *Ossuna*. He gave him a full Account of all that had fall'n out between the Marquis of *Comdro* and himself ; and withal desir'd him, so soon as he could do it without being taken notice of, to go and learn whether he were alive or no : .and likewise to inform himself what was the general Discourse of the Court concerning the Quarrel, and the Consequences of it. He observ'd his Directions punctually, and brought him back Word, That the Marquis was dangerously Ill ; That he was generally believ'd to have been Assassinated ; and, That the King had commanded diligent Enquiry to be made after the Murtherers, as being resolv'd to make severe Examples  
of

of those who had committed so bloody an Act. With that the Count of *Ventimiglia*, lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, besought the Duke to protect his Innocence. ‘ Had it been in my Nature to have done a thing so unworthy a Man of Honour, I would have freely surrender’d my self into the Hands of Justice, to expiate my Crime ; but in regard I have nothing whereof to accuse my self, I cannot think I have deserv’d to be treated as a Criminal.

He gave Notice to his dearest *Emilia*, and the Marchioness of *Altamira*, how Affairs stood ; and never considering the Danger to which he expos’d himself, in going to see his Mistress, away he slip’t to her House, in the Evening, disguiz’d from Head to Foot in the most alter’d shape that he could think of. Their Meeting was full of Tenderness, yet intermix’d with sad Reflexions. *Emilia* was laid down upon the Bed, o’erwhelm’d with a Thousand different Vexations : Where, as she lay, after some short Discourse of the Marquis of *Condro*’s Misfortune, ‘ Certainly, (*said she,*) ’tis my unhappy Fate to be the most miserable Person in the World ; ’tis I that have brought you into this Danger, while a  
‘ generous

' generous Action, which would other-  
 ' wise deserve Applause, is look'd upon  
 ' as an enormous Crime that merits the  
 ' severity of Punishment. Oh, Sir! for-  
 ' bear to Love me, if you desire to regain  
 ' your former Happiness.' ' Surcease to  
 ' Love ye, Madam! (*reply'd the Count,*  
 ' *with a brisk and passionate Emotion,*) is  
 ' it possible that you should give me such  
 ' Advice! What have I done, to draw  
 ' upon me such cruel Marks of your Ha-  
 ' tred?' ' My Hatred! (*cry'd Emilia,*  
 ' *interrupting him,*) Do you not perceive  
 ' it rather to be an Effect of my tender  
 ' Affection, that I am willing to sacrifice  
 ' my own Repose to yours? and, that  
 ' if you should cease to Love me, I should  
 ' cease to Live?' — ' Oh! Charming  
 ' Emilia, (*again reply'd the Count,*) ne'er fear  
 ' my sinking under the weight of my Mis-  
 ' fortunes; so long as you assure me the  
 ' Continuance of your Favours, I shall  
 ' be always Contented with my Destiny.

The greatest part of several Days  
 insensibly slipp'd away in such amo-  
 rous Expostulations and Protestations  
 as these; which greatly asswag'd the  
 Count's corroding Anguish and Vexation  
 of Mind. But the fair Marchioness of

*Alta-*

*Altamira* enjoy'd no such delightful Hours; for she lamented, without ceasing, her Own and the Marquis of *Condros*'s Disasters. And all this while, notwithstanding all the strict Pursuits and Searches without intermission after the Count, he was so truly satisfy'd with the Company of his Mistress, that his Troubles and his Dangers little concern'd him. He had a Great Soul, and an Undaunted Courage, inso-much that he could not believe any Body so hardy as to assail him. But the Plot was so laid, one Evening, just as he was entring into *Emilia*'s House, that he had certainly been taken, had he not defended himself with a Courage which astonish'd those that were appointed to seize him. The Duke of *Uceda* also, who lov'd him dearly, had the good hap to be at a place close by, with another Gentleman, a faithful Friend of his; who hearing a Noise of People Fighting, arriv'd to the Count's Rescue, at the same time that *Emilia*, who had beheld the Scuffle out at a Window by the Light of the Moon, had sent all her Servants to assist him: so that he was quickly dis-engag'd from the greatest Danger that ever he had run.

After this Encounter, all his Friends told him, That it was absolutely necessary  
for

for him to be gone, and to leave the Success of his Business and Justification to Time and Opportunity: That if the Marquis of *Condro* should not die, which was very doubtful, he would certainly be so generous, as to tell the real Truth of the whole Story; and that it would be more easie for him to vindicate himself in a Place of Security, then venture the King's incens'd Anger under the Power of his Enemies. The fair Marchioness of *Altamira* likewise wrote to him several times, conjuring him to depart. She would before have follow'd her Husband; but the Condition of his Affairs would not permit him to continue long in a place, and therefore he desir'd her to stay at *Madrid*, though it were with utmost reluctancy that she obey'd; but at last she yielded, and liv'd with *Emilia*.

However, at length o'ercome with Grief, by reason of the sad Condition to which the Marquis of *Condro* was reduc'd, she alledg'd for her Excuse, That a Woman of her youthful Years, could not enjoy the World with any Credit, while her Husband was overwhelm'd with Misfortunes for her sake, and so she retir'd into the Nunnery of St. *Domingo*.

And



And in that Solitude it was, that without ceasing she set before her Eyes all his Misfortunes; where she consider'd, that she was design'd to have marry'd a Man whom she lov'd beyond her own Life, but was torn from his Embraces by the rude Hand of boisterous Fate: That he was reduc'd to utmost Extremity by a Brother whom she tenderly lov'd: That she was the Wife of a Person whom she could not look upon but as her Ravisher: That she saw her Fortune ranvers'd, and all the Tranquillity of her Life at a fatal Conclusion. These mournful Reflexions threw her into such a violent Despair, that never was any poor Lady so worthy of Compassion. She wrote sometimes to the Count of *Ventimiglia*, to ease her Pains by venting her innocent Lamentations, and to press him to secure himself in some place of safety. Nor were his Friends less importunate with him to that purpose: And he apprehended the force of their Reasons well enough. But, in short, this would oblige him to quit *Emilia*; this would constrain him to a Separation from her, and there was no Danger that appear'd so dreadful to him as that.

The

The Duke of *Uceda*, despairing to work any thing upon him, went to *Emilia* with all the Zeal of a cordial Friend, and conjur'd her to make use of all her Power to oblige the Count to withdraw : he told her she was more engag'd then any other Person, to be concern'd for his Preservation, considering what he had done for her. *Emilia* promis'd to neglect nothing that she could think of to effect it ; and in short, when she saw him next, she spoke to him of his Departure, and that with such a commanding Vehemency, that for fear of Displeasing her, he consented to whatever she desir'd. ' How much  
 ' afflicted soever , (*said she to him*) you  
 ' may be to leave me, you cannot be more  
 ' grievously sensible of the Separation,  
 ' then my self. I am to accuse my self  
 ' of being the innocent Cause of this  
 ' Confusion of our Affairs ; 'tis for de-  
 ' fending my Honour that you are now  
 ' to be a Stragler and a Fugitive ; yet  
 ' might it be permitted me to bear ye  
 ' Company, (*continu'd she, with showers of*  
 ' Tears at the same instant trickling from her  
 ' Eyes,) and to partake the Troubles I  
 ' have drawn upon ye , such an Appease-  
 ' ment would make amends for all ; but  
 ' what I owe to Decency restrains me  
 ' here.

' here.' — ' I should be more than hap-  
 ' py, (reply'd the Count, pierc'd to the Quick  
 ' with an excess of Grief;) I should be more  
 ' then happy, Madam, could I be bless'd  
 ' with your Society : But I must leave  
 ' ye; you your self command my Ab-  
 ' sence; and while you take care to pre-  
 ' serve my Life, condemn me to a sudden  
 ' Death.' — And thus the Pangs of  
 their Affliction were equally the same in  
 Both. However, it was agreed between  
 'em, that the Count should retire to *Bour-*  
*deaux*, to the end they might with more  
 convenience correspond together; and at  
 parting, she gave him her Picture, as an  
 Essential Pledge of her Affection; and he  
 receiv'd it with all the Transports that  
 Love could inspire into a Person despe-  
 rately in Love. He observ'd all neces-  
 sary Cautions for his Departure; and  
 that cruel minute being come, he bid  
 adieu to his dear *Emilia*. He said but lit-  
 tle to her; his Silence was the Interpreter  
 of his Grief: and on the other side, he  
 receiv'd from her all the Testimonies that  
 a vertuous Virgin could give, of the most  
 sincere and passionate Affection in the  
 World. Nor did he forbear to write to  
 her till he arriv'd at *Bordeaux*, but was  
 very diligent to let her hear from him

E

upon

upon the Road, where-ever he met with a Convenience; and when he got to *Bordeaux*, he found several Letters there, which had made haste before him. Nor will it be amiss to shew you some of those he wrote, to let ye see the extraordinary Passion he had for that most amiable Lady.

**W**Hen every day I kept you company, Madam, I thought I could sometimes have dispens'd with such a Fondness. But alas! what I now suffer, apparently convinces me, that my Reason was deluded by my Love. I search for ye where-e'er I come, but can find ye no where but in my Heart. Nevertheless, in that same Heart you are so truly ador'd, and so entirely Absolute, that there is nothing which I can desire from Your's, unless it be a mutual Return of Tenderness.

See there another.—Said Don Ferdinand.

**H**OW! Is our Common Enemy recover'd, and past danger, and yet no talk of my Return? I can no longer endure your Absence, and therefore have resolv'd once more to re-enjoy your Company. For is it just, that I should lose my Life, to satisfy the Humour of the World?

*World? I value not Worth or Merit, but to serve you, Madam: Nor do I wish for Happy Days, unless you may be the Sharer of my Felicities.*

I will trouble you no more then with only this, (added the Rehearser of the Story.)

**H**OW Tender and Affectionate your Letters are! How do they rejoyce my very Soul! What mournful Sighs they cost me! What sad Reflexions attend the pleasure of receiving them! They serve to make me yet more deeply sensible of your remoteness from me. I have already told ye, Madam, of my Intentions to return: And when we are together, is it possible that Fortune can do us any Mischief?

In the mean time, the Marquis of Condor was perfectly recover'd, and still continu'd his Prosecutions against the Marquis of Altamira, with the same Heat and Fury as at first. He had also learn'd the place where he lay conceal'd; at what time he likewise understood that he was near the Period of his Life. The continual Restlessness that turmoyl'd his Mind,

and the Care he took to keep out of the way, or rather, to live like a Vagabond, had so impair'd his Health, that he fell dangerously sick ; of which he sent word to the Marchioness, who hasten'd to him with all speed. But when she came, she found him drawing on ; and all the Comfort he had, was to expire in her Armes. However, in the mid'st of so many Misfortunes, that generous Lady had still preserv'd a fortitude of Mind, and a vertuous Integrity, above what was common among Women. After she had perform'd her last Duties to her Husband, she return'd to *Madrid* ; and then it was that the Marquis of *Condoro* made no question but to have compleated his Felicity. With this Conceit, away he went to her House, and desir'd admittance to speak with her. But she sent him word, That the Marchioness of *Altamira* had a quite different course to steer, then *Dona di Ventimiglia* ; That she was the Widow of a Person whom he had persecuted ; and, That she did not think that her Reputation would permit her to renew any Familiarity with him. He receiv'd his Answer like a Thunder-Clap, that had fell'd him almost to the Earth. Nevertheless, he listen'd not to his Resentment,

sentment, which secretly incens'd him to throw off that Respect which he ow'd her; he only bid the Messenger tell her, That her Injustice was too severe; but that he made no doubt, but after she had seriously reflected upon the Motives which engag'd him in her Quarrel, she would repent of her Cruelty toward him.

But notwithstanding this Denial, her Grief for his Affliction had already taken too deep a Root; there was no need of augmenting it by the Testimonies of Submission that were more near her Heart. The Complaisance which she had for her Husband, and all those Duties which she perform'd with so much Conjugal Exactness, proceeded only from the Friendship she had for him: She had always look'd upon him as her Ravisher, and as the Man that with a barbarous Violence had torn her from the only Person that she lov'd in the World. So that when she refus'd to see the Marquis of *Condro*, she felt the Throws of an extraordinary Compunction; but for Decency's sake, she became a Victim to the Publick.

The Persuasions of *Dona Emilia*, were very importunate to prevail with her to see him again. & And indeed she had a particular Interest which oblig'd her to it;

in kindness to the Count of *Ventimiglia*, which render'd her most ingenious to furnish the fair Widow with Reasons sufficient, why she should restore her Affection to the Marquis of *Condro*. Besides that, Love never loses any of its Privileges; so that the Marchioness of *Altamira* might well think the Pretence of Reconciling her Brother with her Lover, was plausible enough to re-admit him, without incurring the Censures of the World.

Immediately therefore she sent away to the Duke of *Ufeda*, to come to her; and told him, That if the Marquis of *Condro* would condescend to a Reconciliation with her Brother, she would again receive him into favour. You may be sure there needed then no great Persuasions to hasten his most officious Seditivities to engage the Count of *Ventimiglia*. Immediately he wrote him a most melting Letter: He conjur'd him, without delay, to hasten to *Madrid*; and that he might assure him that both their Interests were now the same, he gave him to understand, that he had been inform'd of his Passion for *Emilia*; and that he would leave nothing omitted to compleat the Felicity to which he aspir'd. He also sent a Gentleman



tleman on purpose to let him know how impatiently he was expected at *Madrid*.

At that time, I had been about Two Days at *Bourdeaux*, where the Count of *Ventimiglia* had given me a full Relation of his Passion for *Emilia* ; and of all the Particulars I have hear repeated to your Ladyship. He also shew'd me her Picture and her Letters ; and appear'd to me so deeply in Love, that I never saw a Man so sincerely and passionately concern'd. You may judge, by that, of his extraordinary Joy, to see himself of a sudden so near the Haven of his amorous Desires, and just returning to his beloved Mistress. It was the Subject of all his Discourse.

' In what a sad Condition are you, (*said he to me,*) that you have no Engagement : You know not the chiefest Pleasures which the Heart enjoys : You are not sensible, that even the Pains of Love surpass all other Pleasures that proceed not from the same Original.' —

I listen'd to him with Attention, and was charm'd to see him so well satisfy'd, and his Heart so jocondly at rest. At the same time also, he receiv'd a large Packet of Letters from *Emilia* ; wherein she conjur'd him to set forward with all speed ; and nothing could be added to the Marks

which she gave him of her Favour, and  
 tender Affection. ‘ You have no farther  
 ‘ need of me, (*said I to him ;* ) your Mi-  
 ‘ stress’s Letters are a sufficient Supply for  
 ‘ all your Wants, and therefore I’ll go  
 ‘ and prepare all things ready for my de-  
 ‘ parture ; be sure you write to her.’ —  
 ‘ Be sure to write to her ! (*cry’d he :* ) In  
 ‘ truth, you little understand my fervent  
 ‘ Affiduity ; we’ll set forward both toge-  
 ‘ ther ; and never question but I shall  
 ‘ be able to bear ye company ; nay, I  
 ‘ intend to be there before ye ; for Love  
 ‘ will lend me his Wings.’ — Thus we  
 embrac’d each other, and I return’d be-  
 times next Morning. But woe is me !  
 How terribly was I surpriz’d next Morn-  
 ing ! How dismally afflicted, to find him  
 seiz’d with a Pestilential Fever, and full of  
 Purple Spots ! I went to his Bed-side like  
 one in a Trance ; for I lov’d him with a  
 particular Affection. He reach’d me his  
 Hand ; and looking upon me, with his  
 Eyes sunk in his Head, a certain Symptom  
 of his Condition ; ‘ Ah ! my dear *Par-*  
 ‘ *des,* (*said he,* ) how deceitful are the  
 ‘ Felicities of this World ! Yesterday in  
 ‘ the Evening I thought my self the most  
 ‘ happy among Men : I would not have  
 ‘ exchang’d my Fortune for a Monarchy.  
 ‘ Last

‘ Last Night I thought my self within a  
 ‘ Span of seeing *Emilia* ; and from that  
 ‘ happy moment, to have enjoy’d the only  
 ‘ Blessing of my Life, by me so passio-  
 ‘ nately desir’d : But now I find my Hopes  
 ‘ are all deceiv’d, and I shall never, never  
 ‘ see her more. Behold me here, a mi-  
 ‘ serable Creature, cover’d o’er with Pe-  
 ‘ stilential Spots : I must die in a very  
 ‘ short time ; I must die Unmarry’d to  
 ‘ *Emilia*, and e’er I could persuade my  
 ‘ Sister to compleat the Happiness of  
 ‘ her constant Lover. My dear Friend,  
 ‘ (*continu’d he, grasping my Hand in*  
 ‘ *his,\**) I conjure you to contribute  
 ‘ to my Consolation : Assure *Emilia*,  
 ‘ that I die her most sincere Adorer,  
 ‘ and that she has been all along the only  
 ‘ Object of my Vows : Her Letters and  
 ‘ her Picture lye under the Bolster ; and  
 ‘ I must beg of you to give your self the  
 ‘ trouble of restoring ’em, together with  
 ‘ these few Jewels ; which I conjure her  
 ‘ to accept, and keep in remembrance  
 ‘ of her faithful Servant. As to what re-  
 ‘ mains, I cannot think you will forsake  
 ‘ me in this Condition ; the Friendship  
 ‘ that is been between us, assures me  
 ‘ the contrary, and I give you full power  
 ‘ to order all things, after I am dead, as

I shall see convenient.' — I was unwilling to interrupt him till then, because he found some sort of Consolation in what he said to me; and in regard that, for my own part, I was so over-whelm'd with Sorrow, that I stood in need of some Time, and all the Succour of my Reason, to recollect my self; and because I was unwilling to augment his Despair, by an Excess of hopeless Grief. But finding, at length, that these mournful Reflexions weaken'd him, I bid him be of good cheer; and told him withall, That, in my Opinion, he was too careful; That his Distemper was not so violent as he imagin'd, and that his Youth might overcome it. ' I assure you Sir, (*said he, with something a more ready utterance,*) I am afraid of nothing: I know what the Physitians have said to me, and I know better than they in what Condition I am: I have no more to say to you, my Business is now, to think of more Essential Things: I am afraid of being surpriz'd; for when we are so near our Ends, every Minute is precious; and we look upon Things with a far different Eye, then when we are in perfect Health.' — Concluding these words, I observ'd that he falter'd in his Speech, and that his Eyes grew dimmer

mer and dimmer. These mortal Symptoms made me advise him to send for a *Confessor* ; but he had thought upon that before, and told me he expected one every minute.

But not to detain you any longer, Madam, in the most unpleasant Part of my Rehearsal, the poor Count of *Ventimiglia* dy'd within Six Days ; and after I had pay'd him those last Duties to which our Friendship engag'd me, I came away. I thought to have found *Dona Emilia* at *Madrid*, and to have shar'd with her in her Grief : But I heard she was gone to *Grenada*, where she had shut her self up a Nunnery. My stay by the way, was the reason that she heard the fatal News without any Preparation, by one of the Count of *Ventimiglia*'s Gentlemen, who sent her word of it by the Post. She was ready to expire for Grief ; nor would her Sorrows admit of any allay ; so that in Four and twenty Hours after she left *Madrid*, not able to endure the Court, nor the World it self ; and I must take a Journey to *Grenada*, on purpose to restore her back the Picture which you took up. I will shew you, Madam, when you please to command me, all that most amiable Person's Letters ;

Letters; and when you shall permit me to make ye those Assurances which concern my self, be sure I shall not tell ye that I love *Emilia*.

‘ Alas! how sorry am I for her! (*cry’d*  
 ‘ *Dona Elvira*:) She has lost the Man  
 ‘ she lov’d; no more shall she behold the  
 ‘ Object of her Affection: Eternal Night  
 ‘ now parts ’em. Are you sensible, *Don*  
 ‘ *Ferdinand*, of the Horror of this Separation?’ — ‘ I have experienc’d it, (*reply’d*  
 ‘ *he*,) after so cruel a manner, that I wonder I am yet alive in the World: For I  
 ‘ dare presume to say, The Spaniards know  
 ‘ better how to Love, then any other Nation in the Universe. — Thus, for  
 ‘ a while, they stood speechless, in a pensive and profound Amusement; till *Dona Elvira* first of all brake silence, and desir’d  
 ‘ *Don Ferdinand* to tell her what became of the Marchioness of *Altamira*. ‘ She, (*said*  
 ‘ *he*,) is gone to *Seville*, as it is conjectur’d;  
 ‘ that she may have the more liberty to  
 ‘ converse with the Marquis of *Condor*,  
 ‘ till her Year of Mourning is out. And  
 ‘ that which confirms the general Surmize, is this, That he follow’d her;  
 ‘ and without question, within a Year,  
 ‘ he will be happy.’ — ‘ All outward  
 ‘ Appearances, (*said Dona Elvira*,) seem  
 ‘ to

' to assure it, and his Fidelity deserves it ;  
 ' but the Example of the Count of *Venti-*  
 ' *miglia*, shews us, that there is nothing  
 ' certain in this World.' — ' You are  
 ' too long upon your Moral Reflexions,  
 ' (*reply'd Don Ferdinand,*) which are al-  
 ' together unseasonable, during the most  
 ' lovely Night in the World, and in the  
 ' mid'lt of our Recreations.' — 'Twas  
 ' your self, (*said she,*) that put me in the  
 ' Humour : Wherefore did you tell us  
 ' such a doleful Story ? — ' And  
 ' wherefore, (*cry'd he, with a smiling Coun-*  
 ' *tenance,*) did you suspect me, upon the  
 ' score of *Emilia's* Picture ?' — Ne-  
 ' ver say that I suspected yee, (*reply'd El-*  
 ' *vira, interrupting him :*) Nor is the Ex-  
 ' pression any way pertinent ; for as I  
 ' had nothing of Curiosity, you were at  
 ' your own disposal to have said nothing  
 ' of it. What you add, is much more  
 ' disobliging, (*continu'd he ;*) you very ill  
 ' repay me for my good Intentions ; and  
 ' which can never be unpleasing to yee, if  
 ' you would but look upon 'em with an  
 ' Eye of Justice. However, 'twas no  
 ' more then what I always thought.  
 ' 'Twas enough that I was born a Spa-  
 ' niard, for me to expect from you, what-  
 ' ever you can say to my Prejudice.' —

Upon

Upon these words, she fell into such a violent Fit of Laughter, that she rais'd the Curiosity of all the Ladies that were present. They demanded the reason of her Mirth: Of which when *Dona Elvira* had inform'd 'em, the Discourse ran generally upon that Theme.

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*The End of the Second History.*

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THE  
HISTORY

Of the  
MARQUIS of *MANSERA*,  
And  
*DONA TERESA*.

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The FIRST PART.

---

**D**Ona *Eleonora*, and Dona *Teresa*,  
who for several Years together  
had ty'd themselves in a League  
of Friendship more affectionate and more  
sincere then is usual among Ladies, went  
in the Spring-time to take a walk in the  
delightful Gardens of the Palace of *Al-*  
*bambra*. At what time the last of the  
Two appear'd so melancholly, and so vio-  
lently,

lently oppress'd, that her Friend for some  
 time not daring to take notice of it, at  
 length could not forbear to demand the  
 Reason of such an extraordinary Di-  
 sturbance. 'Tis a long while, (*said she,*)  
 that I have withstood my eager desire to  
 know the Cause of your continual An-  
 guish, and which now seems to me  
 much greater then it was; but I was  
 always afraid of being too impertinent;  
 and I had still observ'd the same Re-  
 serv'dness, did not those overwhelming  
 Sorrows which I observe in your Coun-  
 tenance, enforce me to be thus inquisi-  
 tive, that, if possible, I may be able to  
 apply some Lenitive to ease your Pains.  
 — They are such things, (*reply'd Te-  
 resa,*) that a Woman would willingly  
 conceal 'em from her self; and the not  
 disclosing 'em to her Friends, is not to be  
 thought a Mark of Distrust, but rather  
 that it is a difficult Task to express 'em.---  
 There can be no Reason, (*reply'd Eleo-  
 nora,*) to be so cautious of a Friend  
 whose Tendernefs and Discretion have  
 been equally and upon all occasions ex-  
 perienc'd; and for my part, I should  
 think it a Defect of Friendship, if any  
 thing lay heavy at my Heart which I  
 should not communicate to your know-  
 ledge.

‘ ledge.’ — ‘ Forbid it, Heaven, (*cry’d*  
‘ Teresa; ) it behoves me not to justifie  
‘ my Silence at the expence of your  
‘ Esteem: You importune me, and per-  
‘ haps my Heart is not at all offended  
‘ that you put this Constraint upon me.  
‘ But let us retire to some private Place,  
‘ where we may talk by our selves, with-  
‘ out being over-heard. — With that  
they quitted the publick Walk, and be-  
taking themselves to a kind of Labyrinth,  
sate down upon the Pedestal of a Statue,  
in the mid’st of a large Round, that was  
cover’d with green Turf. They could  
not have made choice of a Place that more  
fully call’d to Dona *Teresa’s* Mind the re-  
membrance of what she had to say: For  
she had there accompany’d the Person  
more than once, who was to be the Sub-  
ject of her Discourse.

Immediately she gave her Friend to  
understand, by the Tears that trickl’d from  
her Eyes, that she had nothing but Mis-  
fortunes to entrust her with: and for some  
time she sate in a profound study; but at  
length giving the full swinge to her Sor-  
rows, she thus began.

I was born with a Heart the most sen-  
sible and most tender that e’er was form’d  
by

by Love. The severe Education that was carefully bestow'd upon me, was enough to have enfeebl'd so dangerous an Inclination; and no question but my Reason and Vertue had triumph'd o'er my natural Tenderness, had my Heart had time to listen to 'em. But I Lov'd, before I understood that I was to combat Love; and that same mischievous Passion had made it self Master of my Soul, long before I had the judgment to know or fear it.

You have seen the Marquis of *Manferra*, and I have heard you say, you found him to be the Person of the World whom you could most affect. But he begins to be quite another Man from what he was, when Love was first the occasion of my knowing him. The first time that e'er I saw him, he had all the Perfections that flourish in brisk and active Youth; and his Actions that were already accompany'd with that Politeness of which you were a Testimony, were so lively and frolicksome, as only became the Years to which he was then arriv'd. He was curiously built, his Person was noble, his Aspect beautiful enough for a Man, and his Head compleatly shap'd. In short, the Marquis more amiable in my Eyes, then I can well depaint him, struck my Heart at an  
Age

Age that People are not usually sensible but of the first Amusements of Childhood. From that time forth, methought I could never behold nor gaze upon him sufficiently ; and his Demeanour and his Discourse were all along so actually present in my Mind, that I talk'd of no body but him, though he were out of my sight ; and in regard I was too Young, and too shallow of understanding, to distinguish what it was that particularly infus'd into me such an Excess of Kindness for him, I admir'd both his Person, and whatever he did, never fearing that a Sentiment so reasonable should prove the first Motion of the most dangerous of all the Passions.

That Winter that the Governor of *Grenada* caus'd the *Tamerlane* of *Pedro Calderon* to be acted, there was likewise a great Ball at his House ; and in regard he was a particular Friend of my Family, my Mother would needs have me appear among the rest, notwithstanding the Spanish Severity which she professes. Thither came the Marquis also, with a Troop of other young Sparks. But Heavens ! how easie was it to distinguish him from all his Companions ! He never appear'd, to my sight, so full of Charms as then.

So

So soon as I beheld him, I felt those Emotions which before I never understood ; and I was sensible of one Pleasure in Dancing with him, that was altogether a Stranger to my Heart before ; and it made such an Impression upon me, that my Love which lay till then disguis'd under other Sentiments, now violently flam'd out with an Ardency and Tenderneſs as great as ever heighten'd Woman's Love. Hardly was the Ball at an end, but I ſought to ſhut my ſelf up in my Chamber, there to ponder by my ſelf, while the Aſſembly were in the heat of their Paſtime, upon the Diſorders which had happen'd in my Breſt. But then, when it was too late, I underſtood that I had too great an Affection for the Marquis, not being able at the ſame time to flatter my ſelf that he had any Kindneſs for me. And indeed he ſhew'd nothing of any eager Paſſion for me. Not one of his Actions could perſuade me, that I was capable to infuſe into his Breſt that Tenderneſs for me, which I already had for him. Methought alſo he look'd upon me only as a Child. I was ſo, 'tis true ; but my Heart was full of Sentiments, that I am apt to believe, no Perſon ever underſtood before me in their Infancy. I

was

was ashamed of my Weakness, when I came to be sensible of it; and from that time forward, I look'd upon my Love with that despite and scorn, which made me suffer all the Pains and Torments of an unfortunate Passion.

Love, after this fatal Day, was not long before it became a serious Affair in my Heart. I was soon sensible not only of the Despair, but of the Shame of Loving alone. My continual Thoughts and Cares reduc'd me to a languishing Condition; nor was I perceiv'd any longer to have that eager longing for that which had till then so much amus'd me. The desire which I had to win the Marquis's Love, produc'd in me a singular Effect, considering my Years. It came into my Head, to acquire Merit, by applying my self to Study; so that I betook my self to the Love of Books and Sciences: I employ'd my self in nothing else but Reading: In that I spent the Days and Nights; and I improv'd my self with such a Promptness as soon inform'd me that Love was the Principle which caus'd me to act.

Scarcely did I think my Understanding better cultivated then was usual for Persons of my Age, when I flatter'd my self that the Marquis perceiv'd it; and the  
parti-

particular Notice, which as it seem'd to me, he took of my Actions, coax'd my Vanity and my Passion to that degree, that I abandon'd my self to the Pleasure of being in his Company, and discoursing with him, with such violent Transports, that I had like to have display'd the vehement Ardour that burn'd within me.

However, I had done nothing hitherto that could give him any Suspicion: But when a Woman has no longer the Command of her Heart, it is a difficult thing to be much longer the Mistress of her Actions. One Morning, as I was standing at my Chamber-Window, I saw the Marquis crossing the *Piazza* of *Elvira*, and going to *Mas* in great haste. I stop't him, on purpose to ask him whether he carry'd his Prayer-Book along with him. To which he reply'd, That his Heart was all the Prayer-Book he made use of; and that he deem'd it more respectful to enclose his Vows and Wishes within himself, then to unfold himself in dull and clownish Words. This quick and courtly Retort struck me immediately to the Heart: Nor did I know whether it behov'd me to understand his meaning; and therefore, not to perplex my self for an Answer, I presently threw him *Paster Fido* which I had  
by



by chance in my Hand, and told him, as I retir'd from the Window, That since he lov'd Meditation better then Prayer, that Book would afford his Contemplation work enough. But hardly had I play'd this Prank, when I was afraid lest I had done more then if I had made him a Reply. I was afraid lest a Person accusom'd to the Company and Favours of Ladies, had apprehended more then I was willing to tell him. I was sensible of the Consequences; and the shame of being Expos'd, to discover my Weakness, caus'd me for the future to act with more Reserv'dness. So that although at the same moment he had penetrated something of the Truth, his Suspicions would have come to nothing. But soon after I understood, that I was not yet so happy as to have the honour to be so much as Suspected by the Person that caus'd such violent Commotions within me; and I came to the knowledge of this by an Information so cruel, that the remembrance of it makes me tremble still to think of it.

A certain Person who had a Dependence upon our Family, desir'd my Mother that she would give me leave to be Godmother to one of his Children, in Partnership with the Marquis of *Manferra*.

I had

I had not been in his Company of a long time, and therefore desir'd to see him with an unparallel'd Impatience. But good God! how dearly did my passionate Ardour sell me that slight Pleasure! I was never so taken with the Accomplishments of his Person and his Wit; and it seem'd as if my Love that Day had render'd him more amiable, to make me the more sensible of the Grief that had invaded my Heart. Upon my returning from this same fatal Ceremony, my Mother in the Evening, recounting to my Father the several Circumstances of the Christ'ning, fell a blaming the Marquis of *Mansera*, who was look'd upon as a polite Courtier, for making the Company tarry so long. To which my Father, in his excuse, reply'd, That a Man who had his Thoughts taken up with a violent Passion, had enough to do to observe a regular Exactness in other things: And at the same time, he acquainted my Mother, that the Marquis had been for several Years most desperately in Love with one of his near Relations, who was lately shut up in a Monastery, to prevent their farther Familiarity: That she was one of the most lovely Persons in the World, and the most worthy to enflame the Heart of a Noble and Vertuous Gentleman;

tleman ; and that the Marquis devoted a<sup>1</sup> his time to Her, that he could spare from looking after his Affairs.

Certainly it is impossible to die for Grief, my dearest *Eleonora*, because I did not presently expire so soon as I heard this killing News. Till then I was ignorant whether *Mansera's* Heart were capable of being mov'd, and I found it was by the certain Information that he lov'd a Rival, who till then was utterly unknown to me. I understood it, at a time when it was not in my power to vanquish the Passion which he had infus'd into me ; and I lost all my hopes for ever, of being belov'd, yet not able to overcome my own Desires. Never did Jealousie more furiously turmoil the Heart of any Woman, as at that very moment it tormented mine. It caus'd such a violent Commotion within me, that in a few days after, I fell sick of a dangerous and tedious Distemper ; and would to God it had laid me in my Grave ; and all the while it continu'd, I was haunted with the horrors of my Jealousie. Sometimes I took up a Resolution to discover my Passion to the Marquis, and to die before his Eyes, so soon as I had let him understand the Ardour of my Sentiments. Sometimes I applauded the

F Power

Power I had over my self, to forbear speaking to him : and it was a secret Pleasure to me, that by my Death I should deprive him of the knowledge of my weakness. But my youthful vigour prevail'd over my desire to die : for I recover'd ; though I could find no other Remedy for my Misfortunes, then to endeavour by all imaginable ways to expell the Marquis from my Heart.

Scarcely was I recover'd, but Fortune seem'd willing to favour me with an Opportunity. My Mother was engag'd to take a long Journey ; and I obtain'd the favour to be put into a Nunnery, during her Absence. Nor had I long been there, before I flatter'd my self that I should find the succour which I stood in need of. And indeed, my Assurance that I should not be troubl'd with the Marquis of *Manferra's* Company in that place, and my remoteness from any thing that could recall him to my remembrance, afforded some Relaxation to the Violence of my Passion, of which my Reason now believ'd her self become the Mistress. I saw how impossible it was for me to think of living with him ; and the Thought of living with another, was so dreadful to me, that Solitude, and the Objects which I there beheld,

beheld, so different from the pompous Gayety of the World, having confirm'd me in my Designs, I determin'd to be a Nun, and to conceal for ever from *Man-sera* the knowledge of my Love, and Course of Life. All which I signifi'd in writing to my Brother, who was much concern'd and surpriz'd at my Resolution. He oppos'd it by all the ways he could imagine, but in vain : so that he was enforc'd to send for my Mother back again, to take me, whether I would or no, out of the Nunnery where I had determin'd to end my Days.

However, I thought my Passion so well cur'd, and the Marquis obliterated in my Heart, that I was really perswaded, when I left the Nunnery, that I should return thither again, so soon as I had tender'd my Mother those Marks of my Obedience which my Duty would not permit me to refuse her. But I had hardly travell'd above Two or Three Leagues, when passing through a place where by chance I heard the Marquis was, together with the Governour of *Grenada*, I felt such a violent Agitation of my Spirits, and the present *Idea* of his Person, and of all that I admir'd in him, return'd so swiftly, that I began to

find it would be more easie for me to renounce the World then my Love.

So soon as my Mother had me in her power, she declar'd, that she would not admit me, so young as I was, to take so difficult a Resolution, which would lock me up from the World as long as I liv'd. It was in vain for me to oppose her Reasons and Commands: It behov'd me to obey; and I secretly perceiv'd that the hope of seeing the Marquis, which already flatter'd me, had weaken'd my Resolution; and that was the true Reason which render'd me so pliable to the good-pleasure of my Parents.

How does Absence(*my dearest Eleonora,*) re-enliven the delight of meeting those again for whom we have a real Fondness. Within a few Days after, they carry'd me to *Albamar*; and there I once more saw the Marquis, who had a near Relation marry'd to the Marquis of *Conpo-  
sirr*, who vaunted his Descent from the last King of *Grenada*. And then, methought, I discover'd those new Charms in his Person that I had not seen before. In vain my Reason represented to my Heart that he was in Love with another; for in a short time I lov'd him  
with

with a greater Passion then I had done before my Retirement and my Resolutions<sup>e</sup>.

In a short while after, I enter'd into a strict Friendship with a Relation to our Family, who had liv'd all her Life time in the Queen-Mother's Court, and where she remain'd all along till she was banish'd to *Toledo*. Now in regard she had an infinite deal of Wealth, and was a Woman of great Wit, and had in her Person those particular Graces which render'd her Beauty more alluring in her, then in any Woman that ever I knew, I imagin'd that 'twas impossible for her to live so long at Court, and not understand what Love was; and I perswaded my self, that if I could gain her Affection so far, as to dare discover my Heart to her, I should find all the Assistance I could expect from an understanding and sensible Friendship. Nor was I deceiv'd; and the Marchioness of *Puebla* was pleas'd to be of my Opinion; and in regard she understood far better the Misfortunes into which I had plung'd my self, she bewail'd my being enslav'd so early to the Violence of a Passion which is generally attended with cruel Consequences.

At the same time that I discover'd my Weaknesses to her, I also imparted to her

my Design to shut my self up in a Nunnery. What should I do in this World, (*said I to her*) where there is but one only Man that I can set my Heart upon, and to whom there is no hopes that I should e'er be Wedded? Do's it behove me to let him discover the foolish Passion with which he has entangl'd my Heart? How do I know, but bad Examples, and my long Pains will one day enforce me to make him a full Confession of my Folly? What a shame would it be for a Person of my understanding to be the first Discloser of my Love, and to make it known too, when she is assur'd, that the Discovery of it can never affect the Person to whom she discloses it? Woe is me! I cannot but think of such an unworthy Condescension without trembling; nor do I see any other way, but by retiring into a Nunnery to secure me from the fear of it. For while I have any hopes to see the Marquis of *Mansera*, I must love him; and therefore it behoves me to guard myself from committing the most scandalous Extravagancies that Love can prompt me to.

I am glad to see so much Love, and so much Bashfulness together (*said the Marchioness*) but *Teresa*, your want of Experience



ence makes ye look upon your Condition to be far different from what it seems to me. You believe there is nothing can equal your pains, because you are not acquainted with any other. This is a great Misfortune indeed; but the Marquis's Ignorance of it, exempts ye from a great many others, a thousand times more dishonourable. Your Actions are innocent, you have nothing whereof to accuse yourself; nor do you fear the dreadful Vexation to be sacrific'd to a Rival that would be always publishing your Follies to enhance the Reputation of her own Charms. Your Condition is intermix'd with many Allays; in short you love; but yet you never had any cause to complain of the Person whom you love. I could tell ye of young Ladies much more unhappy: you are but a Novice, dear *Teresa*, (*contin'd she,*) in the course of violent Passions, when you are so much afraid of the future. Do you believe you shall love the Marquis eternally? how strangely you are mistaken: the most fervent and tender Love insensibly decays; the World is full of inconstant and unfaithfull Lovers, that had sworn, like you, the Continuance of their Love as long as they liv'd. I understand, (*said I,*) that all our Passions last not

all our Life-time ; but I believe there are some that never have an end , but with the Conclusion of our Days. Alas ! what is there that can ruine mine, seeing I have so long lov'd *Mansera* insensible of my pains ; and woe is me, enamour'd of another? Time, my dear *Teresa*, (*reply'd the Marchioness*), Time which has a sovereign Power over all things that appear less subject to annihilation. Oh ! how would you wish for, then, that Liberty which a Nunnery would have quite depriv'd ye of, and how would you deplore the Condition of a Nun without Devotion, continually tormented with a thousand yearning Desires of returning to the World, and a thousand Longings so much the more vehement, by how much the more it is out of their power to content 'em. Have a care what Resolutions you take, how you go beyond your strength, so young and tender as you are ; or if your Heart enforces ye to throw your self into Retirement , make choice of only such Recesses that never deprive ye of the Liberty to make advantage of Opportunities.

These Discourses and Exhortations of the Marchioness, at all times that we could have the freedom to talk together, assuaged the violence of a Passion that I could not

not mangle from my Soul, and put me quite out of Conceit with a Nunnery. But hardly did I begin to profit by the Succour which I reap'd from the Counsells of an experienc'd and cordial Friend, but she return'd into the Country, where she spent a good part of her days, and in regard the time that I had convers'd with her, was too short to confirm me in those Sentiments which she infus'd into me, her Remoteness from me was the unhappy Reason that my Heart and Inclinations soon relaps'd into the same Troubles that had pester'd me before. The impossibility of vanquishing a Passion that was born before my Reason, the Love which the Marquis had for another, and the Charms with which they told me that same fortunate Rival triumph'd over me, made me resume my Resolution, for ever to bury my Shame and Love in the Bottom of a Cloyster; therefore I again declar'd to my Parents my earnest desire to be a Nun; that what I had observ'd in the World, since they had brought me back again, had only serv'd to confirm the Reasons which I had to quit it, and that nothing but Retirement would agree with my melancholly Thoughts. But my Reasons, my Tears, my Entreaties not prevailing

to obtain their Consent, I resolv'd to steal away privately from my Father and Mother, and to throw my self into the Nunnery which I had left. But notwithstanding all the caution I had taken for the Execution of my Design, I was stopt upon the Road by my Father, who not finding me at home upon his Return to the Town, immediately guest at the real Truth of my Absence; so that he made all the hast imaginable after me, and having overtaken me, about four Leagues from *Grenada*, he took me away, and carry'd me home by force.

Thus you see me a second time disappointed; whether I would or no, of my Design to become a Nun, notwithstanding all the Reasons that urg'd me to it; and I return'd into the World, to be again enslav'd to the most cruel Destiny, and to the most dreadfull Disasters that ever yet you heard of.

My Design of putting my self into a Nunnery, made my Father jealous least at length I should escape him; and in regard he lov'd me too well to lose me for ever, he thought of nothing so much as of providing me a Husband out of hand.

So soon therefore as he had found out a Match for me, as much to the good-liking

king of my Family, as the very Thoughts of him were uneasie to my self, he made up the Business, according to the Custom, without speaking a Syllable of it to me, and then presently came and told me, there wanted nothing toward the consummation of that dreadful Contract with Don *Gasper de Benavides*, but a Consent of mine; which he foresaw not how dear it would cost me. The Proposal which he made me, surpriz'd me in such a manner, and cut me so to the Heart, that I had not the power to return him an Answer: so that my Silence and my Tears discover'd a Repugnance, the Cause of which he could not dive into; and my Mother and he, both press'd me to know the Reason, but in vain. I left 'em so overwhelm'd with Despair as put 'em into a kind of Dismay, and went to my Chamber, there to abandon my self to the most violent Agonies of Discontent, that ever I felt in all my Life. How! (*said I*) shall I prove so treacherous as to consent to an Engagement that must separate me from him I love, and fix a Criminal Guilt upon my most innocent Affection? No, no; nothing can constrain me to surcease my Love, and I will have it in my Power to love the Marquis all the remainder of my Life.

Life, in contempt of all Reproaches that the Censures of severest Honour can lay to my Charge.

In the midst of such a frightfull and threatning Danger, the only Remedy that I could think of, was to put in Execution, in despite of all the World, my Design of betaking my self to a Nunnery. But besides the Opposition of a Father, whom my first Refusals had already put into a Rage, all that the Marchioness of *Puebla* had formerly said to me, to dissuade me, return'd to my Remembrance; and methought also that Vertue it self forbad me to embrace a Course of Life so opposite to those Sentiments, of which I knew too well it was impossible for me to be cur'd. On the other side, how to engage with a person whom the natural Inclination which I had for the Marquis would embitter me to hate with a mortal Detestation, when he should possess the place which my Desires so long agoe had destin'd to the Person I ador'd, I could not think of which way, without suffering worse than Death.

Which side soever I cast my thoughts, nothing appear'd before me but the choice of many Miseries. My heart and mind both equally turmoil'd, were in a perpetual

tual struggle with my mortal pains. I prolong'd this cruel Uncertainty what to do, as long as possibly I could: but at length my Father and Mother commanded my Obedience, after many fruitless Caresses and soft Persuasions, employing Menaces, and the Authority of Parents; so that I was forc'd to stifle my Reluctancy, and sign the Order for my Death. However I greatly improv'd the Merit of the Proof of my Obedience, on purpose to gain time, alledging my Youth, and withal protesting resolutely that I would not be marry'd till after the expiration of two years; which was readily granted me. For I was in hopes by that time, that Heaven would have pity on me, so that the Marriage might be broken off, and the Marquis become my Husband.

So soon as I was affianc'd, I began to languish and pine away, to that degree, that Love might easily have been conjectur'd to have been the cause of it, had they observ'd me fond of any particular Person. But because I seldom or never saw the Person whom my Heart ador'd, and for that I look'd upon all other Men with an Indifferency that amounted even to contempt, no body could dive into the Reason that render'd my Mind and Actions

ons so different from the Vivacity of my early Youth.

But what I well foresaw, that fail'd not to befall me ; for that same bare Dislike of him who was design'd me, from the first moment that I saw him, chang'd in a few days into a most intollerable Hatred. The Idea of the Marquis of *Manfèra*, so different from his to whom they were about to sacrifice me, infus'd into me such a Detestation of all his Applications, that had he been a Person never so little delicate, ne would have repented of his ever having had me in his Thoughts. But my Vertue, which never forsook me, notwithstanding the Vehemence of my Affection, made me resolve, in despite of my self, to fix a Kindness upon the Person that was prepar'd to be my Husband ; and summoning up all the remainder of my Reason, I took a Resolution to employ my self so diligently in the Family, and to avoid whatever could re-enliven my Inclinations in favour of the Marquis, that by that means I might insensibly cure my Heart. I banish'd my self from all Society where I was assur'd of meeting him, and as if Fortune had been desirous to second my Design, the Marquis came several times to the City, without visiting my Father ;



Father; whether the Care of his Estate or his Love took up his Thoughts more seriously then before, I am not certain.

But you shall see, (*my dear Eleonora,*) how far still my Misfortunes persecuted me. While I kept my self thus close immur'd within Doors, to purchase Repose at the Expence of all that could flatter my Heart, I was so unhappy, that all those whose Company it was not possible for me to avoid, were infinitely taken with me; and as if the Love which I conceal'd at the bottom of my Heart, had infected all that came near me, I had in a short time as many Lovers as near Relations; nay, an Old Acquaintance of my Father's, at past Sixty Years of Age, would needs be doating, with one Leg in the Grave.

How! said I to my self, is it not enough that I am enforc'd to endure the sight of a declar'd Lover, whom I hate, because I love the Marquis, but that I must be haunted by these Encroachers, that, like so many Enemies, would ravish from him the Felicity that never is like to be any other body's but his own. Sometimes I was asham'd that all those Rivals were so unworthy of him. Methought, that his Vanity and mine were not satisfy'd.

fy'd with such an easie Victory. Sometimes I wish'd, that whatever was most amiable in the World, would fall in Love with me, to make a Sacrifice to *Manfera*, which might at least put his own Love in a ferment, if it could not move his Heart. But as much importun'd as I was by those impertinent Flames which I kindl'd my self, I must confess that I could not forbear priding my self with some sort of Pleasure, that it was in my power to inspire Love. I had a kind of envious Joy, that I was able to disperse my feeble Charms upon Objects that I could not Love, in hopes that those Allurements being seconded by the most violent Passion in the World, would find, perhaps one day, the means to work the same Effect upon the Marquis's Heart. That tender Affection which I meditated for the Marquis, notwithstanding the Care which I had taken to banish him from my remembrance, readily caus'd me to fall into Discourses of Tendernefs; which presently they all, like Fools, applied to themselves; and thus, without engaging my own Heart in any danger, I learn'd to please the Marquis, at the Expence of those, who, I was sure, would never please

please Mee. But alas ! who would have told me then that all these Fancies of mine were but as so many Tyrants and Spies which my Destiny had prepar'd for me, to ranverse, one day, the Familiarity which it behov'd me to have with the Marquis.

I had spent some Months without seeing him either at my Father's House, or in any other place ; when upon his return from a Journey to *Madrid*, he came to pay a Visit to my Father ; who being intent upon a Business which he could not leave, desir'd him to walk up into my Chamber, where by chance I was all alone. The Confusion and Surprize that I was in, to see the Marquis enter my Apartment, might certainly have been sufficient to have discover'd some part of what turmoyl'd my Heart, had he not been so taken up with his own Amours, that he took no notice of any body else. I Complimented him without ceasing, and without any coherence. I talk'd to him of his Journey ; and ask'd him twenty rambling Questions, without considering what I said. This prov'd so tiresome to the Marquis, that he was no less chaf'd with my Impertinencies, then I was embarrass'd and perplex'd at his Presence :

so

so that all Discourse between us ceasing, he drew out of his Pocket, in a musing Posture, a little Box set round with Diamonds, which he play'd with in his Hand a good while, never speaking a word, and for some time not taken notice of by my self. But at last it came into my Mind that some body had told me, that he carry'd, at the bottom of a little Forsett, the Picture of that amiable Rival of whom you have heard me talk so often; and the remembrance of that, inflam'd as well my Jealousie as my Curiosity, to get a sight, of it. To which purpose, I requested the Marquis to let me see the Devices that were engrav'd upon the Box. But alas! they all agreed in those short Sentences that only serv'd to fester my secret Wounds; and Love, that never fail'd of any Opportunity to make me sensible of his most painful Torments, immediately taught me the way to open the Plate that cover'd the bottom of the Box. *Manfèra*, who never mistrusted my knowing that Secret, would fain have snatch'd the Box out of my Hands; but he could not do it so quickly, as to hinder me from the sight of the most amiable Portraiture that ever Eyes beheld. But then it was, that in a lucky minute, my Father, who  
enter'd

enter'd the Chamber at the same time, fell into serious Discourse with the Marquis; and in regard their Business would not admit of my Society, gave me a fair opportunity to conceal from their Observation the strange Agitation and Disturbance of my Mind.

The Beauty of my Rival's Portraiture Thunder-struck me in such a manner, that I could not be at rest, till I had satisfy'd my self whether she were really so fair as the Picture made her appear to be; and I soon contriv'd a way to be carry'd to the Nunnery, that conceal'd so much Perfection from the Eyes of the World. But Good God! how strangely was I surpriz'd, when I beheld her a thousand times more Charming then her Portraiture. All the blooming Glories, all the Embelishments that brightly flourish in the Flower of early Youth, and all the Charms of all the Graces, were muster'd together in her Countenance and her Person. The White of her Complexion so lively and so dazling, that nothing could equal the Lustre of it. Her Forehead spacious: Her Eyes the most lovely Blue in the World, full, well-shap'd, and well enchas'd, but more quick and sparkling then is usual for Blue Eyes to be: Her  
Eye-brows

Eye-brows large and thick, and which Nature, on purpose to augment the lustre of her Whiteness, had made more darkly Brown than her Hair was Flaxen-bright. The Proportion of her Nose exact, her Mouth little, her Lips Vermillion; her Teeth outvy'd the polish'd Ivory, and in their Rows stood close and even: when she spoke, the Tone of her Voice was Musick to the Ear, while the whole circuit of her Cheeks empal'd Perfections not to be express'd: Her Neck drew Admiration: Her Stature small, but extremely delicate: Her Conversation and her Disposition brisk and lively; and such an Elegant, such an Alluring, such a Majestick Air accompany'd her Gestures and Deportment, that many more proper Women, and more regular Beauties, attracted not so much as did those Graces that render'd her so universally delightful.

*In short, she'ad this peculiar Grace,  
 Something to have, I know not what to call it:  
 And yet a Wonder 'twas  
 Did Miracles surpass.  
 The Heart Love cannot quell, her Charms en-  
 thrall it:*

*For his Allurements she wears all about her,  
 Her Smiles no Pen or Pencil can depaint ;  
 An Air too, which all other Women want ;  
 Which you may see, ne'er know what 'tis with-  
 out her.*

However, my Vexation to find the Marquis's Mistress so surprizing fair, could not restrain me from extolling her Beauty. She, on the other hand, reply'd to my Encomiums with an extraordinary Politeness; and withal, That since she had been so happy by my finding the way to her Nunnery, I would do her the Honour not to forget it: That she was already sensible my Company would be extremely delightful to her; and that I had no reason to be frighted at the solitude of the Grate, for that sometimes I should meet with such good Society in that same lovely Retirement, as would give me no cause to repent my visiting a Recluse. But alas! she was far from understanding how truly she spoke, and that I knew better than she, that I could find in her Room of Entertainment, every Day, the only Person that could please me. But I departed with that Confusion and Despair, which made me resolve never to return thither again, as long as I liv'd.

I must

I must acknowledge, That all that wonderful Perfection of Beauty and Allurement which I met with in that amiable Person, struck me with a more sensible Grief, then all that I had undergone before. I found something in the Comparison between her Person and mine, that so strangely humbl'd me, that I was above a Month before I would see my Face in the Looking-glass. What Hope, said I to my self, remains for me, after the Sight that I have seen? The Marquis loves, with a superlative Affection, the most Charming Person in the World, and will he ever cease to Love her? Or, grant that Time, by some strange Accidents that cannot be fore-seen, should dis-unite Two Lovers so worthy of each other; is it probable it should be Me that the Marquis will Love, when nothing else will serve him but such transcending Objects? No, No,—it behoves me for ever to cure my self; and I meet, in my Curiosity, those Remedies which my Reason never could supply me with. The Charms of my Rival will triumph over the most obstinate Passion that ever was; and I my self would strike a Dagger through my Heart, should it be still so weak to love *Mansera*.



The Resolution which I then took to vanquish my unfortunate Fondness, was now more vehement and more sincere than ever it had been. I began more carefully than ever to avoid whatever might put me in Remembrance of the Marquis. Instead of shutting my self up, as formerly, in my Family Retirement, I only sought the dissipation of my Sorrows with the Amusements and Diversions of Company; and I resolv'd to cast a favourable Eye of Impartiality to consider the Merit of Don *Gaspar*, in hopes of a Remedy to cure my Heart of that foolish Love which I had so long vainly cherish'd. But how difficult a thing it is to extirpate a real Passion! All that I could do was so far from abating my Indignation, that it rather augmented my Contempt. All that I could see worthy of my Love in *Gaspar de Benavidez*, so little avail'd to chase *Mansera* from my Heart, that it only serv'd to fix him deeper in my Memory: there was nothing that appear'd most charming to the Eyes of others, that sufficiently resembl'd him, so as to claim a pre-eminence above him; and all the Merit which Don *Gaspar* had, seeming no other then the Reflexion of *Mansera's*, serv'd only to render me more sensible of his Worth

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In short, I found that pleasure and variety of lovely Objects were more dangerously contributory to foster a violent Passion, than the Reflexions of Retirement.

Nevertheless I ceas'd not to mortifie my own, in some measure; multiplicity of Conversation, and the Hurry of Company, those Enemies to serious Meditation, would not permit me the leisure to think of the Marquis: and it seem'd to me, that my Tenderness for him was extremely abated, and that I might flatter my self in a short time to regain that Tranquillity which I had so long thirsted after, tho' in vain, for Ten years together. But Love, who from my Infancy had look'd upon me as a Victim devoted to all his Torments, had no intention that I should so soon escape him.

For no sooner did I begin to applaud the Success of the Care which I had taken to cure my self, but I receiv'd Tydings which in a moment quite ranvers'd the whole Progress, which to my thinking I had made. 'Twas here, and in this very place, that a Lady came to my Mother, with whom I then was, and told us, that the lovely Person whom the Marquis ador'd, was fallen so dangerously ill, that 'twas  
thought

thought she could not possibly recover. There needed no more for me, to recall to my Heart all that Kindness which I was well in hopes had been expell'd ; and the Disturbance which this Intelligence gave me, appear'd so visible in my Countenance, that *Dona Pepa* who was walking with my Mother, perceiv'd it, and took me away from the Company, lest others should take notice of it. But in regard she was a Stranger altogether to the Reason, nor could dive into it, she persuaded her self that, either the Lady who accosted us was my Rival, or at least, that she was the Confident of the Person whom I lov'd, and that the sight of her had occasion'd that Commotion of my Thoughts ; and therefore she us'd all her utmost Endeavours, to be more clearly satisfy'd : but I answer'd her only with my Tears.

So soon as I came to be alone, I found that Love is never so violent as when it is upheld by some glimmerings of Hope. Wherefore, (*said I to my self,*) if my Rival dye, should I despair to marry a Person whose Heart is accusom'd to Love ? the Consideration of my Constancy, and of the vehemency of the Flames that he has kindl'd in my Breast, would they not

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move

move a Soul, the most remote from Loving? Is it possible for me to put him out of Conceit with Love, I that have been more in Love then all the Persons in the World together? and my excess of Tenderness, and the Wit with which I am flatter'd to be Mistress of, may they not be sufficient to supply the Defects of Beauty? But then (*reply'd I to my self*) if I love the Marquis, is it fair for me to think of building my Felicity upon a Loss which is like to cost him so many Tears, if it rather do's not cost him his Life? Can he ever forget the Person he has devoted on for so many years; and if he call to mind the multiplicity of her Charms, can he enure himself to a meaner and less alluring Amour? No,---- no,---- Unfortunate *Teresa*! No,—— wish that thy Rival may live; 'twill be a greater Torment to thee, and a greater Shame to be contemn'd and slighted after her Decease.

I spent the whole six Months, during which time that most amiable Lady lay ill, under the most terrible Agitation of a vehement Passion; and suffer'd so many different pains, that I admire I was not as dead as she. And *Dona Pepa*, whom mutual Friendship had engag'd to visit me every day, could conjecture nothing by the change

change of my Humour; my Sadness being a Riddle not to be unfolded by all her Art.

Well,— at length I understood this most amiable Person was departed this Life. I likewise discover'd that the Marquis had been marry'd to her several years, and that the respect which he had for his Father obliging him to keep the Marriage private, as being without his Consent, that prudent Lady, the more easily to conceal the knowledge of it from the House of *Manfera*, had for seven years preferr'd the Solitude of a Nunnery, where she continu'd till her Death, before all the Delights and Pleasures that her Birth and Beauty had by a free and sociable Enjoyment of the World, entitl'd her to.

For my part I was overwhelm'd with such a Load of Sorrow, hearing how despairingly the Marquis was dejected at her Death, that I was enforc'd to shut my self up in my Chamber for several days together, under pretence of being not well; only *Dona Pepa* was the sole Person that I call'd to my Aid. She, one day found me bath'd all over in my Tears, and so terribly cast down with bitter Anguish, that she conjur'd me with more Tendernefs then ever, to discover the

Cause of such a profound and piercing Grief; so that at length, being prest to seek for that assistance from the Counsels of a Friend, which I could not hope for from my own Reason, I surrender'd to her Importunities, and lay'd open the terrible Condition of my Heart.

'Tis no longer, (*said I*) convenient for me to dissemble with such a Friend as you are, and therefore, *Pepa*, give Attention to that which you will hardly believe: This amiable Person, who has now been dead two days, and the Marquis of *Mansera*, whose Excess of Sorrow all the World compassionates, are the Persons for whom I am the most concern'd in the World. The one was my Rival, the other is the only Person that ever touch'd my Heart. I began to love him as soon as I began to know my self. In vain my Reason, my Vertue, Process of Time, and his Passion for another, us'd all their utmost Endeavours to cure me; I always lov'd him, and love him still, with a flame not to be paralell'd; and the Death of his Lady reviving that Hope which her Beauty and the Marquis's Love had quite extinguish'd in me, I am now no longer Mistress of my Thoughts. I throw my self therefore into your Arms, my dearest *Pepa*;

*Pepa* ; have pity upon an unfortunate Virgin, that will be liable to commit a thousand Extravagancies, if your Counsells cannot call back the Reason she has lost. There is a Necessity the Marquis should know that I have ador'd him ever since I was born ; and I know not what should hinder me, considering my present Transports, from 'going my self this very moment, to declare it to him. But who has told me that no other will prevent me, or that a Heart so full of Tenderneſs and Fidelity as his at present is known to be, will not be coveted by a Thousand Women that are more alluring then my self? No, no,—I'll lose no more time, and tho' I were to dye, I am resolv'd that he shall know I love him.

*Dona Pepa*, seeing the Trouble I was in, knew well, 'twas to no purpose to seek the Extirpation of so violent a Passion ; only she sought in some measure to appease the Fury of it ; and to that purpose feigning to be of my Opinion, she conjur'd me not to be over-hasty, but to leave to her the Care of my Destiny, which would be much more safe in her hands, then in mine.

The next morning she return'd to me again, and finding me a little more calm

then the Evening before, she thought she might recover my Reason, or put a stop at least, to the Resolution I had taken, of making an open Acknowledgement of my Love to the Marquis. To which purpose she employ'd all the Reasons that a nimble-witted and judicious Friend could make use of, which she also accompany'd both with Prayers and Tears; but in regard she saw there was no Cure for my Folly, she thought her self engag'd by her Friendship to moderate at least the Extravagancies which the Blindness of my Passion was going to commit; and to that end, she drew me into a serious Examination and Consideration of all the Resolutions which my troubl'd Fancy had suggested; and in the midst of so many Extremities into which I resolv'd to precipitate my self, she perswaded me to choose the least Dangerous and least Terrible.

All that Night I spent in writing a Letter to the Marquis of *Manferra*, in a Counterfeit Hand, by which I let him know, that there was a Lady, and a young Virgin, who had been in Love with him for Ten years together, with a Constancy hitherto unparalell'd, and who by the Care which still she took to disguise her self in writing to him, sought to reap no other

Advan-



Advantage of the terrible Adventure she had undertaken, then to let him understand, That how unfortunate soever he were in the Loss he had sustain'd, there was in the World a Lady no less miserable than himself.

This Letter being deliver'd to the Marquis upon the first Concussions of his Grief, he was so incens'd, that he threatened the Person that carry'd it, to have him thrown out at Window, if he presum'd to bring him any more of the same Nature. The ill Success of this first Attempt was so far from offending me, that it enhaunc'd the Esteem which I had for him: For I did not desire, that in the midst of that Despair wherein it behov'd him to be, he should give any better Reception to a Love-Letter from Heav'n knew whom.

Two days after, I ventur'd a Second Letter, the particular Contents of which, one would have thought should have at least awakn'd *Mansera's* Curiosity. For I spake so much in praise of the Lady he had lost, that he could not choose but be affected with the reading it; and the Brother of that lovely Person, to whom he had related the Story of my first Letter, being with him at the same time that he received the second, gave it him to read, and

desir'd him to return such an Answer as might free him, for the future, from any more such impertinent and unseasonable Extravagancies.

This he did with a Witness: for the Answer which he sent me was so harsh and full of contemptuous Language, as if it had been study'd to quell my courage for ever writing again; for I shed more Tears in reading it, then the Marquis had let fall since his Lady first fell sick. Moreover the Mortification to be rejected with so much slight and scorn, presented it self before my Eyes in all the Horror of it, and sometimes I resolv'd to abandon utterly the mean and unbecoming Project which I had set on foot. But Love in a few days got the Mastery of my Indignation, and of all that little Reason that was return'd to me. I wrote a third Letter to the Marquis, conjuring him by the Charms and by the Remembrance of her whom he had so infinitely ador'd, to have Pity upon a Passion no way to be avoided, and considering the modest Desires to which it aspir'd, could no way be offensive to him: I only besought him to take a Turn one Morning in the Garden of *Alhambra*, and there he should meet the Person unknown, that so passionately loved

ved him. But the Proposal of an Affignation put him into such a Fume, that he tore the Letter into bitts, and forbid his Servants, in the presence of the Messenger, to suffer him any more to come within his Doors.

The Relation of the ill Reception which my Third Letter met with, made me believe, that so long as I conceal'd my self under the Name of an unknown Person, I should never be otherwise then slighted and affronted by him; and that on the other side, if I dealt fairly above Board, he could not choose at least but have some Respect for me, when he understood my Name, and that after such a foolish beginning, there was no other way for me, but fully to discover my self. Therefore overcome by this corroding Resolution, I wrote to the Marquis in my own Hand, and in regard he was no more acquainted with it, than with my former Writing, I sign'd with my own Name a Letter which I believe that never any young Lady before me had the Misfortune to subscribe. And in regard the Civilities and Testimonies of Friendship which he had received from my Family since the Loss he had sustain'd, were such that in gratitude he could not but wait upon my Mother,

the time being over that Decency forbid him to pay Visits : and I begg'd the favour of him, to vouchsafe me that Mark of his Compassion upon a Person, whom perhaps he would not find altogether unworthy of it, when the Purity and Sincerity of her Affection should be known. He confess'd to me afterwards, so far from being the Person that I acted, that he could not believe the Letter came from me ; persuading himself that it was some Female Enemy of mine, who had made use of my Name, to try whether she could expose me to a Piece of Indiscretion that would have undone me past Recovery.

The Visit which he made me so soon as he could stir abroad, had like to have confirm'd him in this Mistake : for I had appointed him the Hour ; and my Father himself brought him into my Chamber, after he had receiv'd his first Complements. But he found me abed, and two Waiting-Women sitting by me at work ; and he could not believe that a young Lady, that was to discourse him about such an important Secret, should be so carefull to keep two Women by her. So that after he had return'd me my Complement, and made me an Answer to some Questions which I ask'd him in reference to the Loss that had

reduc'd him to that mournful Condition  
 wherein he was, he rose up to take his  
 leave, as being fully perswaded, that I  
 could not be the Person who had appoint-  
 ed him the Meeting. But then the Con-  
 fusion and Perplexity I was in, cannot  
 neither be express'd, nor imagin'd. I had  
 like, several times, to have begun a most  
 dreadful Discourse, but every time I  
 found that Words fail'd me. At length,  
 seeing him ready to depart, I ask'd him,  
 with a trembling utterance, whether he  
 had nothing to say to me? He answer'd  
 me with more confusion and trouble in  
 his Countenance, That the Habit which  
 he wore, and the Tears that ran down  
 his Cheeks, spoke all that he had to think  
 of; and that he had nothing else to talk  
 of, but his Grief. Oh Sir! (*said I*) will  
 you still use me thus unmercifully? is it  
 possible that my Condition cannot move  
 your Pity? what Necessity was there, that  
 I should so afflict my self? and that I have  
 wish'd a thousand times, that the loss of  
 my Life could have restor'd to your Em-  
 braces, the Person you have lost, that  
 you should be so cruel, as not to afford me  
 one kind Word, to alleviate those dread-  
 ful Pains that I have suffer'd for your sake  
 these Ten years together. I will assure ye  
 at

at the same time, that you may safely speak your Mind before my Women; and tho' they might be able to understand us, the prudent Conduct I have hitherto observ'd, would not permit 'em to believe that all which you should say, had any Relation to my self. With that he re-approach'd my Bed, in a Confusion that equall'd mine; and after he had wip'd from his Eyes the Tears which my Discourse drew in more abundant showres, Is it possible, Madam, (*said he*) that you can say, you understand what Love is, and that you should exact from me the Patience to hear it discours'd of? No, Madam, no, nothing can extirpate from my Heart the real Grief that overwhelms me; even Time it self will lose the Power it has over common Afflictions. I cannot but from the bottom of my Heart lament your Misfortune, to be enslav'd to so cruel a Destiny. However I can promise ye to keep inviolably secret what you have written to me, and to avoid all Places where I may think to meet ye; for my Grief is too dear bought, and may perhaps be in some danger, by conversing with a Person, who, with your Wit, shall go about to assuage it.

Having

Having said these Words, he hastily brush'd from me, not giving me leisure to reply. Neither do I believe, I could have had the Strength to do it, tho' time had been allow'd me. The Confusion wherein I was at that instant, is not to be imagin'd. To what Disgrace (*said I to my self, reproaching my own Folly*) art thou reduc'd, unfortunate *Teresa*! Ah! could'st thou have the Confidence to tell a Man thou lov'd'st him, and yet survive the Grief to hear him say, that he could never return Love for Love? Woe is me, there is nothing but Death that can obliterate the Ignominy to which thou hast debas'd thy self. But, (*said I, immediately after*) could I expect other from the Marquis, considering his Condition? Would he be worthy of my Heart, should he forget his Sorrows already, to abandon himself to the Transports of a new Passion? Did it not behove me to look for all that has befallen me? It did — and all that he has done, to cut off my Hopes, but renders him more bright in my Esteem, and more strongly engages my Adoration of him. Since then he cannot grant me my Desires, what is it I would have? Alas! I only desire to intermix my Tears with his, and in his Company to seek that

Consolation

Consolation which unfortunate Lovers find in talking of their Miseries ; and happy should I be, if in the midst of that which overwhelms his Soul, of all the Sighs it fetches from his Breast, he could but breathe one tender blast of Compassion for my Affliction.

After this baneful Interview, I forbore for some time, to tyre the Marquis with my Letters, and contented my self to meet him sometimes, in certain By-Walks, where he retir'd conceal his Grief from the Eyes of the World. There, that I might not force him to avoid me, I only entertain'd him with Discourses of the Merit and Beauty of the Lady he had lost, and to the end I might accustom him to talk of Tenderneſs with me, I feign'd to take Delight in hearing him talk of all that he had suffer'd for her sake. I applauded his Grief, and instead of going about to Comfort him, I told him, He had all the Reason in the World to be the most afflicted. of Men. But, in regard, it was a difficult thing to abstain from intermixing in our Discourses something that favour'd of those Sentiments of Kindness for him, which I had openly profess'd, for fear of engaging himself too far in my Company, and the Surprizes  
of



of my Discourse, he retired for Three Months to a certain Country Solitude, where, all at leisure, and remote from all converse with Men, he surrender'd himself up to the Excesses of his Grief, with more impatience then when he first pour'd forth his mournful Lamentations for his departed Mistress.

However, I could not all that time refrain from giving him some Marks of my Remembrance; but the Care which he had taken to conceal the Place of his Retirement, depriv'd me of the means of sending to him. But what Contrivances are there that can escape the subtle Contrivances of Love? I bethought my self one Day, of going in Disguise to visit a little Daughter of his, the only Child which he had by his Wife. I carry'd several Toys and Jewels along with me, and after I had made two or three Visits to the Child, feigning to have something of Importance to impart to the Father, I oblig'd the Governess to let me know the Place where he was gone to discharge his Sorrows. Presently I wrote him Letters full of Complements only, wherein I always flatter'd his Grief, that he might not grow weary of my Intercourse. These Letters, and what the Governess wrote  
to

to him, of the Visits of an unknown Lady, whom he readily conjectur'd to be my self, drew civil Answers from him, and engag'd him to come and return me Thanks at his Return.

In a short time after his Arrival, I became more Couragious. I boldly talk'd to him of my Affection, and wrote him the fondest and most tender Letters imaginable. He answer'd smoothly and free from any Froppishness, but with a kind of coldness, and some strokes of Ralliery, which I many times found more gauling, then his down-right Anger.

All this while, this sort of Intercourse, and the Visits which I oblig'd the Marquis to pay me, from time to time, had infus'd into me a sort of Vivacity, that had not, for a long while, been observ'd to be in me, by the Spies that were put upon me in the Family. My Father, also more quick-sighted then any body else, soon unravell'd the Reason, from the time that my Behaviour had created a Suspicion within him, that I had something in my Head which displeas'd him; so that the violent Care which he had of every thing that concern'd me, blinded him to such a height, that, without considering the Consequences of what he was going to  
doe,

doe, he forbid me, upon my Life, to speak to the Marquis of *Mansera*, and went himself to desire him to forbear his House.

My Refusal to Obey my Father, enrag'd his Choler to the highest Extremity. He took my Waiting-Women from me, and set others, more like Guardians than Servants, upon me. He order'd a Watch upon me in his House, and having intercepted a Letter which I wrote to the Marquis, he shew'd it to the Person to whom I was betroth'd; no Consideration of the Misfortunes which he was preparing for his Daughter all the rest of her Days being able to stop his Fury.

Now, in regard I had given private notice to the Marquis of all that I suffer'd for his sake, and had assur'd him, that all the most cruel Torments that Jealousie could invent, were so far from abating that Passion which he had infus'd into me, that I would bless my Pains, if they could but force from his Breast one Sigh, in pity of my Sufferings, He was most infinitely concern'd for the Hardships I endur'd, and of which he could not question but that himself was the Cause. He then began to write to me, as Lenitives to assuage my Pains, more tender Letters,

ters, then, as yet, he had ever done; and, at length, vanquish'd by my Importunities, and by the train of Misfortunes, easily foreseen, which Jealousie render'd every Day then other more terrible, he consented to Marry me privately. All that I did to bring this to pass, would be a Story too tedious to tell yee: For all that were about me were my Guards; yet all the while I wrote to him Day and Night, and sometimes I made a shift to get into his Company. And thus you see what my Father and Mother got by tormenting me.

But, good God! how had they been reveng'd, had they understood the secret Afflictions of my Soul! The Knowledge, and the Compassion of my Sufferings, were the only Motives that caus'd the Marquis to act: Love had no share in what he did for me; and I had the troublesome Misfortune for a Year together, to find that the most lively Marks of a violent Passion can never gain a Heart which has not a natural Inclination to Surrender.

But, at length, my Perseverance, and my Importunities, were Crown'd with Success. By degrees I wrought so effectually with the Marquis, that I made him  
forget

forget the Excess of his former Grief. His Heart, accusom'd to Love, grew Familiar with another Object; and I had Reason to believe, that my Tenderness had absolutely triumph'd over his cold Indifferencies. I also thought I might Flatter my self, that he lov'd me, as well as I lov'd him; and all the Business that employ'd us both, was only to engage my Father to recall the Promise he had given to *Don Gaspar de Benavidez*.

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*The End of the First P A R T.*

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THE  
HISTORY  
Of the  
MARQUIS of *MANSERA*  
And  
*DONA TERESA.*

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The Second and Last PART.

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**B**Y this time, Night had constrain'd the Fair *Teresa* and her Friend to part Company, and to refer till another Time, the Continuation of the Story ; but the Place where they had sate so long together, had imprinted such an impatient Curiosity in *Dona Eleonora* , that she wrote to *Dona Teresa* , to meet her at the same place, where they had so delight-  
fully

fully entertain'd each other, so soon as the heat of the Day would permit. To which *Dona Teresa*, readily consenting, they met both together betimes; and after a turn or two in the Walk, retir'd, and seated themselves upon the same Bank of Turf, where they sate the Evening before; at what time, *Dona Teresa* resum'd the Recital of her Adventures, in the following manner.

I concluded my Recital Yesterday, with telling yee, that the sad and deplorable Condition, wherein I had liv'd for Ten Years together, began to change extremely for the better; and that the Marquis of *Manferra*, grown sensible of Acknowledgment, suffer'd himself, at length, to be touch'd with a more lively and tender Compassion. I met with those Returns from his Heart, that left nothing more for me to desire, and sometimes sadden'd me with a real Distrust that my Felicity would not long endure. Is it possible, (*said I*) that Love, in pity of my Woes, should wound with the same Shaft the Person for whose sake I have so long been harras'd by such bitter Sufferings? Can it be, that I shall ever see my Destiny and his united

ted together? and that my Passion, authoriz'd by my Duty, will never give me cause to be asham'd of the Excess of it? He will become my Husband, and I, without controul, shall be allow'd to love him. O Heavens! Grant then that this Felicity may no longer be delay'd; accomplish our Vows, and make my Father pliant to my earnest Supplications. These were the Reflections that busied my Thoughts, and thus it was that I reason'd with *Dona Pepa*: For in regard I had entrusted her with my Secret, I never talk'd of the Marquis with any other Person. She procur'd me the Pleasure of seeing him frequently in the Walks, and sometimes of speaking to him through a Lattice-Window, that look'd into the Garden, where she gave him certain notice when to meet.

Now, in regard he has a Wit endu'd with a wonderful quickness of Penetration, and a Heart withal so tender, that render'd him, both together, the most lovely and most delicate of Men, one Minute's Conversation with him, afforded me so many Charms, that I found where-withal to employ my self whole Days and Months together. And this was the Posture of our Affairs, when my Father remov'd



remov'd to one of his Country Houses :  
 But alas ! would ye believe it ; a Secret  
 presaging Apprehension whisper'd to my  
 Heart some part of my ensuing Misfor-  
 tunes. I could not spare above a quarter  
 of an hour to take my leave of the Mar-  
 quis ; my Father's Severity would permit  
 me no more ; and had it not been for my  
 faithful *Pepa*, I had not seen him at all.  
 I remember that I found him that day still  
 more tender and more obliging then ever  
 yet I had known him to be. My Depart-  
 ure and my Absence afflicted him to Ex-  
 tremity, tho' it was to be but for Six  
 Weeks. Think you, (*said he*) that I can  
 possibly remain so long without your  
 Company, my dear *Teresa* ; I will find ye  
 out, in despite of those that oppose our  
 mutual Felicity : for whatsoever Vexation  
 and Trouble they put me to, 'twill be far  
 less disturbance then your Remoteness  
 from me. Good God! (*cry'd I*,) have I  
 attain'd at length to make you sensible,  
 that the want of my Company will abate  
 something of your Happiness ? Now 'tis  
 your Turn to feel those Motions of Ten-  
 derness which I felt all alone by my self ;  
 and you find your self in the same Con-  
 dition I have so long time desir'd, to par-  
 take both of my Hopes and my Afflictions :

ons. But how much inferiour are my Pains to the sweets which now I tast, since I am certain of the Possession of your Heart. But how much more superior to my Pleasures are my Pains, (*cry'd he*) since I became your Lover ! so far as yet remote from a Blessing that can only assure the Happiness of my Life. Yes, — dear *Teresa*, you are All in All to me. There is an absolute Necessity of dis-engaging your self from *Benavidez*; his Wit, his Disposition, and in a word, whatever is not your own Faithfull Marquis is no way worthy of ye. How deliciously did these Expressions, my dear *Eleonora*, diffuse themselves to the Bottom of my Heart! I there engrav'd 'em all; and many times I bath'd his Hands with my Tears, tho' he could hardly reach 'em to me through the narrow Lattice: nor was he wanting to lay his amorous Lips to mine; and notwithstanding the dreadful Torture wherein I was oblig'd to see him, I would not have chang'd my Condition with the greatest of Queens.

Well — away we went into the Country, and *Benavidez* went with us; my Father would not leave him behind: for he look'd upon him as a Person whose Wealth would fulfill his Desires, and satis-

his Covetous Humour. He never mind-  
 ed whether I lov'd or hated him ; as being  
 persuaded that the sovereign Felicity of  
 Man, consisted in the Blessings of For-  
 tune. A miserable Mistake of People  
 far advanc'd in Years, whose Age has  
 quite extinguish'd the Fire of Youth !  
 They know no other Deity but Fortune,  
 and only Sacrifice to her. How unhappy  
 was I, to be the Interested Object of these  
 Reflexions ! but how much more to hear  
 that the Marquis was enforc'd to go to  
 Court, without being able to give me no-  
 tice of his departure.

Now, in regard I knew not at first of  
 his going, I Flatter'd my self continually,  
 that he would contrive some way to come  
 in Disguise to my Father's House : and,  
 with these Hopes, I got up every Morn-  
 ing, before Sun-rising, and waking *Dona*  
*Pepa*, I went with her to hear the Birds  
 sing, in a great High-way that lead to  
 my Father's Castle, upon the Road to  
*Grenada* : There, with a Heart full of  
 Love, and the *Idea* of the Marquis's Af-  
 fection, I took an extream Delight, to  
 Fancy to my self how joyful I should be  
 to see him appear. But, alas ! how my  
 Expectations were deceiv'd when I un-  
 derstood he was gone to *Madrid* ! of which

H

I had

I had notice by a Letter from him, the most affectionate, and most obliging that ever he wrote me. For my dear *Eleonora*, as he speaks with an Admirable Grace, so he writes with an Eloquence that far surpasses his Elocution.

His fatal Departure left me almost void of all Consolation; and this fell out just at the very time, when the Two Years that I had resolv'd to stay, before I would Marry *Don Gaspar*, were very near expir'd. Good God! what will become of me, thought I! abandon'd to the absolute Power of a Father, and to the Importunities of a Person that would not be repuls'd by my Disdains, nor his knowledge of my Affection for his Rival.

In these, and such like Doleful Reflexions, all my thoughts were plundg'd; and I sought for Solitude and lonely Retirement, where I might, without Disturbance, and unseen, bewail the terrible Distresses that overwhelm'd me.

One Day, that I was got into the thickest part of a Wood, that hinders the prospect of one side of my Father's House, I stop'd by the Bank of a purling Rivolet; and laying my self down upon the Grass, drew out of my Bosome, some of the Marquis's Letters, which I carried along  
with

with me, to afford me the Consolation of reading 'em over again. But at the very instant that I thought my self most secure, and under that Protection, had abandon'd my self to the Transports of my Grief and Affection, my Father, who was got close to me without being perceiv'd, seeing me all bath'd in Tears, with my Eyes fix'd upon the Letters, violently snatch'd 'em out of my Hands; and the first Letter that Chance presented to him discover'd all the Contrivances, between the Marquis and my self, to disappoint my Marriage with *Benavidez*. I shall not stand to tell yee how my Father revil'd me; nor trouble yee with his Outragious Threats, or with my own Despair. They are things that better may be imagin'd than express'd. 'Tis sufficient to tell yee that from that Fatal Moment, he took a Resolution, not to leave me so much as one Day together, at my own disposal. He hall'd me back to the House, as if I had been an Offender. I threw my self a thousand times at his Feet, and conjur'd my Mother, by all that was most dear to her, to have Compassion upon me. Love and Grief both equally envigour'd my Words and Actions: But nothing could move 'em. I was an unfortunate Victim

which they were resolv'd to Sacrifice, and which they Sacrific'd indeed. I have said enough, to let yee know the vast Dominion which the Marquis had over my Soul; and being assur'd of that, you must certainly agree with me, that the inevitable necessity of avoiding the Marquis for ever, and surceasing to love him, could not choose but be more terrible to me than Death it self. Oh Barbarous Death! how often did I call in vain-upon thee for Succour, when I saw my self upon the brink of being Married to *Don Gaspar*, notwithstanding my Hatred of him, and that I must be forc'd to pay him a sort of Affection, by the Constraint of that Necessity which my Duty impos'd upon me.

But Death, no less deaf to my Prayers, then my Father inexorable to my Tears, both equally refus'd to grant me what I su'd for, with so much earnestness. He dragg'd me to his Chapel in the Castle, where I was stay'd for to accomplish the Fatal Ceremony. But presently I swooned away in my Mother's Arms; and would to God my Nuptial Pomp might have prov'd my Funeral Obsequies.

Good God! what a most dismal Terror was it to me, when being come to my self,

self, I consider'd, that the Condition, wherein the violence of my Misfortune had fix'd me, oblig'd me to tear from my Heart the Person whom I lov'd more tenderly than my own Life? Tear him from my Heart! Alas! was it in my Power do yee think to do it! How was it possible that a Tenderness so deeply rooted, and with which I was familiar before I knew my self, could be so soon eradicated! So dear an *Idea*, could I so soon deface it from my Memory! Thus I became the Martyr of an Innocent Passion, and I fell into a deep Melancholly, which, all of a sudden, depriv'd me of that little Consolation with which I had flatter'd both my Mind and Person; and being resolv'd to apply my self wholly to my Duty, I thought of nothing but spinning out such a sad and sorrowful Life, as with the soonest might bring me to the Grave.

In the mean time, I most passionately long'd to receive Letters from the Marquis, and to be inform'd after what manner he had entertain'd the Surprizing News. I was about, several times, to have wrote to him, in justification of that Levity which he had some seeming Reason to accuse me of. But then, I as suddenly recollected my self, and blam'd my fond De-



fire, to keep any farther Correspondence with a Person whose Temptations were so dangerous. Forbear (*said I*) forbear *Teresa*, to cherish an *Idea* so dear to thy remembrance: Banish from thy Heart the Person whom thou can'st no longer Love without committing a Crime: 'Tis not for thee, to see him any more: 'tis not for thee to listen to him any longer; he believes thee Guilty and Faithless; Unconstant and Untrue to thy Promise; and he is going now to hate thee; at least, 'tis what becomes thee most to wish for. Woe is me, dear *Eleonora*, to what Extremity was I reduc'd! to wish the Hatred of a Man that I ador'd! I never re-call to my Remembrance these tormenting Grievs, but it brings me to Death's door; and I cannot apprehend how my Father and my Husband could keep me alive, considering the Condition, to which my sadness had reduc'd me.

Nor was it only with Moans and Lamentations that I thought to ease my Pains: I shut 'em all up close within my self, and the Silence which I impos'd upon my Lips, was very much contributory to augment 'em.

Well, — at length my Father's Business re-call'd him to *Grenada*, and *Don Gas-*  
par,



*par*, more jealous then amorous, carry'd me  
 to a Castle of *Cartagena*, on the one side  
 wash'd by the Sea, and on the other envi-  
 ron'd by a long Range of Woods and Rocks.  
 Do but think now to what a Desert  
 I was confin'd, with a Husband whom  
 I hated worse then Death. The Mar-  
 quis, on the other side, was in a Condi-  
 tion not much more happy then my own.  
 He had been inform'd of my being Mar-  
 ry'd to *Don Gaspar*, after an abrupt and  
 rustick manner, without any preparation  
 in the World. For one of his Friends,  
 going from *Grenada* to *Madrid*, and meet-  
 ing him in *Florida Garden*, where the  
 Troubles of his Mind oblig'd him oft to  
 walk and meditate alone by himself, told  
 him, without any Preambles, that there  
 had been great Doings at *Grenada*, since  
 he left it, that I was Marry'd to *Benavi-  
 dez*, and that my Father had made a very  
 Sumptuous Wedding of it, Feasting all  
 Comers and Goers for several Days to-  
 gether. These unwelcome Tydings, so  
 unlook'd-for, strook the Marquis with  
 such a strong Surprise, and cut him  
 so deeply to the Heart, that he stood  
 as if he had been transform'd into a  
 Statue; and in that miserable Condi-  
 tion they carry'd him back to his own  
 House.

House However, among all the real Obligations which he laid upon me, I must not silence this, that in the very first Motions of his Passion, at what time Reason is but seldom consulted, he was so generous, as to do my Sentiments of Kindness and Affection Justice. He understood how all along I had been forc'd with naked Daggers to submit to a Choice so unworthy the Caresses of my Love; and when he bemoan'd his own hard Fate, he much more lamented mine.

When these dreadful Tydings first were brought him, the Marquis was just upon accepting a considerable Employment, for which Reason his Relations had sent for him to Court. But, in regard he never desir'd it, but only that I might share the Advantages of it, so soon as he had lost all Hopes of uniting his Destiny and mine together, he quitted the Court, and took Post for *Grenada*, like a Man in Despair.

He did not know but that they had brought me back to the City after the Wedding was over; and therefore, away he ran to *Dona Pepa*, to be inform'd what was become of me, and to desire her to give me Notice of his Return. But entering into her Apartment, he felt himself  
siez'd

seized with that Extremity of Grief, as  
 being beset with all the *Idea's* which the  
 Place had Reason to re-call into his Me-  
 mory, he mistook her Chamber, and  
 passing into a Room, the Door of which  
 stood open, the first Object that strook  
 his Eye was a square Gilt Frame, that  
 contain'd both mine and *Don Gaspar's* Pi-  
 cture; and the sight of that quite over-  
 turn'd his Constancy. For he could not  
 brook such a Consent of mine, to be  
 painted with my Husband: He thought  
 there was too much of Tenderness in such  
 a Complaisance; and he began to fear  
 that my Inclination, submissive to my  
 Duty, had made me yield to those Com-  
 placencies with less Reluctancy than I  
 ought to have done.

This stroke of Jealousie, of which the  
 Instigations were till then unknown to  
 him, cut him so to the Quick, that he  
 stood like one half Dead; when *Dona*  
*Pepa* coming to him, Ah! Madam, (*cry'd*  
*be*) come you to be a Witness of my  
 Shame as well as Grief? I had thought  
 the Marriage of your Friend had swell'd  
 my Despair as high as it could go; but  
 what I here behold has triumph'd over  
 all my Reason. Who could have told me  
 that I should be more Unfortunate still, by  
 coming

coming to your Lodgings? Yet that which I meet with here, surpasses all the Afflictions I have hitherto endur'd; *Dona Teresa* loves her Husband; she has condescended to be painted in the same Picture with him. Just Heav'n! Is it possible that a Person whom I adore, should love any other? Alas! I bemoan'd her, when she her self was Guilty: For, what infernal Horrors, incens'd Heav'ns, have ye reserv'd me! But ye have not reserv'd me to endure it long; for I will pierce the Heart of my unworthy Rival, who thus has ravish'd from me her I love, and I will stab my own Heart with the same Dagger at her Feet, whom I had so much Weakness, so much want of Honour to Adore.

*Dona Pepa* was so far from going about to clear his mistake, or help him out of that Condition, wherein she saw him, by giving him to understand the doleful Plight of my sad Heart, that she thought it rather became her to make the best Advantage she could of the Marquis's Transportment, in order to cure him of a Passion, which could not choose but be attended with more dangerous Consequences. She had seen me so Obstinate in my Resolutions, never to see the Marquis  
more,

more, that she thought it would be a great piece of Service done us both, to separate for ever both our Minds and Hearts. She had the Cruelty to behold, without Disturbance, the Trouble and Despair of the too Credulous Marquis, and she was very Careful to forbear mentioning him, in the Letters which she wrote me.

On the other side, the Marquis, wholly taken up with the Transports of his Jealousie, minded only to make me sensible of the Violence of it. He was desirous to see what Answer I would make to his Reproaches, and the most lively Marks of his Tendernefs. He wrote me Letters every Day, which he gave to *Dona Pepa*, to be sent to me, and which *Dona Pepa* never sent, for fear of adding new Strength to the Sentiments of my Heart, which she knew too impetuous already.

This Silence of mine, compleated the full Measure of his Grief, and confirm'd him in his Jealousies; while I, for my part, could not forbear, in all the Letters which I wrote to *Dona Pepa*, to enquire what was become of our Common Friend. She wrote me word, that he was return'd to *Grenada* about some Business, but so intoxicated with the Court, and

with such an eagerness to be gone again, that she made no question, but that he was Fetter'd in the Charms of some young Beauty at *Madrid*, and that his former Sorrows for the Marriage, were so quickly over, that he seem'd to have utterly forgot the Unfortunate *Teresa*.

In what a Condition was I, my dearest *Eleonora*, to hear these dismal Tydings! I never was so deeply sensible before, how well I lov'd the Marquis, as at that very instant, when I thought I had lost his Heart for ever. This dreadful Grief, being join'd with those that already overwhelm'd me, made such an Impression upon my Health, that I fell dangerously sick; and, in regard the Place, where *Don Gaspar* kept me close mu'd up, lies a great way from *Grenada*, and quite remote from all Intercourse, I was ready to die for want of the Marquis's not having any knowledge of my Distemper.

Pierc'd therefore to the Quick, that he could receive no Answer to the Letters, and now, no longer questioning my Forgetfulness and Indifferency for him, he thought of nothing more then of removing from a place, where every thing recall'd me to his Memory. With that, he return'd to Court, where the War, with which the King of *France* threaten'd  
the

the *Low-Countries* , put all *Spain* into a Consternation, and that the Rapidness of his First Victories seem'd to have no other Bounds then the Conquest of all *Europe*. All the young Courtiers at *Madrid* , were all upon the spur for *Flanders* or *Catalonia*. Among the rest, the Marquis was over-joy'd to find an Opportunity to go, in search of an Honourable Death ; or else, at least, perfwading himself, that he should more easily put me out of his Mind, in the Hurry of those Employments, which his Courage and his Ambition would afford him in the War. So that so soon as he arriv'd at *Madrid* , he su'd for a Commission to serve in *Flanders*.

He was just ready to depart, when *Don Gaspar* arriv'd at *Madrid*, to complain of a piece of Injustice, which the Parliament of *Grenada* had done him, about a Ship richly laden, that was cast away upon the Coast of *Cartagena*, and of which, *Don Gaspar* pretended, that a great part of the Goods belong'd to him.

The Necessity that *Don Gaspar* was in, by Reason of this Affair, to make some stay at *Madrid*, awaken'd once more the Marquis's Love, and fed him with some Hopes of making his Advantage of my Husband's Absence, to find me out in the  
midst



mid'st of my Desart. This Design he had lay'd, the very first Days of his Despair; for he could not altogether habituate himself to the utter Loss of my Heart. Sometimes also, he would justify me in his own Thoughts, and condemn the Accusations of his Jealousie. And tho' he could not perceive the least Glimpse that he could ever be Happy, yet he could not forbear Flattering himself, or at least, to wish himself still my Favourite. And, the more he ponder'd upon this Design, the more eager were his Desires to undertake it. He conjectur'd right, that there was no consulting me, which way to bring it to pass, and that, however one of his Letters might find me dispos'd, I would always prefer my Duty before all the Desires of my Heart. Therefore, to find out which way to put his Contrivance in Execution, he held it necessary to inform himself, what course of Life I led in my Retirement, and what Orders *Don Gaspar* had left behind him, for my Security, being all alone. And, that he might be fully instructed of all these Things, he employ'd an unknown Person, to get in with one of the Servants that attended my Husband in his Chamber. By whom

that



that Person understood, how my Husband,  
 that he might be at rest in his Mind, du-  
 ring the time of his Absence, had left  
 me under the Guard of his Brother, who  
 was more vigilant then *Argus*, and more  
 difficult of Access, if it were possible,  
 then my Husband; that I lead a sad and  
 languishing Life; that I spent the Days in  
 Reading, but more frequently in Weep-  
 ing; and that the latter ill use of my  
 Eyes, had render'd my Sight so weak,  
 that I was many times forc'd to make  
 others read to me, but that none of my  
 Domestick Servants could please my Cu-  
 riosity, and that *Don Gaspar* had pro-  
 mis'd to seek out for a Maid at *Ma-  
 did*, that was capable to serve me in that  
 particular. What the Marquis heard of  
 my weeping, and of the continual sad-  
 ness wherein I spent my Life, re-kindl'd  
 all his former Flames, as now, no longer  
 doubting, but that I was Innocent. Up-  
 on which, his eagerness to see me, be-  
 came far more Violent; and revolving in  
 his Mind all that the *Valet de Chambre*  
 had said, he lay'd such a Contrivance,  
 that the Execution of it had been alto-  
 gether impossible for any other then a  
 Person really enamour'd. He had ob-  
 serv'd, in one of his Friend's Houses, a  
 young

young Maid, whose brisk and lively Air betoken'd a Capacity to acquit her self of a nice and delicate Secret entrusted to her Charge. He gave her perfect Instructions what to do, to Fool *Don Gaspar* into an entire Confidence of her, and Order'd her to be carry'd to him, by a Venerable *Duenna*, and a Friar, whose Habit alone suffices at *Madrid* to command Respect.

This Maid told *Don Gaspar*, that she understood he had a Purpose to send his Lady a Person that could read to her, and that if he pleas'd to make choice of her, she made no question but to give me Content; that she was willing to quit *Madrid*, by Reason of the Hurry and Tumult that attended a City Life; that the Country and Retirement was more Delightful to her, then all the Vanities of the Town; and, that having the Happiness to be born to a small Competency, she desir'd no Wages. Immediately *Don Gaspar* lays an Embargo upon her, fully satisfy'd with what the Good Friar and Reverend Matron spoke in her Commendation. And, for fear she should alter her Mind, he told her, she should be gone with all speed; promising her withal, that his Letters should be ready the next Day: At the same

same time, he also gave her a private Admonition, that being plac'd by himself, so near me, he expected she should serve him as a Spy, and that she should send him an exact Account of all that I did from Morning till Night.

It would be a difficult Task to express the flattering Hopes, that such lucky and prosperous Beginnings as these, had reviv'd in the Marquis's Soul. He made all the hast he could to dispatch whatever remain'd for him to do, in order to the pursuance of his Journey into *Flanders*. He took his Leave of the King and all the Court; and that *Don Gaspar* might not have the least Suspicion, that he so much as Dream'd of going to *Cartagena*, he undertook to carry Pacquets of great Importance, which must have else been sent by an Express.

When he was got Ten Leagues from *Madrid*, he sent away his 'Squire, with the King's Orders, into *Flanders*; and he with *Don Gaspar's* Letter for my self, and and *Don Bertrand*, (for that was my Brother-in-Law's Name) he got with that speed to *Cartagena*, as if he had flown with the Wings of Love. He had no body with him but a *Valet de Chambre*, of whose Fidelity he was assur'd, and who carry'd

carry'd along with him, every Thing that was necessary for his Disguise; and, in regard he had a lovely Head of flaxen Hair, with a Youthful, and delicate Completion, 'twas no difficult Thing for him to pass for what he seem'd to be. 'Tis true, he was somewhat too tall for a Woman, but he shrunk himself up so Artificially in his long Mantle, and with so much Ingenuity, that I my self was deceiv'd the first time I saw him.

In this Equipage he arriv'd at our House, causing himself to be led by his *Valet de Chambre*, who was said to be one of his Uncles. Presently they ask'd for *Don Bertrand*, and the Marquis, wrap'd up in his Mantle, and only discovering one of his Eyes, deliver'd him *Don Gaspar's* Letters. When he had read 'em, he entred my Chamber, and told me that there was a Maid come, that my Husband had sent to read to me. I would have joyfully receiv'd her from any other Hand but his: But when I came to consider that she was a Person wholly at his Devotion, and by him appointed to be always near me, to inform him the more exactly of my most private Thoughts, I had so great an Aversion for the Maid, that I told *Don Bertrand*, that there was no Necessity that I should

should see her ; that 'twas sufficient that *Don Gaspar* , had agreed with her , and that I would call for her when I had occasion for her.

This Message most terribly afflicted the Marquis ; besides, that he had a Chamber appointed for him, far remote from mine, and he stay'd Two Days without seeing me. He was in some Hopes he should meet me in some private Walk ; but his Misfortune and mine, would needs so order it, that I stirr'd not out in all those Two Days. I leave you to judge what terrible Convulsions of Fear and Anguish tormented the poor Marquis all this while, as well for the Loss of so many precious Minutes, as out of a dread, least this Delay should prove the Disappointment of his whole Design, should some odd Accident bring *Don Gaspar*, unexpected, home. But, at length, *Don Bertrand* press'd me so earnestly to send for *Constance* into my Chamber, (for that was the Name by which the Marquis went) that I consented. Upon which, my Brother went to fetch her himself ; but when *Constance* enter'd my Chamber, and after she had made her Curches and her Reverences, was about to have deliver'd her self in a formal Address, she fell a Trembling, and stood

stood in such a Consternation, that I was amaz'd : But I took little notice of it, as attributing such Disorders as those, to Natural Bashfulness, or a Timorous Constitution. However, after I had ask'd her some few Questions, I bid her take a Tome of the Wars of Grenada, and late me down upon a Couch, with a piece of Net-work in my Hand, to employ my Fingers while she read. *Don Bertrand* also, plac'd himself between us ; and, in regard I could not look upon *Constance*, without casting my Eyes upon him, I held 'em down, to spare my self that Vexation.

*Constance* began to Read with so Delightful a Tone, that I was charm'd with it, and, of a sudden, I perceiv'd the Reason why it charm'd me was, because the Maid's Voice, was so extreamly like the Marquis of *Mansera's*, that I thought verily I heard him speak : Every word that she pronounc'd, deliver'd a pleasing Message to my Heart. All the while I heard her, I felt a gentle Emotion of which I could not divine the Reason. As for *Don Bertrand*, he was not long before he fell fast asleep, and the Marquis was no sooner assur'd of it, but being desirous to make his Advantage of the First Minutes that  
Fortune

Fortune offer'd him, he surceas'd his reading, and went on in the following manner.

## The COMPLAINT of the Shepherd *Acanthus*.

THE young *Acanthus* had made an absolute Renunciation of all the Pleasures of the World; he had laid aside all his Ambition; he was insensible of the Society of his Friends, more especially after that being prevented by the Favours of the lovely *Amarillis*, he had reason to flatter himself, that he was tenderly belov'd by her. Acknowledgment insinuated Love into his Soul; and the more that little Deity had been troubl'd to make himself the Master of it, the greater Value he set upon his Victory, and the faster he knit the Knots that ty'd the Shepherd to his Shepherdess. But how was this pure and faithful Passion cruelly cross'd by that worldly Interest that over-rul'd the Father of *Amarillis*; he would needs marry her to a certain Plough-jogger in their Country, because he was very rich. The poor Shepherdess trembling and forlorn, apply'd



' ply'd her self to her Shepherd , for a  
 ' a Supply of Courage to withstand the  
 ' severe Commands of her Father ; and  
 ' the amorous Shepherd, who left all for  
 ' her sake, conjur'd her to follow his Ex-  
 ' ample.' ' *Amarillis, (said he, grasping*  
 ' *her hand in his, many times bedewing 'em*  
 ' *with his Tears,)* Live only for my sake,  
 ' as I live only for yours : Love as much  
 ' as it is possible to Love ; and Love will  
 ' preserve you from all the Perils which  
 ' you have any reason to be afraid of.  
 ' They that love, have a Stock of Con-  
 ' stancy and Resolution that never fails  
 ' 'em ; so that if you can consent to mar-  
 ' ry another, it must be your Heart only  
 ' that I must accuse. Woe is me ! what  
 ' Promises did she not make to her Lo-  
 ' ver. ' You shall first see, (*said she*) our  
 ' Lambs keep Correspondence with the  
 ' Wolves, our Rivolets flow back toward  
 ' their Fountains , and the green Mea-  
 ' dows remove to the Tops of our Hills,  
 ' before thou see'st me ty'd to any other  
 ' but thy self, my dear *Acanthus*. Set thy  
 ' Heart at rest ; since certainly there  
 ' needs no more then only Love, to pre-  
 ' vent the Sacrifice to which I am de-  
 ' sign'd ; and of that assuredly I have e-  
 ' nough to preserve me all my Life.  
 Now



' Now who but would have given Credit  
' to Promises so often repeated !

' In the mean time, the Shepherd was  
' under a severe Necessity to leave his *A-*  
' *marillis*. He went into a Countrey re-  
' mote from his own ; he was absent  
' near a Month ; but oh ! how fatal did  
' that Month prove to him ! accursed  
' Month, that ought'st to be obliterated  
' out of the number of Months ; the dis-  
' mal Month wherein *Acanthus* lost his  
' youthfull *Amarillis* ; wherein , I say,  
' that Shepherds consented to marry a-  
' nother , and brake her Promise to the  
' most Affectionate of Lovers.

As he read those Words , and cast his  
Eyes from time to time upon me, he ob-  
serv'd how the Tears ran from my Eyes  
in Rivolets ; for alas ! I knew him but too  
well : and yet I durst not look upon him.  
I lamented my own Misfortune and his  
Afflictions : I was afraid of his Life in so  
dangerous a Place. I admir'd the Force  
of his Love, and the more daring I found  
him, the more my Gratitude mov'd me,  
and the greater was my delight to see him.  
My Reason and my Vertue were equally  
alarm'd ; nothing can expresse the Agitati-  
ons of my Soul, nor the Confusion of my  
Thoughts,

Thoughts, and the Marquis began to perceive the Uproar in my Breast, and I was no less sensible that he had discovered it, when our Looks became so tender and so languishingly Talkative, that he could no longer resist that vehement Ardour which inflam'd his Breast. His Voice grew faint, and like a Person in a pleasant Extasie, was about to have thrown himself at my feet, in the dangerous Presence of Don *Bertrand*, at what time he wak'd, and seeing the Book wherein *Constance* read was fallen down, he ask'd her why she did not read on? To which she reply'd, as much discompos'd as you could imagine her to be, that I fell asleep, and that she was afraid to disturb me with her reading.

All this while I was ruminating what to say to the Marquis in my own Justification, and how to clear my self from those Reproaches which he threw upon me, under the Name of *Acanthus*: and because I knew that whatever I should say of a Shepherd, or whatever I read of the Wars of *Grenada*, Don *Bertrand* had not Sence enough to understand it, I took the Book out of the Marquis's Hands, and addressing my self to my Brother-in-Law, I am apt to flatter my self, (*said I*) that I read very well; now you shall be Judge, who reads best, *Constance* or I. The

# The Shepherdess *Amarillis*'s ANSWER to the young *Acanthus*.

FORbear Unjust Shepherd, forbear  
 accusing *Amarillis*; she is Unfortu-  
 nate, but not Guilty; she loves thee too  
 well, for thee to Complain of her Af-  
 fection. Alas! didst thou but know  
 what Violence has been made use of to  
 Sacrifice her, thou would'st bestow more  
 Tears upon her Misfortune, then thou  
 hast cast Reproaches upon her preten-  
 ded Inconstancy. Know'st thou, dear  
*Acanthus*, know'st thou the inviolable  
 Rigour of that Destiny, that has bound  
 us in an Eternal Obligation to a Person  
 more Odious to us, then the Grave it  
 self? Canst thou conceive the deplora-  
 ble Estate of a Heart, when all inflam'd  
 with a violent Passion, which it thought  
 no Crime, and to which it wholly had  
 abandon'd it self, it must be of a sudden  
 torn from the Object which it Loves,  
 and deliver'd to another which it mor-  
 tally Hates? What gloomy Days, what  
 melancholly Nights for that unhappy

I

' Shep-

‘ Shepherdes ! It seems to her as if all  
 ‘ her Lambs were become Wolves ; the  
 ‘ Nightingal’s amorous Note is a trou-  
 ‘ ble to her ; the Sun displays his Beams  
 ‘ not for a Blessing upon her, as upon o-  
 ‘ ther Mortals ; she dares not approach  
 ‘ the Chrystal Fountains , for fear of  
 ‘ puddling the Waters with her Tears :  
 ‘ The full-blown Flowers no sooner touch  
 ‘ her Bosome, but their Orient Colours  
 ‘ wither ; scorch’d up with the Flames  
 ‘ that consume it. She calls *Acanthus*  
 ‘ in the dreary Woods, and among the  
 ‘ Rocks, when Eccho, the inconstant Eccho,  
 ‘ in vain repeats that too delightful Name  
 ‘ to the distressed Shepherdes’s Memory.  
 ‘ She waits her Days in frightful Solitude,  
 ‘ and seeing thus her Languishing Life  
 ‘ consume away, she Devotes it to her  
 ‘ Duty, and looks upon her self as a Vi-  
 ‘ ctim that is going to Dye in the Arms  
 ‘ of Vertue, and —

Breathing out those last Words, my  
 Heart began to swell to that Degree, that  
 my Utterance fail’d me ; I let the Book  
 fall, and feigning to be troubl’d with Va-  
 pours, I sank down upon the Couch, and  
 immediately after return’d to my Closet  
 half dead. There I threw my self upon  
 the

the Bed, and gave my Tears their free Course, which before I was constrain'd to hold in. What shall I do! (*cry'd I, all in Lamentation,*) what shall I doe! Ought I to endure so near me a Person that loves me to that degree, as to out-brave all Dangers that both accompany and attend an Enterprize so bold and daring as this? And granting also, that no Person in the World should know it, woe is me! is it not too too much that I know it? I that prefer my Duty above my Repose; I that have endeavour'd from time to time to banish this Lover from my Heart; I that have stood more nicely upon Delicacy and Scruple than I was oblig'd to do? Ought I to renounce my Honour, to listen to the most dangerous of all the Passions? Shall I resolve to speak to him, after his Rashness has engag'd him in such a Piece of Imprudence as this? Ought I not rather to make him sensible of my Resentment, to avoid him, to bid him be gone, and terrify him with my Anger, if he refuses to obey me?

My Heart successfully struggl'd with such a cruel Resolution; and never as it seem'd to me, did any Person meet with juster Reasons, or more prevalent, in favour of the Marquis, than Love at that

time furnish'd me withal. But, at length the Fear that I was in of his Life, considering the Consequences of this Adventure, and the dread of seeing him assassinated before my Eyes, over-whelm'd my inclinations. I rose with an intention, to write him an Order to depart; at what time my Tears almost obliterated the Characters which I writ; I made a stop at every Word, and fetch'd such doleful Sighs, as would have melted my most cruel Enemies into Compassion.

All this while, *Don Bertrand* was retir'd to his Apartment, and had left *Constance* in the Anti-Chamber, where he was no less turmoil'd with a Thousand tumultuous Thoughts, then I tormented and perplex'd, as you have heard. But Love at last, surmounting his Fear of displeasing me, he approach'd my Cabinet, and opening the Door with a trembling Hand, he had thrown himself already at my Feet, before I perceiv'd him; and, I was so beside my self, in such a deep amaze, that I beheld him, without being able to utter one Word. I come (*said he*) ingrateful *Teresa*, I come to die at your Feet, and to upbraid ye before I die, with your Inconstancy and my Unhappiness. You have broken your Word, you have forsaken

forfaken a Perfon who adores yee. Cruel Woman! was it to have the Pleafure of making a more glorious Sacrifice to another, that you fo wrought your felf into my tendereft Affection. Ah--- Sir, you are too fevere (*cry'd I, interrupting him*) how terribly do your Suspicions injure me! Could ye believe me fubject to change, that had, for fo long time, fincerely lov'd ye? Was it poffible, that I could, all of a fudden, derogate from thofe Sentiments of Kindnefs, which took root within me, before I knew my felf? Well--- fince I muft tell it yee, know the whole force of our common Misfortune; know that I am ftill as much yours, as I was then, when you were moft fatisfy'd with the reality of my Heart. 'Tis not I that have forfaken yee; no--- Sir, I would have fooner renounc'd my Life. But 'twas my Father Sacrific'd me; 'twas he himfelf that ftabb'd the Dagger in my Breaft, and, at the fame time that I lay almoft Breathlefs in my Mother's Arms, gave my Hand into *Don Gaspar's*. You have loft the Hope, 'tis true, of being my Husband, and I have loft the joy and fweetnefs of my Life. The only Defires that were moft grateful to my Heart, are now forbid me. Good God! how different

are our Conditions ! You can still hunt after me, still love me, and still dare to tell me so ; you can bemoan your self, and sigh ; but this in me, is all a kind of Petty-Treason. My Tears are become Criminal ; your presence can no longer be a Blessing to me : I must avoid and flye the sight of ye ; and it behoves me to give to another, a Heart that pays no Homage, but only to your self ; a Heart so faithful to yee, that I always find it revolted from its Duty , and still preserving so lively, and so charming an *Idea* of your Vertues, that it infuses into me a most terrible Aversion for *Don Gaspar* : 'tis you that reign most powerfully in my Soul : My Honour suffers for it, and these are here the last Sighs, that I must allow to my Misfortunes.

While thus I surrender'd my self up to all the Transports of my Tenderness, the Marquis prostrate at my Knees, with his Eyes wishfully fix'd upon mine, pour'd forth a showre of Tears into my Hands, and discovering to me in his Looks, all that the most passionate and submissive Love could inspire into him, Ah Madam, (*cry'd he*) is it true that your Heart has been so Faithful to me, as you would persuade me, and that yet you should be enjoy'd by  
any



any other but my self? And will you not permit me to revenge my self upon the Treacherous Ravisher of a Blessing, which your Desires appointed for me? Whatever it may cost me to Unite us, can you think any Thing impossible on that Condition? Permit me to purchase yee with the Price of Danger, and then you'll be my own. *Benavidez* thinks me departed for *Flanders*, but I can soon return to *Madrid*, there to meet him, and attack him; and you may be certain, that my Arm, assisted by your Vows, will prove Victorious: And indeed, I had long since chastiz'd his bold Pretentions, but that I waited for your Permission.

I had enough to do to employ all the Power I had over the Marquis, to divert him from so terrible a Design. For I was forc'd to lay before him the Concerns of my Honour, and the inevitable Consequences of my Father's furious Prosecutions, before I could persuade him to obey me.

How Charmingly (*my dearest Eleonora*) we pass away the time, when we spend it with those we Love, and after a long Separation, and a thousand Torments suffer'd, we meet again with the same mutual Tenderness and Fidelity! My Soul

was Ravish'd with a thousand Sweetnesses upon the sight of the Marquis, and his Looks were very near as Weeping-ripe and Languishing as mine, when of a sudden, a slight glimpse of Reason reduc'd me to my Duty. ' How is it possible ' (*said I*) for me to abide so long in your ' Company, or indeed, to suffer ye so long ' in my Presence ? For the sake of our ' Affection, Sir, no longer alarm my Vertue; be gone. forsake a Person too Unfortunate to enjoy without Disturbance the ' Pleasure of your Society. ' Depart ! Madam, (*cry'd the Marquis, interrupting her*) ' is it possible for me to leave yee so soon, ' and after I have ventur'd thus far too ? ' Never envy me the sad Consolation of ' Weeping at your Feet ; let my Sorrows ' have their free Course. In that, let us be ' equal Sharers ; this is all that I desire, ' and a very small Request too, for a Man ' that Adores yee, and whom you have ' render'd so unhappy.

I should tyre your Patience (*my dear Eleonora*) should I repeat the Importunities he us'd to persuade me to let him stay with me Seven or Eight Days. He lay'd before me the jealousy which such a hasty Departure might create, as well in my Brother's, as my Husband's Head ; and  
I, on

I, on the other side, consider'd all the Consequences: At what time, I readily saw, it was to hazard my own Ruine, if I did not send away the Person with whom I lov'd to converse above all Men in the World, and whose Presence I had purchas'd at the Expence of my Life. But at last, finding my Ruine lay at Stake, whether I kept him or let him go, I rather chose to prefer my Duty before my Satisfaction, and to be ruin'd Innocent, then to suffer Guilty.

But notwithstanding that this Resolution extreamly griev'd the Marquis, he could not forbear to admire it, and the Effect which it wrought in his Heart, visibly shew'd me, that Vertue had Allurements no less powerful then those of Beauty; and that the surest way to be passionately belov'd, is to be truly valuable. But we found a great deal of Difficulty in framing the Pretence for our Separation. I also agreed, that 'twas Convenient to let the Marquis stay some few Days with me, but upon Condition, that he should not seek for any more favourable Opportunities to Discourse me alone; and that he should feign to have receiv'd a Letter from *Madrid*, which oblig'd him to return with all speed. When the Mar-

I 5

quis

quis had promis'd the performance of all that I desir'd from him, I left him, believing it would be the last time in my Life, that I should ever see him ; and we parted with such a tender and mournful Adieu, that every time I think of it, 'tis a wonder to me how I surviv'd it.

'Twas late, and I went to Bed, so soon as *Constance* was gone out of my Closet ; but all that Night, such were the continual Agitations of my Thoughts and Reason, such the Combats between my Honour and Affection, as are beyond your Imagination. My Heart and my Reason, my Love and my Duty, put me upon a most cruel Rack ; and I arose as soon as Day-light appear'd, still more uncertain what it became me to do, then I was at the beginning of the Night. Hardly had *Aurora* given way to the Sun's more resplendent Rays, but I went forth in search of Solitude among the Woods, to give my restless Sorrows vent, and after I had try'd a Thousand turnings and windings, at length I flung my self into a Labyrinth, in the middle of which, there was a small Island, environ'd with a deep Canal, which, when 'tis thought convenient, renders that Island inaccessible, by drawing up the Bridge that leads into it :

That

That Bridge, so soon as I was on the other side, I drew up, the better to secure my Lamentations from being interrupted. But I was strangely surpriz'd, when going to sit me down under an Arbour of *Woodbine* and *Jessamine* Flowers, so thick, as made it impenetrable to the Sun, I found lying upon a Bank of Turf, the Marquis, led accidentally, by his dozing Meditations, to the same Place.

I was about to have avoided him, so soon as I saw him; but he fell at my Knees, held me by the Gown, and with his Eyes bath'd in Tears, ' Ah, Madam !  
' ( *said he* ) is it not enough, in the height  
' of your Indignation, to have banish'd me  
' your Presence? will you likewise envy me  
' a Happiness that Fortune presents me ?  
' And will you disdain to cast one Look  
' upon the most Affectionate, and most  
' Submissive of all your Lovers? ' And do's  
' it become me, ( *answer'd I* ) to condescend  
' to an Accident, that brings yee where I  
' am alone, in a Place so far remote from  
' People? Do not you consider how much  
' I prize my Honour, and how much I am  
' become a Slave to my Duty? Upon those  
' Words, I cast my Eyes upon him; and  
' finding my self begin to melt, I order'd  
' him to rise and be gone. Upon which  
he

he redoubl'd his Prayers and his Importunities to stay some few Minutes with me: And, I must confess, I had something of a Secret Apprehension within me, that the Reason why I did not repeat my Orders for him to depart, was only because I was assur'd he would not Obey me: And his Reluctancy to submit, bewitched me with new Spells; besides, that his Maiden Habit, which deluded my Eyes, without deceiving my Heart, render'd me less fearful to look upon him, and more bold to stay with him in a lonely Place. You cannot imagine how exceedingly this Disguise became him: I never had so many Minutes of Content together, in my Life. But after my Tears and Sighs, which only real Lovers know the Price of, I return'd to my Duty, and made use of all my Authority over him, to counterfeit the same Day, a Letter from *Madrid*, by which he understood, that his Mother lay a Dying, and long'd to see him before she Expir'd, and, that he should shew the Letter to my Brother. And here you shall see how whimsically, and yet how dangerously Fortune sported with our Miseries.

*Don Bertrand*, who had never been in Love, and yet was surpriz'd with *Constan-*  
*tia's*

*tia's* Beauty, from the first time that he  
 had seen her, not knowing what Course  
 to take to discover his Passion, was desi-  
 rous either to extinguish his Love, or else  
 to see it well settl'd in his Heart, that he  
 might not discover a piece of Folly, that  
 might redound to his Shame. But his  
 Prudence was at a Plunge upon reading  
 the Letter which *Dona Constantia* and I  
 had contriv'd. He could not think, with-  
 out being strook with a more then ordina-  
 ry Grief, that he was going to lose a Per-  
 son that began, already, to be dearer to  
 him, then all the young Lasses he had  
 ever seen. ' Why how now, fair *Constan-*  
*tia*, (*said he*) did you come hither only  
 ' to leave behind yee an eternal Sorrow for  
 ' your Departure. What will *Dona Tere-*  
*sa* do, whose Reluctancy, to entertain  
 ' yee when once I found the way to over-  
 ' come, was so well pleas'd, that she could  
 ' not be without your Service? Where  
 ' will she find such another Person, so  
 ' witty, so amiable; and that under-  
 ' stands so well to perform those Duties,  
 ' for which my Brother sent yee to wait  
 ' upon her? He'll believe 'twas the bad  
 ' Entertainment which we gave yee, that  
 ' made yee leave us so of a suddain? Be-  
 ' sides, he seems so taken with ye, by the  
 Letters



' Letters that you brought me from him,  
 ' that I am certain, 'twill be a great Satis-  
 ' faction to him, to meet yee here again at  
 ' his Return. What benefit can you ex-  
 ' pect by your Journey ? For either your  
 ' Mother is already dead, or else the dan-  
 ' ger that threatned her, is by this time past.  
 ' Stay here therefore, fair *Constantia*, and  
 ' that your Heart may be at rest, I'll send  
 ' a Messenger away Post, on purpose to  
 ' *Madrid*, to wait upon my Brother; and  
 ' bring yee News of your Mother.' He  
 accompany'd his Words with such a passi-  
 onate Air, and beheld her all the while,  
 with such a sparkling Fire in his Eyes, that  
 it might have been easie for the Marquis  
 to have unravell'd the Reason, why he  
 oppos'd his Departure, could such an  
 Extravagant Amour have enter'd his  
 Thoughts.

He rose the next Morning by break of  
 Day, thinking to find me out in the Wood  
 where we saw each other the Night before,  
 and to give me an Account of the Oppo-  
 sition which my Brother-in-Law made to  
 his Departure. But he was strangely sur-  
 priz'd, when opening his Chamber Door,  
 he perceiv'd Don *Bertrand*, who delive-  
 ring him a Letter, ' I told yee Yesterday,  
 ' ( *said he* ) that we should, it may be, hear  
 ' News



' News from *Madrid* ; and here is some directed to your self : Read the Contents, and then tell me, whether I have no Reason to be desirous to detain yee.

The Terror and Surprize, wherewith these Words o'erwhelm'd the Marquis, were like so many Daggers sticking in his Heart : He stood in an amaze, how it was possible that the Place of his Retirement should be discover'd at *Madrid* ; and all the dreadful Mischiefs that were likely to attend his fatal Discovery, presented themselves in a full croud before his Eyes. He open'd the Letter, rather like a Man without Motion, then a living Creature. But he was as much at ease as before surpriz'd, when he found it to be a Protestation of his Love which Don *Bertrand* had Endited ; and I wish I could have kept it to have made yee Laugh. But do you imagine what a Man that had liv'd Forty Years without the taste of Love, a dull Soul, and one that had never any Knowledge of the World could write, the first time that ever he felt himself enamour'd. I remember he concluded with Three Verses of a French Poet, which *Constancia* had read to me the Evening before, and which twere more proper for his turn, then he thought for.

*Consider*

*Consider that to you  
 I speak a Language New;  
 Reject not then the Vows,  
 Tho' ill exprest they be,  
 Which Bertrand ne'er had made,  
 had it not been for thee.*

There was so much of Ridiculousness in this Adventure, that the Marquis could not forbear to burst out into a Laughter. He never expected that his Female Habit would have got him a Sweetheart. However these Amours of Don Bertrand flatter'd him with several charming *Idea's*, in hopes of staying longer with me; and he made hast to the Wood to tell me the Story.

' I have receiv'd a Letter, (*said he, ac-*  
 ' *coasting me*) which I never dream'd of in  
 ' the least. ' Good God! from whom?  
 ' (*cry'd I, in a terrible Fright,*) Who knows  
 ' that you are here? ' Don Bertrand  
 ' knows it, (*said he, with a Smile*) see  
 ' there what he has written. With that,  
 I could not chuse but laugh my self at such  
 a conceited Piece of Extravagance. But  
 presently after reflecting upon the unlucky  
 Consequences it might produce, ' Alas,  
 ' (*said I,*) dear Marquis, what Misfortune  
 ' is

' is like to ours ! ' Don *Bertrand* ena-  
 ' mour'd of Dona *Constantia*, will, it may  
 ' be, obstruct your Departure ; he will  
 ' disturb those few remaining Minutes  
 ' left us to enjoy each other ; and this last  
 ' Unhappiness is a fresh Motive for me  
 ' to press your leaving me : Be gone  
 ' with speed, and above all things flye my  
 ' Brother's Company. Love has rende-  
 ' red him now quick-sighted, and by of-  
 ' ten conversing with ye, he may chance  
 ' to detect what neither of us would have  
 ' him know.

All this while Don *Bertrand* was in a  
 heavy tofs about the Success of his Poe-  
 try ; and it was easie for him to see, that  
*Constantia* was very shy of being alone  
 with him. He had observ'd that she al-  
 ways follow'd me, when I went to walk  
 in the Wood, with a Book in her hand,  
 and he was still at her heels, for two whole  
 days together. But *Constantia* still shun-  
 ning him with more care then he pursu'd  
 her with Diligence, he resolv'd to make  
 use of a Stratagem to engage her in such a  
 manner, that she should not be able to de-  
 fend her self from conversing with him  
 face to face.

He borrow'd one of my Women's  
 Gowns, under pretence that a Lady in  
 the

the Neighbourhood had a desire to see it: and in regard he is but a little Man, and for that our Mantles easily cover the Defects of Stature, he disguis'd himself the next morning, and as soon as day appear'd went and sat himself down by a Fountain, to which I resorted more then to any other place; not doubting but that *Dona Constantia* being deluded by his Habit, would come to him, and then he should have an Opportunity to unfold his Mind, and discourse her about his Love. To which purpose he had contriv'd a Trick to keep me musing in my Chamber much longer then I was accusom'd to stay.

Nor had he sat long by the Fountain, before *Constantia* appear'd with a Book in her hand; but Good God! how dear had that same unlucky Disguise like to have cost us! for the Marquis wondring that I did not turn about when I heard him approach, ' Lord! Madam, (*said he*) will the sight of me always incense your Indignation? will the Zeal with which I serve ye, never vanquish. ——— and there, interrupting himself, he fell at my Knees, and with some Sighs that seem'd to beg my Pity and an Eye of Favour from me, he was just about to take *Don Ber-*  
trand

*trand* by the hand and kiss it, with the same Tendernefs and Transports where-with he wont to fix his Lips upon mine; and all our Secrecies had like to have been surrender'd up to the Fury of two Persons implacably jealous, when by a Chance to which I owe my Life, I happen'd to be walking toward the Fountain, and talk'd so loud, admiring at the Masquerade which surpriz'd my Eyes, that *Don Bertrand*, all in Confusion and Astonishment betook himself to flight, and in his hast discover'd to us the most extravagant Figure that ever Mantle cover'd.

The Novelty of the Adventure, and the Part which *Don Bertrand* came to act, set me a laughing till the Tears ran down my Cheeks; while the Marquis full of Terror, and consideration of the Danger which he had escap'd, stood like a Statue. He gave me an account of the perillous Mistake he had like to have committed; and after he had assur'd me that he was not so much afraid for himself as for me, and how little he valu'd the venturing his Life to purchase the Pleasure of my Company for never so few Minutes, he would fain have perswaded me, that we might make an Advantage of *Don Bertrand's* Passion for him, and that if I would permit him  
to

to manage it, he might safely remain for some time with me. But what Authority is there, that Duty and Honour has not over the Mind of a vertuous Woman? The more easie I found it to keep the Marquis with me, the more obstinate was I to have him gone. Cruel Duty! that hast for ever separated me from all that I lov'd in this World!

At length, we agreed upon the way to conceal *Constantia's* Departure from the Vigilancy and Love of Don *Bertrand*; and the surest Expedient was to take the Advantage of his first Distractions, and to get away before he had leisure to recollect himself. To this purpose I made the Marquis promise me that he would be gone before day; and it was in vain for him to oppose his Love against that rigorous Command: pitiless I beheld his Sobs and Tears. All that he could obtain of me was, that I would take a Walk at night, by Moon light in the same Wood where we had already met so many times, and that he might come thither and take his last Leave of me.

Permit me, Madam, here a mournfull Brevity. Never was there in the World so tender and so sensible a Parting between two Friends: never two Hearts so perfectly

ly

ly united, ever felt with so much Anguish, the severe Necessity of a Separation. I flatter'd my self that I could suppress my Despair, and hide it at the Bottom of my Heart. The Marquis also promis'd himself the same Advantage ; and his fear to augment my Sorrow by discovering his, made him strive with all the Force his Courage could afford him. But how little are we the Masters of our Words and Looks at such critical Minutes as these, when Lovers may be said to labour under the Pangs of Separation. I suffer'd him to be a Witness of the wofull Condition to which he had reduc'd my Heart ; and he disclos'd to me the terrible Despair with which my Love had overwhelm'd his Soul. And thus we bid each other our last Adieu's, by the side of a Rivolet, at the Bottom of a Wood.

From that time forward, there was not a day past over my head, wherein I was not like to sink under the weight of so many oppressive Disasters. ———

But here her Sobs and Sighs depriving her the Freedom of her Speech, and altogether unable to continue her Story, There — take 'em — (*said she, to the fair Eleonora*) there are the Letters which I wrote to the Marquis, at the  
time

time I was a Virgin, and when the hopes of being join'd together in Wedlock, authoriz'd my Affection for him. I had thought (*continu'd she*) to have read 'em to ye my self; but alas! my Grief will not permit me.—— I have told ye enough, to let ye see how miserable I am, and that all my Hope is in the end of my unfortunate Days.

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DONA

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Dona *TERESA's*  
**LETTERS**

To the  
Marquis of *MANSERA*.

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LETTER I.

**I** Gave Thanks to Fortune, for having  
depriv'd me of my Health, the very  
day that you departed. For indeed  
what use could I have made of it? since  
without you, there is no more Felicity for  
me in this World, and that I know no other  
then the happiness of your Company.  
Nevertheless, I enjoy it not, but am con-  
strain'd to live far sever'd from my chief-  
est Blessing, at a time that your Presence  
is

is so requisite for the Consolation of my past Misfortunes. I only change one Misery for another ; and I must suffer all the Pains of Love, that ne'er so much as tasted of the Sweets.

## LETTER II.

PERmit me to begin my Letter, where you concluded yours, and as a Proof that you look'd not on me with an Eye of Indifferency, to require yee to make a Truce with your Sorrows. As Just as they may be, they never can be Just while they endure so long. 'Tis the fear of reinforcing them with new Supplies, that has hinder'd me from letting you know, how deeply sensible I am of your Misfortunes. I can Experimentally imagine the Torments, to which a Heart is expos'd that loses what it Loves. This Reflexion has produc'd in me, the same Effect which you desire, and was your business, only to discover the Honour you enjoy, to have infus'd a Passion of so odd a Nature, that she who has Harbour'd it, forgets her own Interests, and bewails her Rival. Nay, the most visible Testimonies of the force of Love, are the Sentiments which I have for Dona *Elvira*. My Friend can assure yee,

ye, that she saw me really Afflicted, for not understanding her Distemper soon enough, to have made her take a Medicine, which I reckon so infallible, that if you are ever sick, I will endeavour, you shall take no other. I sent yee word in my first Letter, that I could have wish'd my Death could have restor'd her to Life. I told yee then no more then what is true; and you will say so too, when I assure yee, that if you could not, for the future, be happy without her, and that it depended upon me, to bring her to this Light again, I would Sacrifice, not only a Life unfortunate and supported with feeble Hopes, as formerly, but a real Happiness, and my Rights, almost establish'd, over your heart. See, Sir, how tenderly you are belov'd, and by whom it is, that you deserve to be so.

### LETTER III.

THo' you upbraid me to have been Lazy, yet I rose too early to receive a Letter, such as yours. Never fear, least I should follow your Examples or that I do not think I have a Right, to trouble yee incessantly with my Sufferings, as you, without necessity, o'erwhelm me with

K

yours

yours. You are much more afflicted since you knew me, then when I was a Stranger to yee. 'Tis a great Misfortune indeed, to be belov'd extreamly by a Person in whom there is not any thing appears Attractive. But, believe me, Sir, 'tis a more cruel Torment, not to be able neither to surcease a Passionate Love, nor quit an irksome Life, and yet to have so many Reasons to desire both the one and the other. I have not shewn your Letter to my Friend; for I am more Vain-glorious, then she is Discreet.

#### L E T T E R   I V .

**S**INCE I receiv'd your Last, what would I give, that the Letter which I wrote the Day before Yesterday, were not come to your Hands. How afraid am I, least it may have displeas'd yee, and that you will not Forgive me for writing it. There is nothing that I would not do to obtain your Pardon. However, grant it me, I conjure yee, by her you have so tenderly ador'd. How much to blame was I for writing it! Despite and Pride but ill become the Unfortunate. But what do I say? I am not so — th' obliging Expressions in your Letter, begin to change  
my

my Fortune. I never yet push'd forward my Pretensions so far, as e'er to think of winning your Affection. I know too well my self, Love is no voluntary Act. I never aspir'd to more then only a tender Friendship, and I shall deem my self most infinitely Happy, when I have Reason to believe I have attain'd it. How sensible am I of the slightest Expressions of Kindness that drop from your Lips! and what a Proof of a real Passion is that sensibility of little Things. Never did Woman Love, as I Love you: My Sentiments have a certain Delicacy unknown to any other but my self; and my Heart loves more in one Day, then others do in a Year of their Lives. But notwithstanding all this, I Love without any Hope. Certain it is, I ne'er expect to be belov'd by you; and I deal thus severely by my self, that you may not appear to be Unjust.

## L E T T E R V.

I Am much better then I was; and there is nothing wanting to compleat my Cure, but your Presence. How formidable it ought to be to me, and yet how little do I fear it! Methinks I could have dispatch'd the whole Affairs of a

Kingdom, in the time you have been gone. And is it possible you should have any other business now, then by main force to wrest your self from your grasping Discontents? for the Solitudes you haunt, infallibly augment 'em. Oh! how feelingly did that Despair, wherein you appear'd to be in your last Letter, pierce my Heart! and how Sorry am I, that 'tis not in my Power, to afford yee so much Comfort, as might persuade yee to survive the only Object of your Love and Admiration.

# LETTER VI.

**W**ill you never return? and must I suffer all the Racks of Love, before I taste one Morsel of the Pleasures of it? Never was any Adventure more cruel, or more extraordinary then mine. When first these Eyes beheld yee, 'twas long enough to infuse a violent Passion into my Heart; but never yet I saw yee long enough to assuage the Pains that are inseparable from it.

LET.

## LETTER VII.

I Have nothing to say to yee concerning that same Jealousie, which you seem to have, that my Wit has a greater share in what I write to yee then my Heart. 'Tis for your Merit, and the Sentiments you have inspir'd into more lovely Persons then my self, to be answerable for the Sincerity of mine.

## LETTER VIII.

YOU give me too many Encomiums ; tho' I cannot bestow too many upon your Heart, for having so well understood what was contain'd in my Letter, that so well corresponded with it. How greatly soever I am taken with your Wit, it is not that which pleases me ; 'tis your Heart that I would move ; 'tis that alone which causes my Desires, and it is mine alone that dictates what I write. I would never Pardon my self, for believing I had any Wit, unless it were to shew the Abundance of my Affection. Nor have you testify'd, as yet, so much for me, as now I find in the Letter which I receiv'd this Day. How it glads my Soul, to see ye,

at length, so sensible of my Sentiments, and that I have some Hopes to expect that the excess of my Friendship will have that Power over yee, as to make yee forget a Person much more amiable than my self. Is it true that I inspire yee with all that briskness and vivacity of Humour, that appears in your Letter? Am I become so happy at length, to be the Cause that your Inclination surmounts your Acknowledgment? And shall I then behold in your Eyes, those charming, and those lively Marks of a restless Passion, that enforce Devotion? But, what will you not more conspicuously discern in mine? I'm sometimes thinking, whether 'twere not better for me to conceal 'em from ye. No,--- no,--- I ought no longer to be thrifty of my Favours, for the Marquis loves me; and 'tis but Just, you should enjoy, without abatement, all the Sweetnesses that such a mutual Tenderness deserves. Oh! how Happy would you be, if once your Felicity could rely upon Love! But wherefore should it not depend upon it, since your Heart has been accusom'd to it? And strange it were, that I should force yee to an ill conceit of Friendship, I that have so violent a Passion for yee. No,--- no,--- it is impossible but you must know



know how much I merit the whole of your Esteem, since my Fidelity and Constancy have giv'n me those Prerogatives over your Heart, which you can never violate.

## LETTER IX.

**Y**OU complain, that my Letters are too short ; and, I believ'd it proper to study Excuses for making 'em so long. You cannot throw upon me a reproach more acceptable to me, and more dangerous to your self. For should I once imagine my self oblig'd to devote my self wholly to the Pleasure of Writing to yee, I should enforce yee soon to recant the Imputation you have laid upon me.

## LETTER X.

**I** Have an infinite Honour for the Dead ; but I must acknowledge the time is now past, when I thought 'em worthy of Envy. I could also wish, that I had no more to do with 'em , and that your Heart would admit a new Lodger. But, alas ! this is a ridiculous Pretension ; for all the Kindness that you have for me, is only a bare Remembrance. And , after

all, it would but ill become me, to be so uneasie, that have so few Attractives to recommend me.

## L E T T E R   X I.

'TIs too much to Hope from my Affection for yee, that any slight Submissions can obliterate your Infidelity, and the little Respect which you have shewn me. Too well I Love yee, ever to surcease that Love. I have already told yee so, and I am willing to tell ye so again. But for you to expect I should devote my self so entirely to my Inclination for yee, as to a Passion, that my Reason, and my Judgment ought to approve, is a Mistake, with which I would not have yee Flatter your self. Your Faults, in reference to me, are not to be expiated by a bare Repentance ; and, there is very little probability, that any Person values much the displeasing of his Mistress, who imposes a Rival upon her. I knew not why the Letter which I wrote yee should be so offensive ; or, wherefore you should think your Honour so much injur'd by it. Are you the first that have learn'd to reconcile Infidelity with Merit ? In the common Course of Love, 'tis true, a  
Man

Man that has no other bad Qualities but that of Loving in more then one Place, is ne'er a whit the less to be Esteem'd in the Eye of the World ; only, he is more unworthy the fix'd Devotion of her that is deceiv'd, especially when her Love is so Sincere as mine. I observe in your Letter sent me this Day, and have taken notice of it in others, that you are but ill inform'd of the Condition, to which my Parents have reduc'd me. When my Behaviour, or their Jealousies persuade 'em, that they have Reason to be offended with me, you, questionless mistake the Account I send you of it, as if I sought, by Aggravations, to enhance the Merit of my Sufferings. You are but ill acquainted with me : No, no, 'tis none of my Character, to dazle Pity with long Stories of the Pains and Torments, with which the Sentiments of my Heart afflict me. Quite the contrary, I have always endeavour'd to conceal the greatest part of my Misfortunes from yee ; nor would I say so much, at present, of my Sufferings, did I believe, that a recital of my Woes would discompose your Quiet. But I have too much Reason now, to let yee know, that in the World there is not a more miserable Person, and that I am within two

Fingers breadth of being confin'd to a Cloyster all the rest of my Life. They talk of nothing here but of immuring me, and causing you to be assassinated. Be you the Judge, by this, of my Misfortunes, and learn, at length, to be Sorry for me.

## LETTER XII.

**M**Y Heart is my Witness, that I am more deeply sensible of your Sorrows than my own; and, that your Yesterday's Letter has made a more cruel Impression upon me, than all I have endur'd this Twelve-month. But is it possible that you should give your self over to such a furious Metancholly? Is it for a Young Spark, so tenderly belov'd, to know the meaning of Despair? Oh, Sir, believe my Words; there's no Misfortune brings a Person sooner to Despair, than really to Love, and not be really belov'd agen. All other Miseries have their proper Remedies. Would you Poyson the Sweets of that Liberty which I begin to enjoy, with killing Grievs? Are the Crosses of Fortune still so potent, as to master your Resolution? Are they to be compar'd in Value, with a Life so precious as yours?

yours? Nevertheless if yet you take so much delight in Complaints and Lamentations, Moan on Sir; talk, without ceasing, to me, of your Misfortunes, and never mind the augmentation of my Sorrows, by the rehearsal of your Troubles; study your own Content in your Converse. 'Tis true, I reckon you to be the only Comfort of my Life; but with a free Consent, I yield, that you should still neglect my Satisfaction for your own.

### L E T T E R XIII.

**T**He mournful Tone which you reproach me with in your Letters, and thereby render ridiculous the Delicacy of my Sentiments, so deeply wounds my Heart, that I would stick a Dagger in it, did I but think my self once justly provok'd, to complain of your Injustice and Perfidiousness. I am willing my Heart should understand a little Pride: For I find your Cruelty proceeds only from my Weakness. You know it to be such as exposes me to all the Acts of dotting Fondness for your sake. Alas! I know it but too well my self; but what does all that Knowledge avail me? It augments my Misfortune, without abating

ting my Affection ; and I find too too apparently, that I must be still a Prey to a most violent Passion, and the most unjust Lover in the World. Yes ---- as ingrateful as you are, you are still more precious to me than my Life ; assure my Rival of it. For that Assurance, will enhance your Merit in her Esteem, and magnifie her Triumphs over me. And certainly, she will never be at so much Liberty, to make this serious Reflexion, that a Man , who fails in what he owes to Sentiments like mine, will hardly prove constant to her Charms, and that it may be her Destiny one Day, to undergoe the same hard Fate as mine : Nor can she be prepar'd for it too soon. Adieu, Sir ; I never dream of your returning more to me ; or that you should believe the losing me deserv'd a single Tear ; and I should be a Fool, if I expected from ye the least Favour that might promote my Satisfaction.

#### L E T T E R   X I V .

**S**INCE the last time we saw each other, you have been always present in my Thoughts both day and night. Methinks I see ye, and talk to ye, and I lock my self up in my Closet all day long, avoiding  
all

all manner of Company, that I may have leisure to muse only upon you. How much Reason have I to fear, that you more pleasantly consume in Company, and divertisement those Hours which I waste in dozing only on *Mansera's* Love. I am afraid, least this Letter should not find ye within : I am afraid least you should throw it by, and only read it at your leisure, perhaps some Hours after you receiv'd it. In short, I fear a Thousand Things ; whereas, I only ought to fear my being too Prolix, and shewing too much Tenderness to a Person that sent me, but this Morning, such a cold Epistle.

## L E T T E R   X V .

**I** Hear, for some Days past, that you are wholly taken up with your Affairs, and that our Conversation is no more a part of your Concerns. Cruel Unkindness ! ought you not rather to think, that you commit a Crime in giving me Reason to dread your Passion being at an end, which has cost me so many showres of Tears ? Why must I still be in doubt of being lov'd ? Ought you not to have convinc'd me that I am so, in such a manner, that I might not always live in tiresome Uncertainty ?  
But

But that which I require of you, compleats the Character of a tender and passionate Lover, and I can never think that you were either one or t'other, in reference to my self. How blind was I, to flatter my self, that e'er your Love would long subsist, in despite of Absence, and those Torments, with which Jealousie intoxicates us! Was I not sufficiently acquainted with your Heart, to know, that it requir'd a smooth un-interrupted Courtship, once to fix it! Ah! you are but a faithless Lover, and I too much a Fool to flatter my self one Minute, that e'er you lov'd me with a true delicacy of Affection. Your manner of Dealing with Dona *Elvira*, ought not that to have been a Warning to me. You Courted her, you pay'd her Visits every Day; but still you would have other Business while she liv'd. And, yet I could persuade my self, that you would leave off all Concerns besides, and sacrifice 'em to a Lady that you never saw, and for whom you never had a kindness. Certainly, I had lost my Senses. But wherefore do those cruel Senses return again? or, Are they not sufficiently Powerful to stifle my Affection? I have omitted nothing for several Days together, that might harden my  
Heart



Heart against yee. I repeat without ceasing to my self, both what I have Suffer'd for yee, and the Usage I have receiv'd at your Hands. I revolv'd in my Mind, that natural, tho' unfortunate Inclination of mine, that has embitter'd all my Life ; the shameful Condescension of my Weakness, to be the first discoverer of my Love ; the Frights, the Fears, the restless Desires and Impatience that our appointed Meetings have cost us, and all the Contrivances that I have laid to deceive my Parents. And after all, is this the Recompence, and all the Recompence, that I am to expect? You have no Kindness for me, and you no longer conceal it from me : And 'tis ten to one, but that your Fidelity might be as Treacherous four Months agoe, but you thought it civil to observe something of *Decorum* toward me, and would not let me know at once my whole Misfortune. But now you seek to make me truly sensible of all together. You can refrain three Days together, without writing to me ; and the Letters, which you do write, are only Copies of my own. In short, I have discover'd all your perfidie. Think not to escape me, as much absent as you are : I can find yee out, when you believe  
your

your self safest in your most conceal'd Retirements of Equivocation and study'd Evasions. And of this, I could convince yee, would I give my self the Trouble to put yee to Confusion. But woe is me! you are not worthy of a clear Convincement ; the only way to deal by you, according to your Merits, is to forget *Mansera* quite ; and, instead of former Tenderness, to treat yee with a Scorn, so Contumelious, as might justly make yee question, whether I had ever any Kindness for yee. 'Tis a Happiness which I aspire too, that I may live to hear your Name repeated without the least Commotion, and to attain to that Felicity, I shall not have recourse to Anger and Fury. For always the most violent Rages terminate in Reconciliation : But, they that are desirous of a perfect Cure, must, of necessity, distrust whatever has an Air of Sensibility, if once they would surcease to Love a Person, stain'd with foul Ingratitude. There is no way, but to forget him absolutely : For, so long as he hovers in our Remembrance, we must love him ; and the Causes of the Complaints we have against him, make a far less Impression than his Merits. I refrain from remembering yours, as much as in me lies. I  
 seek

seek Employment altogether inconsistent with my former Blindness. But I must acknowledge, to my shame, that I have not found it out as yet, and that I still am lavish of the Poyson that destroys me.

## L E T T E R   X V I.

**T**HE Transports of the Person whom you know, are much beyond Imagination: Her Fury is more then too too Violent to ruine all her Vertue. For Heaven's Sake, have a care of supplying her by your Discourses, with new Causes of Complaint. Is it so hard a Matter for yee to forbear talking of a Lady, for whom you have so little Respect? I could wish that my Distemper, which encreases every Day might turn aside such terrible Misfortunes, by putting a Conclusion to my Life. I am the Victim that must appease all these Disorders, and, I desire my Death may cause my Life to be forgotten. Farewell, Sir, you may either return agen, or break with me for good and all, which you think fit to do. For my part, I must clearly acknowledge to yee, that I am no longer sensible of inward compulsion; and 'tis enough for my Satisfaction, that I already love yee less, then I have done.

L E T T E R

## LETTER XVII.

**H**OW difficult a thing it is to make use of Prudence, when our Love becomes too violent a Passion! and that it costs my Affection for yee so dear, to follow what my Reason dictates to me. But fain would I, that my Reason should know, 'tis only Subservient to my Interest. It may, perhaps, one Day afford me the certain Means, to abandon my self entirely to my Friendship. We are always most sensible of Pleasures, preceded by an over Imperious constraint. 'Tis requisite, that a tedious Impatience should prepare the Pleasures, we receive by the long wish'd-for sight of what we Love. They never are extreamly Delightful, but after they have caus'd a world of Sighs.

This Reflexion is more necessary for you then me, who love yee with a Flame too Extraordinary, to seek for any Succour, which common Passions have need of, to support themselves. But 'tis my Hope, that my Torments, and my Discretion together, will not prove unserviceable in augmenting yours. 'Tis this Opinion that infuses Courage into me, and,

and, I suffer all Things, in expectation you will love me with a more tender Affection. Good God! what a Happiness shall I enjoy, in intermixing with the Pleasure of your Company, the recital of all the Pains that I have suffer'd for your Sake.

### LETTER VIII.

I Wonder how I have the Strength to write to yee, considering the Condition to which I am reduc'd. The Pleasure which I had to enjoy your Company Yesterday, render'd me so impatient of our Meeting this Day, which I so certainly promis'd my self, that the Accident, which disappointed my Design, has almost broke my Heart. How cruel and severe ought you to deem it, if it be true, that you have so much Devotion for me, as you express in your Letter. But if I love yee, behoves it me to wish the same Sincerity from you? No, no, 'tis the greatest of Misfortunes to burn with a violent Flame; nevertheless, I find, that to the hazard of my Life, I shall be always your Adorer. But what apparent grounds have I to fear, least you, at length, should be tyr'd out with a Familiarity so  
disastrous

disastrous, and quite abandon me to that same dismal Infelicity to Love, and fix my Love upon a faithless Person: No, no, you have not an Affection for me proof against that strict Restraint which I lie under; you'll soon surcease to Love me; and perhaps, not scruple to tell me so. But withal consider, that my Life depends on your Indifferency for me.

### LETTER XIX.

I Knew not you were Guilty of more than two Crimes, in reference to my self; but, in your Yesterday's Letter, I discover a Third. Is it possible a Man should have a tender Kindness for a Person, and write to her, as you have writ to me? Re-call to mind the Marks of Esteem and Distinction, which I bestow'd upon yee but within these few Days. Ah! is it fair, that I must be the Person to whet up your Memory. This same Despite, by which you do your self an Injury, is still no more then a new proof of my singular Affection. Could I ever be so touch'd to the Quick, with my Suspicions of your Infidelity, but that I have a Passion for yee? or, Could I Love yee with an Adherency, that nothing can un-

hinge,

hinge, but that I have a vast Esteem for your Person? If Dona Inez were a faithful Mistress, for her to know of an Affair with another, might be a Reason sufficient, to think her no Concern of yours: But, her past Conduct shews us, that she is one who stands not much upon Delicacy. The Duke of — who fell in Love with her long since, is properly the Husband of that Adventure, and you are the Galaunt; altho' you never told me of it, and with no less Obstinacy, you would fain conceal it from me, when I know it already. In short, you have no mind to Sacrifice her Love to my Content: For, there's no question to be made, but I am She, that is already Sacrific'd to Her. Good God! With what frightful Terrors, does the Thought of this disturb my Quiet? Yet, why should they disturb me, if I did not Love yee? There is not any sort of Grief, of which I am not sensible for your sake: Nevertheless, my Heart is prone to Pardon yee; only it requires some Satisfaction for my free Indulgence; it fain would have you shew your self worthy of the Pardon which it grants yee, for fear of being upbraided with it, as an Act of Weakness.

LETTER

## L E T T E R XX.

W H A T News is this I hear ! I am told,  
 you are returning to *Grenada*, and  
 I am going out of Town to Morrow, for  
 three Months together. Why cannot you  
 as well spend all the *Autumn* at your  
 Country Seat ? I might enjoy, at least,  
 some sort of Quiet then, in my Retirement.  
 But what Repose for me, while  
 you are at *Grenada* ! Your Residence in  
 this City, is of too dangerous a Consequence,  
 for an absent Mistress. Dare I  
 presume those amiable Charms, to make  
 me Hope you can preserve your Heart  
 for me, amidst a croud of Beauties that  
 will strive to rob me of it ? Yet, if you  
 have a true *Idea* of mine, that resembles  
 it, can you forget me, and prefer before  
 me, Women that only Love, because  
 they have an Opportunity, and make  
 Love's Pleasures the sole end of all their  
 Amorous Passions ? No certainly ; for  
 I believe your Delicacy such, as will not  
 easily be reconcil'd to a common Inclination :  
 And, I am apt to flatter my self,  
 that I have enur'd yee to those Sentiments  
 that will, for some time, settle your Dislike  
 of those of other Ladies. Do but frequently



quently call to mind, so long as I continue absent, the last endearing Colloquies we had together, and let that Recollection inspire yee with such Desires, as may secure yee from the benumbing Faculty of Absence. How Happy shall I be, if at your Return, you tell me, that you Love me still, and, that no other Object has expell'd me from your Memory.

## L E T T E R   X X I.

I Know not how it comes to pass, that you have not receiv'd my Letters any time these two Months. This Miscarriage disorders me strangely, and that same Jealousie that has undertaken my Ruine, makes me afraid of every thing. But my Disquiets now must all give Place to that excess of Joy repay'd me in exchange, by the Receipt of your Letter this Morning, and the care you took to send it by a Messenger, on purpose, to the other end of the World. The Surprize and Joy that seiz'd me of a sudden, were so violent, that they have awaken'd all my Mother's Suspicions; and she has been grumbling and growling ever since at me, without knowing any Reason for it.

However,

However, the Assurances which you give me of your Affection, have alter'd very much the Condition of my Heart. Before, I was deeply plung'd in a mournful Uncertainty of your Tenderness and Fidelity. But what you tell me, concerning both the one and the other, is it sincere? and, will kind Heaven reserve me the transcendent Pleasure, to see my self the Object of your most passionate Love? At length, do yee begin to understand the Price of my Heart? and, may I confide in the Protestations you have made me? And now, what must I do, not to believe yee? All your Expressions are most tenderly obliging, and, I desire the Truth of what you would persuade me, with too much Ardour, any longer to gain-say your Vows. I do oppose, 'tis true, a small remainder of my Reason, to an Opinion so charming, but my Heart is Prepossess'd, and will no longer listen to any thing, that may convince me of an Error. Prudence enfeebles Love, and therefore, when we Love, we are to hear-ken only to his Flatteries.

LETTER

## LETTER XXII.

I Have been every Day, during this Journey, constrain'd to hear that Passion scorn'd and vilify'd, which I prize and cherish more tenderly than my Life. What did not my Mother peale in my Ears, that Day that we lay at *Nuestra Dona de Rosaris*? And one would think, the Heavens had seem'd to favour her, as having the same Design to terrifie me. For it Thunder'd and Lighten'd most dreadfully; and I Rain'd Tears all Night. For I could not but be infinitely griev'd to think, that I should have a Heart that harbour'd a Passion so offensive to my Mother's Pity, and which provok'd so highly her Displeasure. But, neither all those serious Reflexions, Sir, nor the Returns of recollected Understanding, can lessen in the least, the Power which you have o'er my Heart: But quite the contrary, they rather serve to be more certain Testimonies, that nothing can dissolve it.

## LETTER XXIII.

**I**F the Marchioness made ye a faithfull recital of our Interview, she must have told ye without doubt, that I talk'd to her of nothing but your self; and that I carry'd the Discourse so far, that I would not allow her a Minutes leisure to mention her own Concerns. She complain'd of it to me in several Letters; but the Excess of my Tenderness may well prevail for my Excuse; nor am I in such a Condition, that she to whom I still unfold my Heart should require Punctilio's of Decency from me: I am sufficiently oe'rwhelm'd with those that enforce me to obey my Parents.

## LETTER XXIV.

**Y**OU are the most lovely Spark that ever was. What Diligence you shew, and what a Delicacy in things of small Consequence! But have I not reason to fear that your Vivacity is no other then a Briskness of Humour, which your Converse with Ladies, and your continual Attendance at Court infuse into ye? I declare to ye, that I would have your Heart  
alone

alone concern'd in every thing you do for me ; as 'tis my Heart alone that Lessons me in every thing I do for you. But I would fain banish all these Fears, and wholly abandon my self to the Pleasure of being belov'd and loving you: for certainly you deserve to be more belov'd then any Person in the World. I have so perfect an *Idea* of your Merits, that all that I do, and all that I am sensible of for ye, seems not sufficient to supply the vast Extent of it: And yet I am assur'd, that few young Ladies love as I do. 'Tis now three hours after Midnight, yet not a wink of sleep, for thinking how to find a way to write to ye; and first 'twas necessary that my Mother should be fast in her Bed. Then up I got, and tore out the white Leaves at the Beginning of a Book; for they have taken all my Paper from me; and here with a Pleasure more then ordinary, I present ye with the Minutes which I robb'd from my Repose. Alas! I know not what the Nights are good for, but by the Liberty they give me to write, and think of you. When all the World beside is asleep, my Love and my Misfortunes keep me waking. I think of the short Moments I have spent in your Company; of the Obstacles that hinder

me from enjoying the same Felicities, and the Horror of living in that Restraint and Captivity to which I am confin'd. I am watch'd so narrowly, and with so much Severity, that all the sprightly Ingenuity of my Friendship cannot find out a way to have one moment's Discourse together, before your Departure, unless our Journey to *Sevil* hold good. I hope it, and wait for it with such an extraordinary Impatience, that I believe it will quite mope me. My Thoughts are so taken up with it, that it deprives me of my Sleep, and that little while I close my Eyes, I talk so loud in my Slumbers of the Pleasures I expect to enjoy in your Society, that my Mother last Night over-heard something of it, and had she demanded from me an exact Account of my raving Gibberidge, I had been a lost Woman; and still I shall look upon my self to morrow as forlorn and undone, if I do not finish my Letter. Good Night Sir, I forgot to speak to ye of the Countess of *Vilassor*. You will do me a Kindness, for Reasons I will tell ye, to shew her most sedulous Civilities, and which may seem to carry an Air of Courtship. However have a care of performing my Orders too exactly. If you have any relish for me, 'tis easie to have a li-  
king

king for her ; for like me she has Wit, but she is none of the handsomest. Once more good night Sir.

## LETTER XXV.

**H**OW charmingly delightfull, and how proper a Consolation of our greatest Misfortunes is the hope of enjoying the Society of the Person whom we love! I forget all the Vexations with which your Indifferency afflicted me, and I look upon the Fantastick Morosity of my Parents as nothing, compar'd with the Felicity of seeing you this Evening at my Window. I am preparing to obtain your Pardon ; and I have such an Assurance in the Method I shall take to beg it, that you will not refuse it me. But I know not whether it will be so easie for you to pacifie my just Resentment of that Injurious Jealousie which you discover'd to me in your last. Is it possible you should have so bad an Opinion of me, to believe me fickle and inconstant ? Or have you so ill a Conceit of your self, to think that any Person can be unfaithfull to ye ? Oh ! Sir, you are not acquainted either with your own Merit, or with the manner of my being taken with it. Let Don Gaspar, let all

L 3

the

the World believe me Amiable, I never will Love any other Man but your self; for only you appear to be worthy of me. But Sir, let us bury all those People that are but a Trouble to us in an Oblivion, from whence you ne'er will go about to re-call 'em, and let us only talk of our selves. Methinks I have too easily suffer'd my self to be persuaded, that you are not to blame. For, ought not I to be cautious of believing that you love me? Did I desire it with less fervency, I should not be so ready to believe it. But our Wits are tyr'd with always making opposition to our Hearts; and still our clearest Understandings become at length the Slaves of our Desires. Tho', as for mine, they are confin'd to please you only, and to be belov'd by you eternally.

## L E T T E R XXVI.

**I**T seems to me, as if you Repented of the Marks of your Affection, which you bestow upon me. I receive not any this Day, which some Actions of yours do not destroy the next. What was the Reason that you came not to the Governess's House, where I staid from Three  
till



till Five a Clock? Questionless, your  
impatience to see me, must be very mo-  
derate, when you ne'er Visit me, but  
when you find your self constrain'd.  
But ought you not to have the most eager  
Inclinations for a Person that Loves yee  
with such a tender Affection, and who  
looks upon your Absence, at so near a  
Distance, as an insupportable Affliction?  
And you do all you can to make it yet  
more Dreadful, by depriving me of the  
Comfort I might find, were it only in  
seeing your Face, before my Departure.  
My Eyes would have told yee a Thousand  
Things, that ought to be Delightful, tho'  
I perceive they're no way acceptable to  
yee. I have not seen yee any where this  
Day, tho', since the Morning, I have  
not been but in such places where I  
might have met yee. I was at Dona *Pepa's*  
Lodgings, where in vain I flatter'd my  
self to have found yee. Good God!  
how little care you take of any Thing  
that tends to make me Happy.

# LETTER XXVII.

I Was Yesterday so sooth'd with inward  
Joy, and yet withal so unaccountably  
cast down, that I never stirr'd out of my

Chamber so much as to Dine. But, as for you, Sir, are you still among the Number of the Living? or, are People wont to dye upon their manifesting those Sentiments of Kindness, of which you made me Yesterday so Sensible? How Glorious a Thing it is, to have the Power of inspiring such a Passion! How happy am I to be belov'd with a reciprocal Fervency! Never fear the change of my Affection: You are too dear to me; and 'tis impossible that you should ever cease to be belov'd, that are so Amiable. Absence may cause yee to suffer for a while; however, it never ought to make you question my Fidelity in the least. I Love yee, Sir; nor is it in my Power to surcease my Love. For I am so far from Combating my Tenderness, that I abandon my self entirely to it. I am apt to think, it is impossible to be Happy without Loving, and I know no Person worthy to be belov'd, but your self. Be therefore immoveably perswaded, that nothing shall deprive you of my Heart. Depart with this Assurance, and return full fraught with an Impatience, and a Desire no less ardent to re-visit a most faithful Mistress. But, good God! how long must I remain Disconsolate, before

ut, as before I shall receive any more Testimo-  
 g the nies of your Tendernefs and Acknow-  
 Peo- ledgment! How many tedious Hours  
 esting will weary my Impatience, before I reap  
 which the Comfort of such endearing Sweet-  
 sible? nesses. In vain do I afflict my Brains for  
 e the your Departure: but still your Absence  
 How appears dreadful to me; nor can I so  
 ipro- much as endure the Thought of it.

# LETTER XXVIII.

**A**RE not the Pains that I undergoe,  
**A** in this Disconsolate Condition, e-  
 nough to oe'rwhelm a Miserable Creature,  
 but that you, Sir, must also augment the  
 burthen of my Grief, by suspecting me of  
 Change, when my Constancy has cost me  
 all the Tranquility of my Life? You are  
 but ill acquainted with the posture of my  
 Affairs; and I know, that you believe me  
 to be easily Frighten'd, and that the Mis-  
 chief is not so great as I say it is. But  
 there is your Mistake: For I am a  
 Thousand Times more Miserable, then  
 in your Observation I appear to be;  
 and my Concerns are in a desperate  
 Estate. I have never sought to move  
 your Pity, or to excite yee to pay those  
 Sighs to the Knowledge of my Misfor-

tunes, which my Sincerity deserves. I have rather conceal'd the greatest part of my Sorrows, and my Captivity, for fear of exposing my self, to the Disgrace of seeing your Inclination quite extinguish'd by the Destruction of our Hopes. For I had still some small Remainders of assurance, enough to flatter my self with a change of my Fortune, and I thought my Ingenuity and Care might acquire me, at length sufficient Liberty to enjoy your Society. But the Accident that is befallen me, has for ever depriv'd me of it. My Mother is not a Woman of a Humour to be reconcil'd to those Sentiments which I have for yee. They are not unknown to her, and she will use her utmost endeavours to bereave me of the Means to follow my natural Propensity. She will not suffer me to budge out of her sight, and the least Reluctancy in me would prove the ruine of all my Designs. In short, I am a Victim devoted to Disaster, and the Flames of Love; yet still the more I am Persecuted, the more I Love yee. But wherefore do you shew your self so Sedulously? You know full well, that my Tranquility is no way to be obtain'd but by enfeebling my Affection; and yet you will be still appearing

to

to re-inforce it with your Presence. Is it because you would augment my Grief with fresh Supplies? How do you think I can be able to abide the Presence of a Spark, for whom 'tis known I have a Love, and yet they would have me forever to abjure him. Woe is me! how sad is my Condition! I suffer all that possibly can be suffer'd, if I do not see yee; and yet, I cannot see yee without strange Affrights and Discomposures. Pityless Heavens! will you not take, at length, Compassion upon a Creature ready to sink under the burthen of your Indignation?

## L E T T E R   XXIX.

Consider seriously what I undergoe, and what I hazard in writing to yee, and then accuse me of Levity if you can. Lately I went to walk in the Garden belonging to the Society. Heavens! In what Hopes and what Fears was I of meeting you there! and I shall feel the same emotions to Morrow, at another publick Place, where I must be.

## L E T T E R

## LETTER XXX.

I Must acknowledge, that while you were sedulously employ'd in studying Contrivances which way to get to me, and let me hear from yee, I was no less diligently employ'd in finding out which way to forget a Lover, whose Remissness made me think you had no value for my Sufferings. But, I find yee now both faithful and sincerely Tender. Heaven, that reserves a longer Train of Misfortunes for me, notwithstanding the many Reasons I have to abandon all manner of Friendship, will not permit me to cease loving you. How tedious soever the Persecutions are which my Affection draws upon me, and how sensible soever I may be of my Pains, I make no more Complaints. 'Tis so delightful for a Woman to believe her self belov'd, that this Opinion is enough to allay the most vigorous Torments; and it would prove my Death to be convinc'd of it. Your Letters speak nothing else but Sadness and Despair; and that will cause me to lose my Reason. You augment the Grief that springs from my Misfortunes by a thousand Reflexions upon your hard Fate, that compleat the

Accumu-

Accumulation of your killing Sorrows.  
 But remember, Sir, what I have often  
 told yee, that Fortune and a Mistress,  
 are alike oblig'd by Constancy, and suffer  
 their extreamest Rigours to be vanquish'd  
 by Perseverance. Besides, 'tis such a Sa-  
 tisfaction to be belov'd, as I love you, that  
 tho' you never see me, and that your Cor-  
 respondence be so narrowly watch'd, you  
 ought to deem your self the most happy  
 of Men, because you are the best belov'd  
 of Men. Consider seriously, what an  
 Honour it is, to inspire an Esteem so ten-  
 der as mine for you ; and, to be the on-  
 ly Object of the Thoughts of a discern-  
 ing Lady, and whom the World has al-  
 ways flatter'd to be Lovely. Oh Sir, do  
 but consider well, after what an extraor-  
 dinary manner I Love yee, and you will  
 no longer believe your self Unfortunate.  
 You will then think no more of Dying.  
 Your whole Desire will be then to live,  
 and vanquish, by your Dexterity and  
 Perseverance, whatever opposes our Mar-  
 riage. But tho' we could not hope for a  
 Success so favourable ; yet it would still  
 behove ye to preserve your Life, as a most  
 precious Treasure ; since upon that, de-  
 pends the Happiness of a Person that  
 ought to be so dear in your Esteem. Give  
 over

over these Disconsolate *Idea's* ; for if either of us two has reason to think of dying, 'tis my self, without all question. I am the unfortunate Creature that disturbs your Quiet, and cannot justify her Innocence, notwithstanding the Innocence of her Intentions ; so dreadfull are th' Effects which they produce. Here has been nothing but Alarm and Jealousie for these Two days last past.

### LETTER XXXI.

**YOU** made choice of an inconvenient Post ; the Window where you stood is too remote ; and you had no desire to see me at my own, for fear of some unlucky Disappointment. But as for that which I have mention'd in my Letter, and which is so near, that we can really and distinctly see each other, you will have a perfect Account of it, and receive full Instructions from Don *Basil*, to the end you may prepare your self for our Meeting on *Monday*, which I as much, if not more impatiently long for then you. And tho' the Pretence you make use of, for meeting sooner then the hour prefix'd seems plausible enough, yet I am utterly against it, for fear it should proceed from a  
desire



desire of affording me those hours only of  
 the day that I am most at leisure to spare.  
 But I look upon Visits as nothing ; I know  
 how well enough to dis-engage my self  
 from those Impertinents ; and therefore  
 do you rely on my Affection. But to dis-  
 cover that , and prove the Delicacy of  
 yours, Necessity will have it, that you  
 must come to see me through a Garret-  
 Window, at the same time that you might  
 see and talk to the briskest and most jolly  
 Women in *Grenada*. In short it behoves  
 me to flatter my self, that you will quit all  
 Company for my sake , and that it is a  
 pleasure to me, to make me sensible of it.  
 For once, renounce the Court, the Harps  
 and Guittars, for an ill-favour'd Window,  
 through which perhaps you will see no  
 great Mafter. But if you willingly obey  
 me, I shall esteem my self so highly o-  
 blig'd, that I shall freely grant ye a plena-  
 rary Permission to carry me away thro'  
 one of our Lattices. You see, Sir, by the  
 severity of those Laws which I impose  
 upon ye, you see how dangerous a thing it  
 is to persuade a young Virgin that you  
 have a Passionate Kindness for her. When  
 I thought my self either not at all, or but  
 very little belov'd, I was mild and fearfull,  
 and pretended to nothing: now I am  
 grown

grown Imperious , and require Exactness and Sedulity ; I examine every thing with Rigour, and am no longer easie to forgive. And thus you see the Alteration which the Change of your Fidelity has produc'd. However if you love me so well as you say you do, the Performance of whatever I exact from you, ought to appear easie.

## LETTER XXXII.

**R**ather should I now weep Tears of Blood. I always thought I never could be more unfortunate then I was. Nevertheless all that I have hitherto endur'd is nothing in comparison of what I suffer. I am betray'd, void of all Hopes, and lost beyond Recovery. The faithless *Dona Clara* has shew'd her self at length in her true Colours ; and I am the Victim that she offers up to obtain the Favours of my Hood-wink'd Parents. But it behoves me to give ye a perfect Account of my Disasters. Saturday night I received your Letter so late, that I was forc'd to read it in my Bed. I read it over and over again several times , and whether it were that Sleep surpriz'd me, or meerly out of Carelessness, I left some part of it upon

upon the Boulster. Immediately after I  
 wak'd, *Dona Clara* came into the Room,  
 at what time my Sister prest Mistris *Clara*  
 very earnestly to sit down upon the  
 Bed-side; which she did for some few Mi-  
 nutes, and then left us. But upon my  
 Return from Mass, I perceiv'd the Loss I  
 had sustain'd, and order'd my Women to  
 look for it, and to leave no part of my A-  
 partment unsearch'd; but they could find  
 nothing that I wanted. However not sus-  
 pecting *Dona Clara*, nor being able to ac-  
 cuse my Sister, who were only in my  
 Chamber, I thought that some of my Ser-  
 vants might have burnt your Letter. This  
 gave me some Quiet for a time, and I went  
 to hear the Sermon, where you saw me  
 with the perfidious *Clara*. My Mother  
 also never seem'd to put more Confidence  
 in me. We were two hours together, af-  
 ter we return'd from the Sermon; but I  
 left *Clara* in the Chamber, where she stay'd  
 along while. In the mean time, I had a  
 longing Desire to know what my Mother  
 thought of my going to the Sermon, and  
 therefore sent for *Dona Clara* into my  
 Closet; whither she came, but in a great  
 Discomposure, and told me that my  
 Mother had not said a word to her, and  
 refus'd to enter into any Discourse with  
 her.

her. Upon which I was not a little dejected, and threw my self upon the Bed, as being fully persuaded that my Mother had my Letter.

I waited for day, with as much fear as Impatience, having past away the Night as you may well imagine. At last, as soon as my Chamber was open, my Mother came to me, and after she had ordered all the People to withdraw, she told me that my Father and she having had some Discourse about my going to the Sermon, were both persuaded that it was an Affignation, and that you and I kept a Correspondence together. Upon that, she ask'd me for my Keys, which I delivered to her without any more to do; for I knew very well she would find nothing in my Cabinet. However she look'd in it, and made me believe, that she found that unhappily-lost Letter in it, which I am sure was never there. Thus I have told ye the whole Story of an unfortunate Mischance. I need not tell ye how my Parents storm'd and took on; you may readily imagine it, as also my disconsolate Condition. I no longer know my self. My Grief is intermix'd with an Indignation that tempts me to violent Resolutions. My hatred to *Clara* is incens'd even to Fury,

ry, and I shall make her know it before  
 the end of the Day. She shall not go  
 away with the fawning Belief, that she  
 has assassinated me, yet that I know not  
 who it was that gave the Mortal Blow.  
 She shall understand, that I look upon  
 her as my most Mortal Enemy; and I  
 will justify what I affirm by all the  
 shrewd Turns that I can do her. She  
 deserves not to have any Mercy shew'd  
 her. How little I believ'd ye Sir! and,  
 how well were you acquainted with the  
 Physnomy of this Treacherous Baggage!  
 But for my Credulity, doubtless I had  
 escap'd great part of my Disasters; for  
 there is no question now to be made, but  
 that she has done me a Thousand more ill  
 Offices, by incensing my Father and Mo-  
 ther against me. Do you not wonder at  
 my Misfortune? I cannot understand it,  
 nor can I conceive how it is possible, that  
 the Perfidious should Triumph over  
 Hearts that are Sincere. You better  
 know then any body, the Integrity of  
 mine. Oh Sir, how would yee have  
 been convinc'd of it, had you been a  
 Witness of the Confusion I was in, to see  
 the Secret discover'd, which I always  
 deny'd. This seems to me to be the  
 greater Shame, tho' it be also an extream  
 Disgrace

Disgrace to Love a Person, which, by no means, they would not have me Love. Yet, if a fault so heinous may be justify'd by the Impossibility of being able to correct it, mine may be excusable. I had a Kindness for ye ever since I was born, without having the Power to surcease my Love, tho' I have try'd all ways to damp my Passion. The Pains I have endur'd for so long time together, with so much Patience, sufficiently demonstrate that I Love yee with an Inclination that nothing can subdue. Alas I am but too too sensible of the Power of it, at this very moment that I write to yee. Yes, Sir, the more they plague me, the more they engage me to be Faithful to yee. The Severity of my Parents, and my own disastrous Disappointments, do they render yee the less Lovely? No — doubtless — and I promise also an eternal Fidelity, and to preserve in my Heart, such Lively and tender Sentiments, that hardly will be equall'd by those of the most zealous Lovers. Good Gods! how am I quite pierc'd through with Grief! but how extream soever that may be, I feel another yet more tediously intollerable. I wish'd to Dye, you know it well, when once I thought

thought yee Faithless, but now I can no longer, with Indifferency, look upon a Life that is dear to you, how Unfortunate soever it may be otherwise. I will Live to Love yee as much as Man could ever deserve to be belov'd, and because I will not yield the Victory to my Enemies. I know what Measures my Parents will take ; but I am resolv'd to suffer all Couragiously ; and, 'tis the Character of my Tendernefs, that it is able to justifie me. My Sentiments are too Noble and too Chast, for me to be afraid of acknowledging 'em.

### L E T T E R XXXIII.

**T**Hat part of your Letter which was intercepted, speaks nothing of the Person whom you know ; so that she has weather'd the Storm by a kind of Miracle. Say nothing more of it in your Letters ; and write 'em after a manner so Tender and Respectful, that if they should be Surpriz'd, it may be only known, that you have a Kindness for me, but that my Mother was mistaken when she thought that I Lov'd you. Adieu Sir, and rely upon me as long as yee live : And seeing what they have  
dis-

discover'd of our Correspondence does not oblige me any longer to conceal my Sentiments, I will Love with so much Fidelity, and so much Delicacy, that all Lovers shall Envy what my Inclination and your Merit have acquir'd yee. I know not whither this, and yesterday's Letter will come safe to your Hands: there is little probability of it. However, I know not how to write less endearingly: For I had rather discover, then conceal the Motions of my Heart from him that gave them Life and Being.

#### L E T T E R   XXXIV.

**N**Ever complain of me; my Heart performs the Duty that belongs to it; and I am still but too too near the same Sentiments which formerly I had. Spare me a little Patience, that I may be able sedately to take such certain Measures, as may procure us some Liberty. I have learnt, by my own Experience, that 'tis convenient sometimes to lose a present Happiness to secure a future Felicity. Permit me the Steerage of our little Bark, and I hope to bring it safe into Harbour. Do you mind only what depends upon your Care, that is to say, to prove by all imaginable



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ginable good Management, and an extra-  
 ordinary Discretion, that you have a real  
 Kindness for me. I must acknowledge,  
 that I could never reconcile my self to  
 any Tenderness not equal to that which I  
 am capable of; and that I always ab-  
 horr'd a Mediocrity in every Thing.  
 After I have shewn yee that I will not  
 endure in you any of those petty Defects,  
 which Self-love hides from our Selves, I  
 expect that you should have the same  
 Care of me. I know it will cost Me much  
 more Trouble than You; but I am more  
 certain of adhering to your Counsel, than  
 I am assur'd that you will follow mine.

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L E T T E R. XXXV.

I Cannot confide in your Heart: I do  
 not think it harbours any Inclinations  
 for me; and, I employ good part of my  
 time, to tell my self, that I am no more  
 amiable in your Eyes then I was when  
 I found by Experience, that all the  
 Esteem and Friendship in the World  
 would not suffice to gain your Love.  
 Your Perseverance appears to me an Ef-  
 fect of Vanity. My Constancy might  
 affect your Self-love, and it may be, the  
 Design of your Kindness is, to engage  
 me

me to your self, and still to see me fix'd in the Sentiments which you infus'd into me formerly, and then to leave me Wedded only to Eternal Repentance.

## L E T T E R   XXXVI.

**Y**OU were not more taken up with the Thoughts of me, then I with pondering upon you : I love yee with a Tenderness that Affrights me. I cannot apprehend what will become of me, during your Absence. I understand, with extraordinary Gladness, that your Health stands firm. Preserve it with a Care becoming the Interest which I pretend to in it. With the help of that, we'll overcome our most formidable Enemies, and the Pains and Griefs, that now Triumph almost over our Patience, shall only serve one Day, to render the Pleasures we shall then enjoy more Lively and more Valuable. Hope is a real Good ; and he that possesses it, has no Reason, altogether, to Complain. Let us abandon our Souls to all the Sweetnesses of it : Let us Dream of it from this very Day, till you return again ; for, by that means, I would fain annihilate the time that I am to linger on without your Company.

Can

Can she be said to live, that lives absent  
 from the Person that she Loves?

## L E T T E R XXXVII.

A T length, I am in a Place whither  
 you ought to have come, and  
 which I never thought to have seen be-  
 fore yee. But Fortune has so order'd it,  
 that you are far remote, and I am here.  
 You conjecture rightly, Sir, that it is not  
 without thinking upon yee, and that my  
 Affection follow'd me hither. Your Ab-  
 sence has not at all diminish'd it, rather  
 the Solitude and Beauties of the Country  
 augment it. Methinks, that in this  
 lovely Residence, every thing talks of  
 Love, and that a Noble Passion becomes  
 it. Mine makes me seek out lonely  
 Walks, and gloomy Retirements. My  
 chief Delight is frequently to muse by the  
 side of a Fountain, where the Chrystal  
 Water makes a pleasing Murmur. There  
 it is, that I recall most Affectionately to  
 mind the happy Minutes we have past to-  
 gether : I remember with delight, your  
 very Words; your very Reproaches  
 themselves are dear to me. I look upon  
 'em as the Effects of a choice Esteem,  
 and I hear 'em with the same Complai-  
 M lance

sance that I have for yee. Methinks my  
 Fortune is chang'd, and I begin to be  
 more Happy. Can I doubt it, seeing I  
 shall enjoy your Company, and that it  
 will be permitted me at my Return, to  
 require from you an Account of the  
 time that you have spent far distant from  
 me, and give the same Account my self,  
 how I have pass'd those Hours that I have  
 liv'd an Exile from your Company; if  
 we may be said to pass our time; since,  
 to be parted from the Thing we Love,  
 is not to Live. And truly, methinks  
 we preserve our Sensibility, only to feel  
 the Pains of Absence. Remember that  
 Pleasures are not lawful for those that are  
 absent from what they Love. You have  
 more need of this Lesson than I; as well  
 for the difference between our manner of  
 loving, as for the difference between the  
 Places where we reside. However, I give  
 yee leave to Admire the Princess of—  
 Believe her also the most lovely Person  
 in the World; I agree to it; but Love  
 me only, and think me more Faithful.  
 I am not jealous of the Advantages that  
 she has over me; or, if I wish'd the like,  
 it should be only that I might be still more  
 worthy of your self. For, in regard  
 that you both understand the value of a  
 faith-

faithful and tender Heart, there is nothing more necessary for me, that I may have wherewithal to awake your Esteem.

# LETTER XXXVIII.

OH! what a Desire have I to recant the loud Encomiums I have given to violent Passions! How painful do I find 'em at this present! Nothing can equal my restless Vexation at the long silence of your Friend. How cruel is he to expose me to such a tedious Grief. I am afraid, lest you should be fallen Sick, and that being unwilling that the unwelcome News should reach my Ears, you rather choose to forbear writing altogether. I am likewise afraid lest my Letters should not be come to your Hands, by which unlucky Accident I may be expos'd to new Misfortunes. Must I be still in Fears, after all those Terrors I have undergone? And, at a time when I thought my self exempt from danger, must I be the sport of more impending Tempests? How strangely for your sake am I disturb'd! Under a thousand Shapes you every Night affright me, till I am all congeal'd with Fear. I think upon yee all Day long; but all my Think-

ing brings me not a syllable of Tydings from yee. Nor can I imagine any secure and speedy means, to obtain what I so ardently desire. We are at the two opposite Ends of the World; and I am apt to believe, that my Confident and your Friend, are at the other. For I hear not a Tittle from either; and yet I have wrote to 'em how terribly it perplexes me. What would I give to know, what you are now a doing?

### L E T T E R   X X X I X .

**I**F there be any Charms in Myſtery, no doubt, they were intended for a Perſon that Loves with as much Delicacy as I do. And, who of all the Pleaſures of Tenderneſs, knows only thoſe which the ſight of the Perſon belov'd inſuſes into her. You have no Reaſon to queſtion, but that your Company is extreamly dear to me. But, Sir, if I delight in your Preſence, I cannot ſee yee, without making doleful Reflexions, nor without thinking upon thoſe inſurmountable Obſtructions that ſeparate us for ever. At that time it is, when every thing that contributed to my Content, ſerves only to renew my Pain, and that the Charms

of a young Gentleman, whom I Esteem,  
 cause me the more Sensibly to feel the  
 smart of being separated from him.  
 How dearly does Reason make me pay  
 for those few Favours that support my  
 Constancy. I never see yee, but my  
 Wounds become more Sensitive and more  
 Grievous. Your Presence indeed sus-  
 pends my Disquiet, and while I see yee,  
 I am too much taken with the Pleasure of  
 your Company to think of any thing else.  
 But when you dis-appear from my Sight,  
 a Thousand mournful Reflexions assail me,  
 and by the Tortures they inflict upon me,  
 glut the Revenge of those that oppose  
 our Nuptials. How lovely were you  
 Yesterday! or, to speak more truly, how  
 lovely are you always! Never did Wo-  
 man-kind e'er Love so tenderly, as I  
 Love you. You deceive your self when  
 you believe the pleasing Opinion of be-  
 ing belov'd by you, has added any thing  
 to my Affection; for I have always lov'd  
 yee with the same Violence of Inclina-  
 tion. And, the only Difference that  
 your Love has created in me is this, that  
 I no longer withstand the Sentiments that  
 I have for yee. I find 'em so Just, that  
 nothing can unloose my Heart from an  
 Object that I think worthy of it. But  
 M 3                      tho'

tho' I judge so favourably of my Heart, I make not the same judgment of my Person. The Portraiture of *Dona Elvira*, appear'd so lovely to me Yesterday, that I dare not pretend that any Person, accusom'd to so many Charms, should have any Curiosity for me. I must acknowledge, that you have sustain'd an infinite Loss, and that you cannot lament too much a Woman so worthy of your Tenderest Endearments. I am so sensible of her unhappy Fate, and I Love yee with such an extraordinary Niceness, that I should be ready to surrender my own Life, if my Death could restore her to the World again. Preserve a tender Remembrance of her; I shall never be against it. And, If I were at Liberty to act according to my own Sentiments, you should see me pay so much Devotion to what remains of her behind, and be so indulgently careful of it, as should sufficiently demonstrate the Generosity and Goodness of my Heart. It is divided between Hope and Fear; nor can I believe but that our Fortune will change: For my part, I will not despair of it.

LETTER



## L E T T E R X L.

**T**Here is not one single Thought I think that I can any longer conceal from yee ; and, I must confess, I begin to believe that you Love me. Perhaps I may delude my self ; but if it be so, you must be a notable Deceiver. You write and tell it me in such a manner, as to persuade the most Incredulous : And, it is to me, the most delightful of all Pleasures, to believe my self assur'd, past any farther doubt, that you are really overcome by the Esteem that I have for yee. 'Tis such a one as merits to infuse another equal to it ; it is even and constant. Be then secure, that if my Friendship be a Happiness that you prize, 'tis a Blessing that you can never loose. And, if it were true, that 'twere as Essential to your Happiness, as it is certain that mine depends upon my being belov'd by you, assuredly, you will be the most happy Person in the World. But, why should I not Flatter my self, that my Heart is necessary to your Felicity ? Is there not a very great Probability, that a Man, accusom'd to be tenderly belov'd, should understand the full value

of a faithful Heart ? My Friendship might equally suffice both the Tenderness and the Vanity of your Soul. You are All in All to me : For your Sake I abandon the World, and the Delights of it ; and still, methinks , I never do enough, to prove my Esteem to be such as really it is. Woe is me ? how little a Woman is satisfy'd with her self when she really Loves , and when her Sentiments and *Idea's* are above her Actions ! There is not a Word I speak to yee, that contents me. My Letters , which you have sufficiently applauded, to convince me that they deserve to be approv'd, to me seem altogether unworthy of your Approbation. I never express effectually enough to my own Liking, how much my Tenderness for you, is superior to all the Sentiments of other Women ; neither do I say any thing that fully satisfies my Curiosity. But, alas ! will Fortune never cease to thwart us ? I dare not hope it. That fickle Deity must cease to be, before she can forbear to persecute us both alike. However , let us not despond : She cannot always prove so rigorously False : It is impossible, but that she must become more Favourable to us one Day. I know not what Effects the Devotions

Devotions of my Confident, for so many Days together, will produce : But we must let 'em all be over first, before we can resolve that Question. I thought it cunningly done, not to give her Money the Evening before a Confession, which might entice her against us, the more easily, when she had the Money beforehand, in her Pocket : I keep it to pervert the Fidelity which she has promis'd her Director.

## LETTER XLII.

Certainly, it is not prudence in me, to discover so much Tenderness to yee. But I could not conceal it from yee; however, make me some Acknowledgment for it. I shall not prescribe yee what to do, but leave it to your self. 'Tis when you have this Liberty that you supply me with Arms to Combat the violence of my Inclination for yee. If I would cure my self, I need no more then allow yee your Freedom, and you, I'm certain of it, will furnish me with Remedies.

M. S.

LET-

## LETTER XLII.

**I** Leave nothing omitted to alter the present Disposition of my Heart, in reference to your self. I have read your this Day's Letter several times, at a time that mollify'd my Humour, and put me into a favourable Sedateness of Mind: I read it under a Bower of Honey-suckles. I was desirous to make use of it against my own Sentiments, and to give it Strength to Triumph over my Despite and my Suspicions. But it could not get the Victory, 'twas more then it was able to perform. This Letter is stuff'd with a Thousand Follies that have an Aire of Tenderneſs. Nevertheless, I cannot give 'em Credit, to the Prejudice of my daily Experienc, that you Love me not so much as you believe your self belov'd. I cannot comply with Sentiments of this Nature, and I must acknowledge, that I shall never be reconcil'd to 'em. The Custom of the World has taught me the value of a faithful Heart, and has infus'd a Haughtineſs into me, which perswades me that I am worthy the Affection of an honest Man. I know not whither I am deceiv'd or no; but

but in every Respect, I find there are People that partake of my Error. For your part, it seems as if you only came into the World to mortifie my Self-love. It has been my shame to Love you first of all, to tell ye so, and 'tis no less my Disgrace, that I am not so well belov'd as I ought to be. You cannot imagine how much I am humbl'd by what my Tenderness has caus'd me to do for your sake. My perseverance, within this little while, seems inexcusable; I treat my self with a Severity that ruins me; my Company is become almost as formidable as my Mothers; I am altogether afraid of Solitude, and I go as seldom as I can to the Island of Love. As for this place, I have no Reason to fear my having Freedom enough here to muse: I watch my self so narrowly, and am so taken up with the Care of pleasing others, that I have hardly time to sleep. This befell me by a Lucky Chance, that re-call'd my Mother to *Grenada*, at the same time that my Father, being indispos'd, was forc'd to keep his Chamber; so that I had the Liberty to walk alone and read your Letter. I receiv'd it here; and, indeed, your Confidants are not a little Guilty of your want of Vivacity. For, they keep your  
Letters

Letters sometimes two Days together, after the Arrival of the Post. I forgot to give yee Notice of it; and it behoves me to wish you would forget to Reform; and the rather, that I may be abandon'd to my Despite. For it is a kind of Happiness to have a just and real Cause to Complain of a Man, with whom a Woman is dissatisfy'd; and, on the other side, 'tis an insupportable Torment, to want Resolution to abandon an Ungrateful Person. I have, for some time suffer'd Miseries, so much the more grievous, by how much the more I endeavour'd to conceal 'em, out of a meer motive of Caution, and Respect for you. I have not made yee acquainted with 'em hitherto, restrain'd by an Effect of Self-love, but I do not hide 'em from *Dona Pepa*. I have appear'd to her, somewhat more cool then usual in your Concern, tho' I never told her the Reason. For these Fifteen Days past, that I forbore to write to yee, I began above Ten Letters without any Aggravations. The Desire of concealing my Sentiments, and the Difficulty of doing it, render'd the Letter so difficult, that in all this time I could finish no more then this. And the Style of this too, appears to me to be so odd and

extra-

extravagant, that I expect it should be the Occasion of another Quarrel between us.

# LETTER XLIII.

I Know that my Friend Loves yee; that she has also a Tenderneſs for me, and a quick Underſtanding. I have been to Viſit her, and contrary to the Reſolution I had taken to conceal my Sentiments from her, I have enfolded 'em to her, and conjur'd her to Compaſſionate my Sufferings. I ſtay'd all the Afternoon with her, and I expected to have been ſeverely chid, but ſhe has infus'd a Courage into me, to ſupport all my Miſfortunes, by telling me you Love me. I can never be miſerable ſo long as I am be- lov'd by you, and convinc'd of the Truth of it. That which I endure, when I think I have Reaſon to doubt of your Heart, gives me a ſufficient Knowledge of it: But I am now a little more at Eaſe. If you enjoy not all my former Tender- nels, at leaſt I am willing to reſtore it yee again. I combat the Remainder of my Deſpite with the Remembrance of the many Oaths you have ſworn, the many Vows and Proteſtations you have made me. And I ſhall be as much oblig'd to it

as you, if it compleats the atoning of  
of my Anger. For, in truth, I ne'er  
was born to maunder at yee : For I op-  
pose my Stars when I do it. But have a  
care, that I may not think my self ob-  
lig'd to that Extremity. If you Love me  
so sincerely, as my Friend would per-  
suade me, make it appear, that I may  
also be convinc'd of it. Above all things,  
remember that I am to see yee again  
within a Month at farthest, that you have  
given me your Word, and that to fail of  
it, in reference to me, would be a Crime  
unpardonable. While my Mind was dis-  
turb'd, I was Fifteen Days enditing  
one Letter ; for I had nothing to say to  
yee. Since I saw my Friend, I have so  
great a Number of Things to write to yee,  
that a large Folio will hardly contain 'em.  
Good Night, Sir ; we must be play-  
ing the Fool, when we are in Love.

#### L E T T E R XLIV.

**H**OW scurvily do I thank my self for  
changing so quickly from Anger  
to Forgiveness. You have done nothing  
to appease me ; you have not so much as  
receiv'd my Letters ; and yet I Love yee  
more Tenderly then I have done any  
time



time this Six Months. You have a Faction in my Heart that always Triumphs, and which wins the Victory, without ever striking a stroke. However, I am not troubl'd that my extream Feebleness gives yee this Advantage, provided you make not an ill Use of it. Lord! I am so Melancholly to Day, that I can set my self to nothing.

# LETTER XLV.

IF you had a Thousand Things to write to me since *Thursday*, what a world would I have said to yee more, could I but have had the Pleasure of conversing freely with yee at the Marchioness's, as well as seeing yee! What was it, that Love did not make me sensible of, during those few Minutes that we were together at *Moke-lin*. Oh! the Pleasures that I tasted are too great to be exprest. They are only to be reach'd by the Imagination that far surpasses all the most beautiful Representations of Eloquence. Let us only talk of those which we were blest withal on *Thursday*. What a Chearfulness enliven'd my Heart, what a Sparkling in my Eyes! How active were my looks and glances to furnish the Ladies, that made me their discourse

discourse, with critical Observations! But how far was I from thinking on such trivial Things! 'Twas much I did not altogether forget the Company, and that I did not break out into a too open and extravagant Display of my Affection for yee; which made me strive, as much as in me lay, to keep within the Bounds of Prudence. But I must confess, that all my Endeavours would have but very little avail'd had not your Reserv'dness, and continual minding other Things, preserv'd me from the Danger. Never speak any more against my Briskness, since it agrees with a violent Kindness. Among a Thousand Follies that I utter'd, 'twas perceiv'd, that I had a world of Conceits that I never utter'd. But as for your part, you mind nothing but your present Pastime, and never think of me at all. You slipp'd from me more then once, while I was talking to yee, when you might well be assur'd, that I spake nothing but what contain'd some secret Application to your self. Ah! let me tell yee, I am not satisfy'd with your Behaviour. You are neither sufficiently Nice, nor sufficiently Modest. Were it to be suspected that you are in Love with me, what is the meaning of the Song you sung?

I con-

I conjure yee to be more mindful of what concerns our Love, if you have any value for it. Manage the Secret with all the care imaginable. Our Correspondence will continue so long as it is kept conceal'd. But so soon as it shall be nois'd abroad in the World, you will lose me, and lose me past Recovery. But woe is me! why do I make these Complaints? Your Passion for me will be always unknown; if only your Sedulities and eager Pursuits of my Affection can discover it; for they are very Moderate. You never minded what I said, that I intended to be at Donna Juana's on *Friday*; where I was, and waited, God knows, in vain for you. Once more I am not satisfy'd with your Behaviour. I return'd from the *Promenade*; whither I went with that Emotion that put our Spirits in a kind of tingling Rapture, when we think to meet the Person that we Love; but you ne'er appear'd. Oh! how little do you know me, if you thought me too much engag'd to observe your too much dis-respective Conduct. If I never requir'd any thing at your Hands, the Reason is, because you never were my Lover, tho' I were your Mistress. But now, that you would fain persuade me that you Love me, and that

I may

whom she loves, should so studiously seek out which way to stifle the slender remainder of Acknowledgment which he had for her ? You will prove but too successfull in your Attempt. You have already gone a great way in laying your Design. They that continually struggle with an unfortunate Passion, may easily overcome it. But go on, and perfect your Work ; and forget me so absolutely, that there may remain no *Idea* of me in your Thoughts. How amiable soever they may be that please ye, I am perswaded you cannot but without trouble of Spirit call to mind in their Company those few Moments triss'd away in the *Alhambra*, and at *Zacarin*, which in the midst of a Thousand Fears had those Charms that are not discern'd in a Conversation free and undisturb'd. The dolefull Meetings at the Fortress, and in the Palace ; those Meetings, I say, which notwithstanding the Melancholly that attended 'em, had yet their extraordinary Allays of pleasing Content, cannot return to your Memory without upbraiding your Inconstancy. However, never think, that it is because I would deliver ye from the Repentance that accompanies an Error which is apparent to me, that I would have ye for-

get

get me ; 'tis that I my self may avoid the  
 most grievous of Adversities, which is to  
 be the Subject of scornfull Discourse, and  
 a Sacrifice to please a new Mistress. If  
 my Prayers are heard, you will forget my  
 very Name, and you will abandon me for  
 ever to all the Severity of my Fate. Suf-  
 fer me to spend the Remainder of my  
 Life in a profound Solitude, where I may  
 have only the Consolation to consider that  
 you know full well, that 'tis for your sake  
 that I renounce the rest of the World ;  
 that you are the only Person my Soul pas-  
 sionately affects ; and that all the World is  
 lost to me when you are lost. For in the  
 mind you are to blot me out of your Re-  
 membrance , you will never so much as  
 enquire after me. You will be afraid to be  
 inform'd of my Actions , and my very  
 Name will be troublesome to your Ears.  
 You write me word , that if I lov'd ye  
 still, I would find a way to meet ye, not-  
 withstanding my Confinement. But if  
 you had a real Kindness for me , would  
 not your ingenious Affection have taught  
 ye some Contrivance to have appear'd  
 where I might have seen ye ? Oh ! I am  
 constrain'd to tell ye more then I would  
 say. How difficult a thing is it for a Wo-  
 man to disguise her Heart from him she  
 loves

I may believe it without Vanity, I expect from yee all that a young Virgin is privileged to exact from a Person by whom she is so dearly beloved. I would have yee most earnestly diligent to find me out and see me, and to suffer the prudence of your Conduct, and the management of my Parents Jealousie, to be indebted only to my Will. I cannot write any longer, without usurping too much upon my Sleep; and I am willing to reserve my self against to morrow, in Hopes to see you.

## L E T T E R XLVI.

**I** Always thought it in our Power to surcease loving a Friend, when once suspected of being guilty of Change. But had it not been for the President with which you furnish me, I could ne'er have thought it possible we could forsake a Person that suffers only for the love of us. The more grievous our Misfortunes are, the more we are engag'd in acknowledgment to those that endure 'em: but 'tis the most cruel effect of my Misfortune to lose your Heart by the same ways that ought to secure it to me. Good Gods! is it possible that I should suffer so many Torments

for

for a Lover so unjust. How sad and dis-  
 consolate is my Fate ! I have lost all to  
 preserve your Heart, but I must lose it,  
 because it becomes ingratefull. How se-  
 verely have I been dealt with by my Pa-  
 rents ! I spar'd the full Relation of it, for  
 fear of afflicting that Tenderneſs which  
 I thought you had for me. But since I  
 find I am not in your Thoughts, (for I  
 no longer doubt it now) I will ſet forth,  
 if I am able, the Horrour which a Wo-  
 man of Gayety imagines to her ſelf, from  
 an Aſſembly of her neareſt Relations, met  
 on purpoſe, as ſhe is aſſur'd, to cloyſter  
 her up in Confinement. I ſaw that Bro-  
 ther whom I ſo much deſpis'd, in the ſame  
 Trouble wherein I was, and taſting at lei-  
 ſure the Pleaſure of Revenge. My Fa-  
 ther puſhes on his Tranſports to the ut-  
 moſt Extremity, and my Mother forſakes  
 me ; they have tak'n from me my Women,  
 for whom I had the greateſt Kindneſs,  
 and all manner of Liberty. Are theſe to  
 be accounted ſlight Miſfortunes ? Inhu-  
 mane Cruelty ! and when a Friend ſuffers  
 ſo many Miſeries without murmuring, or  
 loving e'er a whit the leſs the Perſon upon  
 whom ſhe has reaſon to look as the only  
 cauſe of her Unhappineſs, do's ſhe de-  
 ſerve to be forgot ; or that the Perſon  
 whom



whom she loves, should so studiously seek out which way to stifle the slender remainder of Acknowledgment which he had for her ? You will prove but too successfull in your Attempt. You have already gone a great way in laying your Design. They that continually struggle with an unfortunate Passion, may easily overcome it. But go on, and perfect your Work ; and forget me so absolutely, that there may remain no *Idea* of me in your Thoughts. How amiable soever they may be that please ye, I am persuaded you cannot but without trouble of Spirit call to mind in their Company those few Moments trifl'd away in the *Alhambra*, and at *Zacarin*, which in the midst of a Thousand Fears had those Charms that are not discern'd in a Conversation free and undisturb'd. The dolefull Meetings at the Fortress, and in the Palace ; those Meetings, I say, which notwithstanding the Melancholly that attended 'em, had yet their extraordinary Allays of pleasing Content, cannot return to your Memory without upbraiding your Inconstancy. However, never think, that it is because I would deliver ye from the Repentance that accompanies an Error which is apparent to me, that I would have ye for-

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 most grievous of Adversities, which is to  
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 a Sacrifice to please a new Mistress. If  
 my Prayers are heard, you will forget my  
 very Name, and you will abandon me for  
 ever to all the Severity of my Fate. Suf-  
 fer me to spend the Remainder of my  
 Life in a profound Solitude, where I may  
 have only the Consolation to consider that  
 you know full well, that 'tis for your sake  
 that I renounce the rest of the World ;  
 that you are the only Person my Soul pas-  
 sionately affects ; and that all the World is  
 lost to me when you are lost. For in the  
 mind you are to blot me out of your Re-  
 membrance, you will never so much as  
 enquire after me. You will be afraid to be  
 inform'd of my Actions, and my very  
 Name will be troublesome to your Ears.  
 You write me word, that if I lov'd ye  
 still, I would find a way to meet ye, not-  
 withstanding my Confinement. But if  
 you had a real Kindness for me, would  
 not your ingenious Affection have taught  
 ye some Contrivance to have appear'd  
 where I might have seen ye ? Oh ! I am  
 constrain'd to tell ye more then I would  
 say. How difficult a thing is it for a Wo-  
 man to disguise her Heart from him she  
 loves

loves ! and how passionately do I love you, notwithstanding your Ingratitude.

## L E T T E R XLVII.

**A**T length I have heard from ye ; but Good God ! what sorrowful Tidings do I hear ! You are very ill ; and I am so very far remote from yee , that there may a thousand fatal Accidents befall ye, and I never the wiser, nor you be able to observe the violence of my Pain. It surpasses all Expression, Sir ; this last Adventure triumphs over all my Patience ; I am not Proof against so sensible a Misfortune. All the Calamities I have undergone are inconsiderable to this, that is to say, to know that the Person whom I love so tenderly is in imminent Danger. Yes, you are worse then *Dona Pepa* writes me word. She was willing to spare me : But she has said enough to put me into the most cruel Frights that ever terrify'd a Female Breast. Fits once in Four and twenty hours are Mischiefs difficult to be withstood. Alas ! how much Reason have I to be afraid ! But, Sir, consider in the midst of your Affliction, how deeply I am concern'd ; and let your Assurance that I partake of your Grievance, and  
that

love  
ue. that I love yee , serve to render your Life  
more precious, and make ye more careful  
to preserve it.

## L E T T E R XLVIII.

I Am over-joy'd that you believe me  
worth the Visiting, and that the more  
you see me, the more I inspire yee with  
that Desire ; and I dare say, it would be  
still more fervent, could we but have the  
Happiness more frequently to see each  
other. You are not acquainted, either with  
my Disposition, or my Conditions. 'Tis  
true, that I owe yee whatever either the  
one and the other has of Merit. I am sen-  
sible of it every Day, both by my own Judg-  
ment, and by the Esteem of my Friends.  
I hope so well to imitate whatever is Ex-  
traordinary in your Letters, and in your  
Conversation, that I shall one Day ap-  
prove my self worthy to please yee, and  
perhaps I may become an Honour to  
your peculiar Love.

## L E T T E R XLIX.

TO shew yee, that my Courage is not  
a meer Rhodomontade, if you please  
I will see ye to morrow. But you must  
contrive

contrive a way to slip into honest *Pepa's*, so as to deceive the Vigilancy of my Jealous *Argus's*. You must also manage your self with infinite Prudence for a good while, and omit nothing to disabuse 'em, or, to speak more properly, to delude 'em as much as possibly you can. It behoves us to obtain our Happiness at any Price. What a Felicity will it be to see our selves at Liberty, after so many Frights and Fears! If I may believe your Looks Yesterday, you are no less impatient to see what will become of us, link'd, as we are, in an eternal Bond of Amity. I was infinitely satisfy'd with your Behaviour, and your Discretion, in getting away, so speedily, from your Friend. They must have cost yee very dear; for I am sensible, I should have had a world of trouble to quit the former. I make no question but the sight of Don *Gaspar* rais'd a kind of Commotion in your Breast. My Trouble was extream; and I was afraid of what might have befallen me, by Reason of such an unlucky Accident. But that same Sentiment of mine, soon gave way to another more noble. I look'd upon him as your Rival and your Enemy: And under both these Characters, he appear'd to be the most odious of all Mankind.

I know

I know not which is most predominant in me, the Extremity of my Hatred of Him, or of my Tenderneſs for You. But my Mother has ſent for me, and without queſtion 'tis to reſume the Diſcourſe, which was interrupted this Morning. I am going to her, with a Deſign to do Wonders.

*A Continuation of the ſame Letter.*

I am return'd from a deal of Chat, like a World of other Stories of which I have inform'd yee. 'Tis known that I have ſeen ye, and in regard 'tis alſo known that Don Gaſpar was there, 'tis he without doubt that blabb'd it. I defended my ſelf reſolutely, and without any thing of Bitterneſs. I gave 'em ſuch good Reaſons, that they were almoſt aſham'd that they had carry'd their Suſpicions and their Transports ſo high. They would have laid an Injunction upon me never to ſtir out. I beſought 'em not to uſe me ſo ſeverely. I told 'em it was now high time for me to appear in the World, obſerving a regular and even Conduct ; that they ſhould always find mine to be ſuch ; and that it was not to be imagin'd, that becauſe I had a deſire to marry according to my own Inclination, I ſhould be a Priſoner all

N

the

the days of my Life : That it was a sufficient Expiation of that weakness in me, that I restrain'd my self the same Liberty, and the same Pleasures that other Virgins of my Age were not afraid or scrupulous to take : That I thought it a great Point of Self-denial, that I never went to Comedies, nor to the Spring-Gardens of *Albarkim*, and so rarely to the Palace and the Governante's, that I might hardly be said to go at all. Thus I argu'd without any Heat; for I had fix'd my Resolution before. And I am resolv'd, to carry my self so dextrously, that they may have nothing to lay fresh to my Charge, and so as to prepossess the World to my Advantages. As to what remains, I Love yce, Sir, and shall love yce eternally with that Fidelity, that nothing shall separate me from yce. These new Persecutions which they cause me to suffer, seem to add new Strength to my Esteem. Great Passions are attended with a nobleness and magnanimity, that makes 'em look upon all Difficulties and Obstacles, as Opportunities to acquire Honour, and redouble the Esteem of those that are belov'd. Thus Sir, I have given yce an Account, with what Sentiments I waited upon my Father, very  
little

little concern'd with what my Relations  
either thought or said. They have worn  
out my Affection for them, and I am  
sensible of no Love but for your self.

## L E T T E R L.

**N**otwithstanding your Injustice and  
the Wrongs you have done me, I  
cannot refuse my self the Consolation of  
telling you what I think. Tenderneſs and  
Despice predominate by turns in my  
Heart, and vex it with ſuch violent Agi-  
tations, that I can no longer withſtand  
them. 'Tis as much as my Life is worth,  
if they laſt Four and twenty Hours. I  
am overwhelm'd, nor is it poſſible my  
Body ſhould any longer reſiſt the Con-  
vulſions of my Mind. I wiſh to God  
this Night may conduct me to the Shades  
of Death ; or, at leaſt, that I may be  
able to endure my Torments, without  
complaining and without diſcovering  
them to you. 'Tis the Accompliſhment  
of my Miſfortunes, to know the little  
Power I have over my Heart. But con-  
ſider, ungrateful Man, that 'tis of you I  
ſpeak, to the end I may never ſpeak of  
you more as long as I live ; that this is to  
be the laſt Letter you will receive from  
me, and that I am going to bury in  
N 2 eternal

eternal Silence my Tenderness and my Grief.

# LETTER LI.

*Written by break of Day.*

**T**HE Hour of the Day sufficiently demonstrates, that they who are in Love, never sleep in quietness. I could no longer rest in my Bed ; I left it, to stand and muse at my Window , and so many beautiful Objects, as I there beheld, augmented my Melancholy and my Tenderness: And I could not refrain from writing to yee, at a time, when of all things that breathe, the Birds and Lovers are the only Creatures that never taste the Sweets of Sleep ; both the one and the other are awaken'd by Love. But with what a vast Difference do we partake the Pains of it ! All that can torment a Heart, are felt by mine. I cannot refrain from Loving yee, unless I cease to Live ; yet I consume my Days without your Company. What a Torture is this ! Nothing could equal the Disturbances which your Sickness has caus'd within me: nothing could depaint it forth, no more then the excess of my Joy to hear of your Recovery. But there is a necessity of seeing you, to compleat that Joy ; and

to



So hear you tell me, you were more sensible of my Absence, then of your Distemper, that so I may be able to forget what your Sickness has caus'd me to endure. My Vexations have been so much the more sharp and terrible, by Reason I am enforc'd to restrain and confine 'em within my own Brest. I am here constrain'd to be Complaisant, and sometimes in a merry Humour. But while I seek to divertise others, and that they Flatter me with being acceptable Company, I torment my self beyond Expression, and wholly possess'd by my Sorrows, I abhor all the Delights, with which the rest of the Society are pleas'd. Sometimes, assail'd by my Misfortunes, I endeavour'd to repell 'em. And more then once I have essay'd I must Confess, by means of the present Objects, to wear out the Impression which you have printed on my Mind. The small Hope of ever being Happy in that Friendship I have for yee, and the terrible Misfortunes, to which I am every Day expos'd by the severity and vigilance of my Parents, have tempted me to put yee quite out of my Thoughts. But all these Reflexions prove Fruitless; and the most violent Diversions, leave an empty space in my

Heart, which only you can supply. I find none but you that Merits my Esteem and Tenderneſs. You ſo entirely poſſeſs me, that I can hardly taſte the Sweets of Friendſhip; in regard, you appear to me, to be the only Perſon worthy to be my Friend as well as Husband. As for the Friendſhip of Women, you well know what an Opinion I have of it; and having ſo much Reaſon to ſuſpect the Failing of my Female Friend, as I took her to be, I ſhall never engage in a ſtrict Tye of Friendſhip with any other. What would I give to be here, while the Court reſides in this Country! I ſpent the whole Day Yeſterday, where it is to remain. I ſaw all the Places which you will ſee, and envy their Happineſs. I would purchaſe that Place where I might be ſeen by you, at the price of all that is moſt dear to me in the World. But the Morning advances apace, and the heat of the Sun drives me from my Window, where I am writing theſe Lines. However, before I go to Bed again, I will give you a Proſpect of my Chamber. It looks out upon a large Garden ſurrounded with Terras'd Walks, having on the right Hand, a Grove of Orange-Trees, and on the other, a gloomy Thicket, extremely

streamly Delightful for the shady Covert  
 of the spreading Boughs. The *Genil* runs  
 at the bottom of the Terras, clearer then  
 in any other part. A stately House seat-  
 ed on the other side of the River, serves  
 for a piece of Perspective to this. On  
 the one side, you behold a spacious City,  
 on the other a Royal Palace, and in se-  
 veral Parts such pleasant Hillocks, that  
 the *Elysian* Fields could never be more  
 Charming. A Thousand Boats and small  
 Vesse's, obedient to the Stream, amuse  
 the Eyes, and at the very instant of my  
 writing, the early Sun-Beams afford  
 still new Charms to so many admirable  
 Objects. At this very moment I behold  
 one of the most beautiful Pittances of the  
 Universe. But, alas! I do not see you  
 there: And then, what Pleasure can all  
 these Varieties afford me? Rather they  
 call back my wandering Sorrows, while  
 the Prospect of so many Places, so pro-  
 per for such tender Conversations as ours,  
 makes me more sensible of the hard Fate  
 that separates us. But I must not Com-  
 plain so soon, considering what I have so  
 lately avoided. The Thoughts of having  
 escap'd an eternal Separation, asswages  
 my Pains; for mine is almost at an end.  
 I am returning to *Grenada*. Adieu, Sir;

for I once more find yee Tender and Faithful.

## LETTER LII

**Y**OU'RE an ungrateful Man: I never Lov'd yee so Tenderly as now I do; and if my Affection be less for you, 'tis because you have no more Kindness for me. What a Pleasure 'tis to me, to hear you make the same Complaints which I did formerly! How sweet is this Revenge to my Heart! Ah! how extream soever your Tenderness may be for me, yet will you still be behind-hand with me; since the Friendship I have for yee, prevails above that Haughtiness and Disdain which is more natural to Women than to Men. Nevertheless, you are still as Proud as ever; and notwithstanding the Violence of a Passion, which you would make me believe to be extream, yet nothing escapes yee, that may create a Suspicion in your Friend, that you are less belov'd. Is he so Happy as to Love such a Maiden as I, with so much Delicacy, as never to be satisfy'd with the Sentiments of her Heart? Wherefore is it, since you are not so fully pleas'd with mine, that you never disclose your Dissatisfaction

and Satisfaction to my Friend? Your Tran-  
 quility of Mind offends me: I have  
 display'd to her how hainously I take your  
 Absence, and your Obstinacy, to tarry  
 with the King, till the very last moment  
 of his Return. Do you think I can be  
 Contented with the small Power that I  
 have? As for your part, you have Rea-  
 son to believe, that I will ever require  
 yee to renounce your Duty. You well  
 know how many Pleasures I have Sacri-  
 fic'd to the Performance of it, without  
 Complaining. But, in truth, we have  
 not always the same Reason about us.  
 There are certain Minutes when Friend-  
 ship is too predominant over Sense and  
 Judgment. I would fain, that your a-  
 bandoning your self to my Desires, might  
 prove an Argument to inflame your Duty,  
 and press yee to be more earnest to give  
 your Attendance at Court.

### L E T T E R L I I I .

WE shall see whether you will be as good  
 as your Word; and whither you will  
 not depart from hence, without my leave.  
 I assure yee, I will grant it sooner then  
 you imagine. My Relations put me to a  
 great Strait; and require from me that  
 N 5 Care,

Care, that I shall never be able to take, when I know you are at *Grenada*. And thus you see me in the most ticklish Minutes of my Life. But I look upon the Restraint, that it will cost me, without Trouble, as being the only means that will facilitate the way to our Nuptials. I was Yesterday, all the Afternoon, with *Dona Pepa*, and she encourages me wonderfully, and promises me, in a little time, the Happiness of your Company, without such a deal of Caution. To bring it to pass, there is nothing which I will not undertake on my part: And, in regard I can never succeed, but by carrying myself with all Severity and Exactness, I will be sure to do all that can be done: For in short, Sir, 'tis time that our Sufferings were at an end, and that our Pains, should at length, be Recompenc'd by a merited Retaliation of Delights. My Friend has assur'd me, that I might see you at her House, provided it be with great precaution on both sides; we cannot enjoy a greater Consolation, and less Dangerous: And, 'tis my Opinion, that we should accept of this Offer for *Monday*, and that you give her a Visit upon *Sunday*, to desire of her, as a Favour, what she has already granted me. You will find this

Letter

Letter very full of Business; and there is  
 good Reason for it ; in regard it is impos-  
 sible to have Business of so great Impor-  
 tance, and not to consult about it.

## LETTER LIV.

I Am Troubl'd above measure, to think  
 what will become of that same terrible  
 Indignation, which you have conceiv'd  
 against me. However, I rely upon your  
 second Thoughts. Doubtless, you will  
 find, when you come to consider seriously,  
 that my Behaviour has not been so much  
 blame-worthy, as it seem'd to ye at first.  
 I hope you will write to me, and that  
 you will not chide me any more. Ne-  
 vertheless, I am also no less afraid, least  
 your Anger should continue, and that the  
 Approbation of it, by your Friend and  
 mine, has confirm'd you in it. But cer-  
 tainly, 'twould be my self, that would  
 have much more Reason to let loose my  
 Passion, should yee long cherish your  
 Disgust, and not send to me any more  
 as you threaten me. But your Senti-  
 ments are endu'd with too nice an  
 Affection for me to forsake ye ; because,  
 that for some time, I have pre-  
 ferr'd my Duty before the Pleasure of  
 your

your Company, which is the only Pleasure of my Life. Believe me, I understand it much better then you do. Nor is the Necessity of my Duty so opposite as you imagine to the Interest of our Love: And my being Sacrific'd at this time, will repay us, with double Use, the Pleasures which it now deprives us of. You threaten me, that I shall be always a Prisoner ; but you deceive your self: And I repeat once more, what I have already signify'd in my Last, I must confine my self a while, to please my Mother, and after that, I shall be out of her Managment. And I am so convinc'd of this, that nothing can alter my Resolution, not to hazard any thing till that time, when you shall see me both combat and vanquish my own Desires, and resist Love for Love's Sake. It has been our Impatience that has reduc'd us to the Necessity of so long a Remedy. My Father's Jealousies had never time to waste themselves : And, had we not been unhappy , we should ne'er have been able to have made our Misfortunes beneficial to us for the Future. 'Tis time to amend our Errors, and to put our Selves in a Condition to unite our Destinies for ever.

LETTER



## L E T T E R   L V.

**YOU** intended well, no doubt, but  
 the Counsel which you gave me,  
 to restrain my Grief, has not succeeded.  
 All my Endeavours to conceal it, have  
 only serv'd to render it more Violent. It  
 made so strong' an Impression in my  
 Heart, that for Eight and forty Hours,  
 no body hardly knew it, and all that I  
 admitted into my Chamber were surpriz'd  
 to see me. My Parents are more in-  
 cens'd against me then ever : They are  
 persuaded I am in Love, and that you  
 are the Object of my Passion ; and the  
 ill Success of their Persecutions has so ex-  
 asperated their Minds, that I have Reason  
 to be afraid of their more violent Trans-  
 ports. But I have so well dis-entangl'd  
 my self from their Disgust of my Devo-  
 tion for you, that they cannot forbear to  
 Respect the Constancy of my Senti-  
 ments ; and, for a while, both my Fa-  
 ther and Mother treated me with much  
 more kindness and moderation, then they  
 had done in a long time before. And  
 thus, that which was my Crime, be-  
 comes my Consolation ; since, while I  
 understand, that 'tis my Tenderness for  
 you,

you, which occasions all the Misfortunes of my Life, I also find, that so noble a Friendship, enforces them themselves that Persecute me, to have a Value for me. How strongly does this Experience confirm me in the Opinion I always had, ever since I had a Kindness for yee, that nothing more excuses a Virgin's Love, then Loving to excess; and, that then her Love appears to be excessive, even in the Judgment of the most Austere, when she is not observ'd by any Action of hers, to derogate from a real Esteem. Mine, for you, believe me, Sir, is arriv'd to the highest Degree: Nor is it possible to Love a Man more tenderly then I Love you; nor to be more unfortunate then I am. And now assure yourself, that I shall never Pardon your shewing your self to me, the last time that you are like to see me, more Airy, and more Lovely then ever I saw yee before. If the *Idea* of your Person, which you have imprinted in me, be such as may justly incline me to a Dislike of all other Men, it is no less capable, more deeply to engage me to have a greater Affection for you. And it behoves you, for my Welfare, to wish, that I had never Lov'd yee at all.

LETTER

## L E T T E R LVI.

WE have no Reason to be afraid of remote Misfortunes : they must be near at hand, to be felt in their full Extent ; and whatever I have suffer'd for these Fifteen Days together , all is nothing to a surprizing Apprehension which has seiz'd me, not above two hours agoe , that I must never see you more, perhaps as long as I live. The Business is concluded ; my Parents have taken their Resolutions ; and I am ruin'd past Recovery, should I discover the least Motion tending to a Correspondence with you. My Father is inform'd of every thing, and is resolv'd upon the utmost Extremities. This is no pannick Fear ; for one of his Friends disclos'd it to me yesterday. My Father has carry'd things too high , to go back from his Determinations : and I have no other Course to take then to plunge myself in Solitude and Lamentation. The very moment of so cruel a separation is no time to express my thoughts at large : we should but augment an unfortunate Tenderness, which it behoves us rather to wish extinguish'd. Not but that I myself would have it to be eternal. I have lov'd ye in  
such

such a manner as to love ye as long as I live. My Tenderness and my Esteem have always been so extraordinary, and I have seen ye so seldom, that I am assur'd I should love ye, tho' I never saw ye. Never shall Indifferency take place in those Sentiments which I have for ye. But as for you Sir, whose more sedate Affection has more need of my Company and my Letters, to cherish and keep it alive, may I flatter my self, that you will not forget me, but that preserving the Remembrance of my Person, and of the Marks of Esteem and Distinction which I have always paid ye, you will be always ready to keep your Word, if ever I happen to be at Liberty to act according to my Inclination? For never think that I have lost all my Hopes of seeing you again one day. If these fair Hopes did not support me, doubtless I should dye, and sink for ever under the Burthen of my Sufferings. But still I flatter my self, that Time and Fortune will recover me from a Condition so unhappy and miserable; and enable me to give you new Testimonies of my Tenderness.

L E T.

## L E T T E R LVII.

**Y**OU have been taken for a Thief ;  
 and you have been taken for what  
 you were : for no Man in the World  
 knows better how to steal a Heart than  
 you. The Clamours that have separated  
 Us, and wherein we never thought you  
 were concern'd, were all occasion'd by  
 your self ; and the Porter believing that  
 Thieves were got into my Mother's Clo-  
 set, rais'd all the Servants, and made such  
 a noise , that the like was never heard.  
 However, you may be sure that I was  
 none of those that was the least forward,  
 or least daring, in regard I knew how  
 small the Danger was that seem'd so for-  
 midable to a Band of Armed Footmen.  
 They thought themselves for two hours  
 together in the greatest Jeopardy that ever  
 they were in, i' their Lives. 'Tis true,  
 their fear was little in comparison of my  
 Sister's, who is not yet recover'd from a  
 terrible Fit of an Ague which she has had.  
 But there could not have happen'd an Ac-  
 cident more pernicious to our Correspon-  
 dence. And this shews us, that there is  
 nothing certain, since honest *Ignex* begins  
 to stagger in her Design to Contribute to  
 our

our Meeting. This Morning she gave me a notable Curtain-Lecture, and I had like to have burst out into a great Fit of Laughter. For there was something so pleasant in the Accident, and in what was discours'd upon it, that my just Fears of what might be the future Consequences, were not able to stifle my first Motions of Joy. And I can still hardly forbear Laughing, to think that my Mother was up a great part of the Night, fully perswaded, that had it not been for the Respect of the Watch-men to the House, she had been Robb'd by a great number of Thieves. For they that saw least, saw Four; and others saw Ten. If nothing has put yee out of Humour, this Adventure is worth Laughing at. Am I not deceiv'd, Sir, when I persuade my self, that your Grief to quit me, wholly took up your Thoughts, in the Confusion that attended the Miscarriage of this Adventure? For my part, I think upon nothing else, but the Danger to which you expose your self for my Sake, and the Resolution I have taken never to see you again, till I have recover'd so much Liberty, that I may see you with Freedom and Safety. I have too great a Value for yee, to act like a Virgin

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Virgin that minds her own Satisfaction, more then the Person she Loves; and I am absolutely determin'd, that you shall run no more Hazards. How unfortunate are We! All the Consolation we had, was only a Grate to talk through; and that, by Reason of this Night's unlucky Accident, now ceases to be Faithful to us.

## L E T T E R LVIII.

YOU see, by what I wrote you Yesterday, how far I am from breaking off our Correspondence, and forsaking your Society. This ought to render yee more sensible of my Reproaches, and make yee acknowledge, that your Behaviour merits Reprehension; since you cannot suspect me of seeking to pick a High-German Quarrel with yee.

## L E T T E R LIX.

IS it not a shameful Thing for me to confess, that you have a great Command over me? One Minute of your Company, Sir, has dissipated all my Fears and Suspitions. I see very well that the greatest Injury you can receive,  
in

in reference to me, is to be long without a sight of me. I dare not believe my Presence has the same Effect upon you, as your Company has upon me; more-especially, when I appear'd in such a careless Dress, that I was doubtful whether I should shew my self, or no, in that Condition : But, at length, my eager Desire to see you, vanquish'd all other Considerations. Nevertheless, do not think I will Pardon the Letter which I receiv'd soon after ? or, that I will allow you the Liberty to tax me of Coldness. Have you the Confidence to dispute with me, who best knows how to Love ? And tho' the Marks of your Esteem were as Superlative as those which I have pay'd to you, must not I be thought to Love infinitely much more, in-Loving an Ingrateful Man, then you, tho' never so forward and respectful to so faithful a Mistress ? Once more you are too daring to dispute with me the Laurel-Wreath, which I have purchas'd by many Sufferings. 'Tis no less easie for me to justifie my self, upon the second Reproach, which you cast upon me, for Loving some body else, besides your self. I am perswaded, that an Esteem so solid as that which I have for you, infuses into the



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the Heart an inclination of Tendernefs,  
which is not to be found in those, whose  
Hearts are unconcern'd; and that it ea-  
sily disperses it self upon Objects, which  
the same Tendernefs forbids us not to  
Love. Are the Motions of Nature op-  
posite to those of Friendship? or, because  
I Love you, does it follow that I must  
have no Affection for my Relations?

## LETTER LX.

**H**OW Importunate you are! Hold  
a little — 'tis Day, — and I have  
not so much as clos'd my Eyes. Is it not  
sufficient, that your Company awakens  
those Motions in me, that till now, I ne-  
ver was acquainted with? Must I be  
expos'd to 'em also in your Absence?  
But you are not absent; you are present  
in my Heart, and in my Thoughts; and  
if I may believe my own Tendernefs,  
you are present in every part of my Bo-  
dy. Let me be but quiet for one Hour.  
I have hitherto known nothing but Grief;  
spare me the Pleasure of believing my  
self to be belov'd. But can I have any  
Delight, when my Happiness costs me  
all the Innocence of my Life? Yet, I  
never, in a mood of Repentance, up-  
braided

braided my self for Loving you. The Inclination of my Heart is so little govern'd by the Will, that 'tis impossible we should give an Account of our Affections. But, could I not forbear your Company, and telling yee how wondrously I love yee? Yes — my Duty bid me shun yee — Alas! How is it possible to fly the Person that we Love? Acknowledge to me then, that there is no greater Vertue in the World, then to Love Passionately and Constantly. For, in short, I always thought my self to be Vertuous: Do you persuade me likewise, that I am so, and that I should deceive my self, if I thought my Vertue in the least impair'd by my Propensity to Tenderness.

# LETTER LXI.

**I** Have need of all the Pleasure which I take in renewing the Assurances of my Tenderness, to comfort me for the trouble and vexation which the Courtship of your Rival cost me. Good God! What an odious Creature is he! How equally distastful are his Complements, and his Rudeness! How many cruel, how many disdainful Virgins would there be, if

all Men were like him? For my part, should be Canoniz'd before my Death. I am very glad, that maugre all outward appearances, you are sensible how far remote, I am from forgetting yee; that so in my turn I may be able to flatter my self with the same Opinion. I must confess I did not foresee this unlucky Accident, in the Assistance of a Person that makes her principal Business to serve us; and, that I bestow'd the most outrageous Terms imaginable upon the Motives of your silence. For Four and twenty Hours together, I thought you had forgot me; and that, with an Oblivion so profound, that I thought Reproaches in vain for you, and too mean for my self. Which was the Reason you heard not from me all Yesterday.

## LETTER LXII.

I Am persuaded, that one Minutes Discourse with you would ruin all my suspitions. For, in regard I am so wholly taken up with the Pleasure of your Company, I shall neither have time, nor remember to satisfy my Curiosity, whether I do not flatter my self too unwarily, when I believe you have a peculiar Kindness

ness for me. I know already, that notwithstanding all the Reasons, which one of my Friends alledg'd to convince me of the contrary, you will be too hard for Truth. Nay, I must have no Tenderness at all, to hold out against those Assurances which you give me of your Fidelity. Good God! what would become of me, should I effectually believe myself Indifferent to the only Man in the World whom I Love. I believe then, that you Love me, or rather I am willing to think so. I banish from my Thoughts whatever is erroneous to that pleasing Mistake: If I am deceiv'd, I am willingly deluded. But, if it be possible, let it be your Business, that I may not be in an Error. And, if all your Endeavours to Love, prove unsuccessful, conceal it from me. In that Case, I would not be too quick-sighted into your Heart. I should be willing to be blindfolded like Love himself. Perhaps he would then be more favourable to me.

L E T.

## L E T T E R LXIII.

[ Love ye with that Sincerity which nothing can equal but your Merit, and I am so highly pleas'd with the Choice which my Heart has made, that I am every day then other, more and more confirm'd in my Affection. But know withall, that the Heat of your Passion puts me to a kind of Non-plus ; your Expressions are so brisk and airy, that I look upon my own as faint and void of Fancy. I wish they had the same Advantage over yours, as my Tenderness has over your Kindness for me. I cannot think of words that are significant enough to express my Sentiments. I have been apt to think that there is no Love in the World, but what is between you and me: but our Jealousies have quickly cur'd me of that Mistake. What Torments do's a violent Passion cause? and how necessary is it, that the Sweetness which it affords us, should be extream, to make amends for the Disturbances it gives us !

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LET

## LETTER LXIV.

I Am just got Home ; and I write to ye at the very same Instant. What could I do more, considering the Constraint to which a watchfull Jealousie has reduc'd me? Alas! Sir, if more were in my power, you would tell me all your Thoughts in reference to your last Adventure, and I would give you a full Account of all my restless Disturbances, and of the Effects of my Tenderneſs : it never was ſo quick and lively. The Exceſs of my Mother's Fury is redoubl'd, but notwithſtanding all her Vigilance, we muſt ſee each other. This is not the firſt time that Love has found the way to deceive a wakefull *Argus*. I have ſpent above four and twenty hours where you have ſpent ſome part of your Time. I have review'd thoſe Places that were the Witneſſes of the firſt Miſfortunes of my Paſſion : I enquir'd of Them, what was become of ye ; and methought they answer'd me, You were no longer ingratefull, nor inſenſible of my Love ; and that they had been ſometimes Teſtimonies of your Sighs. Judge you by that, to what a ſtrange Degree they flatter'd me. Confirm me in that pleaſing Opinion, I

con-

conjure ye, and assure me that they were as sincere as they were discreet. I have read your Letter, and laugh'd heartily at your dextrous and witty Stratagem by which you clouded the Vigilance of our Overseers. How well do they deserve to be cheated. You have infus'd into me an extraordinary Curiosity, to understand the Adventure that has befallen ye. Whatever Oblations you offer to me, I deserve 'em all, for my Devotion to you : nor is there any thing which I should think too much to do for ye, were I as Amiable, as I am Faithfull.

## LETTER LXV.

**Y**Our long Silence is not to be excus'd : whether unfaithfull or constant, I ought to hear from ye. But I shall forbear any more Reflexions ; to the end, that by forgetting it, I may be able to avoid the sharp Rebukes of a just Resentment. I am willing to pardon this Fault, induc'd thereto by the same Indulgence I have had for a great many others. I have us'd ye perchance, too much to Pardons, and you look upon 'em as Helps at Need that you can never fail of. But do not believe, but that my Patience in suffering the

Wrongs you do me, and my Docility have certain Limits. I am altogether incapable of engaging my Heart a second time; you may depend upon it; yet am I not so ty'd to one particular Person, but that I can renounce my vehement Affection for you, when I find ye unworthy of it. My Converse in the World has acquainted me so much with the Levity and Inconstancy of Women, that methinks they who are not such as they are, may well be proud, and put a value upon themselves. A faithfull Heart is worth the Trouble of a little Observance.

## LETTER LXVI.

**Y**OU have afforded me a World of Pleasure in giving me a full Account how you have spent your time, till we saw each other last; and I am glad that I have made ye a Piece of a Philosopher. A Man that would be happy must study Philosophy. But have a care of going too far: there is a Meritin Error; and it is requisite a Man should be a Fool in many things, to live with any kind of Felicity. The only Philosophy to be desir'd is that which encreases Pleasure by intermixing with it the Alloy of Reason. But above all things avoid the Rock of too much Knowledge.

Tis



'Tis enough to know, that all we see must have an end; that we our selves have our Periods set us, and to fortifie our selves against these Thoughts. However we are not to make our selves insensible of present Objects, out of an idle Opinion that what is subject to perish, is not worthy our Affection. It behoves us to enjoy the Present, and leave it to Time to make the Separation: that is the Work of Death, and not of our Will. The Wise-man is oblig'd to submit with Patience to it, and not to prevent it. This is my Philosophy. But to satisfy your Curiosity, that fain would be inform'd how I employ my Time, I shall give ye an Account in part, notwithstanding the Extremity of my Head-ach, and the late hour of the Night.

In making my Reflexions, I have found that True Wisdom consists in conforming our selves to our present Condition; that Prudence which teaches us to avoid Trouble, is the soundest part of Wisdom. And for that Reason I have fix'd it in my head to make my Life at Home as easie as it is possible, and to omit nothing that may procure me Quiet in my Family. And to effect this, has been my principal Business, next to that which my Tender-ness for you imposes upon me. I have

made it a Law to my self, not to contend with those People, with whom I am to live, about things which they are obstinately bent upon. And to the end that such a continual Compliance may not be uneasie, I have bethought my self that there is hardly any thing worth the Trouble which we suffer by opposing what is requir'd from us. There is nothing in the World that I know, which has not Two Faces; and therefore it seems to me unjust, that we should desire that all the World beside should have the same Prospect of things that we have. Who can assure himself that he is in the Right? and therefore in regard of this Uncertainty, is it not unjust to look upon all those that hold not the same Opinions with us, as I lind and Obstinate? We must not think that Maxims were made but only for considerable Things: however it behoves us to put 'em in practice every day, upon slight and trivial Occasions: they are of excellent use to inspire the Mind with Justice, and settle the Heart in Quiet. When we make a right Benefit of 'em, we do not always look upon the difference of Sentiments as an Effect of that Opposition and Aversion which People have to us, but only as the Effect of a Difference  
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which Nature has put between several Minds, and then we look upon it without Bitterness or Exasperation. I support that Patience which I stand in need of, to endure what I am enforc'd to suffer, by reflecting upon what I owe to those that confine me under this Restraint. I contemplate the plausible side of their Actions. I excuse the Torments which they put me to, by attributing 'em to the Desire they have to perfect me in Vertue, and I most ardently wish for that Perfection. I endeavour every day to forget what I have suffer'd all day long. I would not harbour in my Heart neither Hatred, nor Desire of Revenge. I give my self wholly up to Love, which I look upon to be the Touchstone of Wisdom. A Body must have a great deal to preserve it in Company with a Passion that seeks the Destruction of it. But for my part, I am apt to believe a Woman may love, and yet be a Philosopher. There is a sort of Love which Philosophy cannot condemn, because there is something in it of Divinity; the Object of which is the Union of Souls, which is above the Pleasures of Sense, and sustains it self without 'em, by the Help of an unshak'n Constancy. I am convinc'd that it is a shamefull thing to

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change

change, that it behoves us to love the same Things, so long as they observe inviolable Fidelity; and that Vertue consists in an extraordinary Care never to offend the Laws of Decency, and not in being cautious to subdue the Sentiments which Nature inspires into us, and which are conformable to right Reason.

With these same Philosophical Contemplations, which I take out of my *Seneca* and *Plutarch*, I join the Recreation of my Needle, and in a piece of Tent-stitch, intermix a Thousand Cyphers that discourse of our Love; and I never stir abroad, but when I go to Church, and sometimes to the Governess. My long Melancholy, has made me so subject to the Head-ach, that I am seldom without it, in a most terrible manner, Three Days together; and the Motion of the Litter, together with my want of Sleep, has encreas'd the violence of the Pain. Nor can I meet with any other Remedy to give me Ease, but by thinking upon that which pains me a Thousand times more sensibly, the want of your Society. That renders me insensible of all other Tortures whatever. And thus, Sir, I have given you an Account, in part, of my Employments in your Absence. I  
would

would also addict my self to the study of the Latin Tongue. But my Mother has too great a Veneration for old Adagies, to foregoe the Proverb, which says, *That a Woman that speaks Latin, seldom comes to Good.* But if ever I come to be at my own Liberty I will learn it, and neglect nothing to render my self amiable in your Eyes. Good Night, Sir, I strive in vain, to contend with my Head-ach; I can hold out no longer, Day begins to break, and I have never so much as thought of going to Bed. The Head-ach and Love, are the best Larum-Watches that I know in the World. My Confident is tyr'd with the Feebleness of my Love, and the Infirmities of my Body. She believes her self with the Fellow that attended upon Don Japhet:

*To be within that Northern Clime confin'd,  
Where he that sleeps, is Curs'd by all Mankind.*

## L E T T E R L X V I I .

**I**F you look'd upon Revenge to be sweet;  
You might enjoy the Pleasures of it:  
For never was a Man, who had the free  
Grant of a Maid, with whom he was in  
Love, so ill treated as is Don Gaspar.

O s

He

He would seem to affect a kind of Coldness for me, within these few Days. And, that which has been put into our Head, in reference to our Correspondence, has very much alarm'd him. But I well know what an Ascendant I have over him; so that as soon as a little Reserv'dness and Care, on my part, have waken'd his Suspitions, he will return to me submissive and eager in his Courtship; and I shall make use of the same Ascendant, to let him understand his unworthy Behaviour toward me, and how deeply I resent it. I burn already with Impatience to see my self in a Condition to make him sensible of my Indignation. How dearly will I make him Pay for the Miseries which my Relations make me suffer! They are so insupportable, that they cannot fail to infuse into me a Desire to turn the Blows upon them, that are so cruel to me. My Heart is at this very present, full of an unfortunate Tenderness, and an implacable Hatred: And I will satisfy both the one and the other, at the expence of my Life.

L E T.

## L E T T E R LXVIII.

IF there need no more, then to be be-  
 lov'd of me, ungrateful Man, to ren-  
 der yee Happy, my Weakness assures yee  
 an eternal Felicity. The knowledge of  
 your unworthy Proceedings is not able  
 to expell yee from my Heart. But what  
 would yee have of me? Your acknow-  
 ledgment of what you said to Dona *Jua-  
 na*, has no Relation to your greater Of-  
 fence. You have committed several o-  
 thers, in reference to my self, which you  
 feign to have forgot, or which you com-  
 mitted so naturally, that you had no room  
 for 'em in your Memory. When you  
 have a mind to be better inform'd, you  
 will find out a way to speak with me.  
 For my part, I am so narrowly watch'd,  
 that I can make but little use of my In-  
 vention. Besides, it is your Business and  
 not mine; and I know there is nothing  
 impossible with Love. You are but ill  
 inform'd of the Condition to which I  
 am reduc'd, since you think me at Liber-  
 ty to go to a Play. My Father and Mo-  
 ther, tho' they have no Cause to find  
 fault with any one of my Actions, are  
 so bitterly incens'd against me, that their  
 Anger



Anger Transports 'em to the last Extremity : I undergo Afflictions infinitely Cruel : But, at length, it behoves me to understand what I have to do. If it be my unhappy Fate, to be undone by those that should study my Repose, 'twould be in vain to resist. I have no other Course to take, but what my Despair shall advise me to : I have too long struggl'd with it : I find I am born to eternal Misfortunes, and all the Reason, and good Conduct in the World, will never purchase my Tranquility. This is my Condition ; 'tis very Terrible ; but, what Matter is it to me ? since I can no longer hope to see yee no more. When a Woman truly loves, the Person that she Loves, is All in All to her ; and all the World beside, she looks upon as Nothing. You render me altogether Indifferent : The most Solitary, the most Melancholy Life, is that which best suits with the Condition of my Soul. What has she to do with Joy and Pleasure, that is not permitted to share 'em in your Society ? However, sometimes bestow a Thought or two upon the deplorable Condition, into which my past, and present Esteem for you has thrown me. But you'll forget, perhaps, that such a one

was



was ever in the World ; and I am out of hopes of ever seeing my Misfortunes at an end. They will receive no augmentation from your daily Visiting Donna Juana. 'Tis a good Thought that is come into your Mind, and a proper Consolation of your little Grief for being debarr'd for ever from me. In a small time you will be Happy, and publickly known to be her Lover. I am apt to believe, that this Artifice, or rather this same Truth, might not be unprofitable for me, if you so pleas'd your self. For I am forbid, for the future, to have any thing more to do with that Lady, and your Sedulities for her, would be the only Reason for me to alter my Conduct, which could not but work a good Effect to my Advantage. But if you intend to pursue that Conquest, you must do it so openly, that the noise of your Victory may reach my Parent's Ears. Good Night, Sir ; I am loath to let you see the Fear I am in, least, while you Counterfeit Affection, you should intangle your self in Earnest ; or, least you should Sacrifice my Letters to her Derision. My Fear for the one, does you too great an Honour ; my dread of the other, is a Mortification to my self. Adieu.

L E T.

## L E T T E R L X I X.

**H**OW strangely did your Company affect me all the time the Comedy lasted ! What an intermixture of Delight and Grief ! How Charming it is, to see the Person that we Love ! How Cruel is the Thought of quitting him for ever ! Can you seriously believe me able to support your far distant Absence from me, with any Patience ? Oh ! Sir, if you can think me capable of such an Indifferency, you have but an ill Opinion of your own Merit, and my Sentiments.

## L E T T E R L X X.

**T**HE Counsel which you give me, and the Care you take for my Security, is a perfect Demonstration of a real Tenderneſs. I begin, at length, to flatter my ſelf, that you have an Affection for me. But the more generous you are in my behalf, the more you deſerve that I ſhould hazard my ſelf for you ; and I ſhould be unworthy of ſuch a Friend, ſhould I reſuſe to expoſe my ſelf for his ſake. Forbear then, Sir, to adviſe me not to write to yee : Be convinc'd

vinc'd, Sir, that nothing can hinder me from paying you that proof of my particular Value. I shall not, by any means, neglect the Dictates of Prudence, but I cannot entertain so much, as might protect me from such Hazards and Chances, which may discover and expose me to the formidable Transports of my Parents, should I resolve to abandon my Love of you. Since nothing can chase you from my Heart, nothing can hinder me from giving assurances of my Fidelity; nor shall you ever find your *Teresa* Guilty of such a base unworthy Action, as to renounce, for fear, a Gentleman, of whom she made a willing Choice, and Valu'd as the only Man, that merited to be her Husband. If I made some Attempts to have remov'd yee from my Heart, it was because I was induc'd to it by Sentiments more Noble. Nevertheless, I must acknowledge, that I could never brook the Character of Disobedient, did I not flatter my self, that the Care which I shall take of my Behaviour, will secure me from any such Reproach. I begin to take a little of that Boldness to my self, which you have preach'd so often to me, and not to be so easily Frighted. Experience teaches me, every Day, that there  
are

are few things which we have reason to despair of, because there are few things which your Dexterity and Ingenuity are not able to alter the Design of, and disappoint the Byass of the Project. And thus, Sir, notwithstanding both our Conditions, I am in hope, and assume that Courage, which a certain happy Omen has insinuated into me, that I shall see you again as formerly, as 'twere a Member of our Family. Good God! how great a Felicity would that be for me!

## L E T T E R LXXI.

**W**Hatever *Idea* you may have of my Person, it cannot make that Impression upon you as the *Idea* of yours imprints in me. You are more lovely in my Eyes than any thing that ever I beheld, and I have so true a Relish, that I dare believe without Prejudice, that what appears to me to be so, is really such. But this is not my Judgment alone, the whole Court is of my Opinion. Your most bitter Enemies also will do that Justice to your Person, at the same time that they cry down your Heart. However I know your Heart; and I know nothing there, but what may well become a Person of Sincerity.

Sincerity. Thus you appear to me accomplished, and I adore ye as a Piece of Perfection ; that is to say, I have an infinite Esteem for ye, and whatever Torments I suffer'd and still undergo, I do not think 'em all too much for your sake. These are such Sentiments that you can never have but with great Difficulty, because there is a great Difference between our Persons and our Humours.

## L E T T E R   LXXII.

I Am apt to believe that I have not sufficiently exprest in the Letter, which I sent you this Morning, the whole of what yours made me sensible. No, Sir, I have not told ye often enough, how extreamly overjoy'd I am to see you again, and once more to see you sensible of my Tenderness. How great a Satisfaction, how true a Delight the Thought of this excites in my Soul ! How advantageous to my Heart will that Combat of Friendship be, of which you give me a Hint ! I am already sure of the Victory ; but will you not envy me my Lawrels ? I wish to Heaven you would dispute 'em with me, and that you might be a Victor in your Turn. How greatly should I be pleased

sed with the Defeat ! then would it be  
 that the Fortune of the vanquish'd would  
 become the Envy of the Conquerour.  
 You will not expose me to this shame ;  
 and tho' it should be my Lot , you will  
 be still my Inferiour in every thing. For  
 my part, I am resolv'd not to yield your  
 Heart the Pre-eminence of Grief : I will  
 dispute the Sovereign Power over it.  
 Wherefore should not the Fidelity of mine  
 be equal to the Sincerity of yours ? Why  
 should not my Friendship, that is so nice  
 and full of Spirit , supply the Love and  
 Charms of the Lady you have lost ? Yes,  
 yes, I flatter my self, that my Sentiments  
 may render me amiable, and that you will  
 find in my manner *As* loving ye, for Ten  
 years together, a Beauty that will charm  
 ye, and a Remedy that will close up for e-  
 ver that Wound which Grief lays open  
 now and then. Your Cure is only in the  
 Hands of Love ; 'tis he that must apply  
 the Medicine which he thinks most pro-  
 per. But what better Remedy can he  
 make use of, then to bestow another Wife  
 upon ye ? I flatter my self, that then you  
 will think only upon me, and that Grief  
 no longer then, will have any Power over  
 ye. Surrender up your Heart to all the  
 Tendernefs of which it may be capable in  
 my

my behalf. What is it that you fear? Are you afraid of loving me more then I deserve?

# LETTER LXXIII.

YOU flye me perhaps as *Sylvio* fled *Dorinda*, and I shun you, as *Amarillis* shunn'd *Myrtillo*. These two manners of avoiding each other are quite different. Hatred was the Cause of the One, and Love of the Other. But, Sir, let us not fancy new Pains to torment our selves: Let us make use of our Courage to support our selves under those which we cannot avoid: Let us alleviate 'em with the Hope of being one day happy, and let us love eternally. I love you entirely; I swear it by your self and me; by all the Oaths that you have sworn to marry me; by Love it self; and by those Minutes of Delight that have been intermix'd with so many tedious Hours of Care and Sorrow; by all your Transports, and by my own Tenderneſs, of which the most Charming Evenings have been Witnesses. I swear it by that Grove consecrated to *Venus*, where I receiv'd your hand, and gave you mine. Can the most violent Despite deface it from your Memory?

No,



No, Sir, you can ne'er forget it ; nor can you remember a Person that so well knows how to love, but you must love again. Let us bind our selves in Bonds more strong, and yet more noble than those that bind the Hearts of others. Let it be a pleasure to yee, to have a Friend that merits equally your Esteem and Love ; and know by my way of Proceeding how much you may rely upon my Sentiments. I ought to be justify'd in your good Opinion ; clear me also in the good Opinion of your Friend, whose Esteem I look upon as a real Happiness. Conceal not from him either my Reasons or my Inclinations. I am sure, he will be sorry for having condemn'd me so hastily, and that he will believe me worthy of your Heart.

# LETTER LXXIV.

I Have been reading Two Epistles of *Seneca*. The Eighth and Fifth has afforded me some Consolation. I was ashamed that I could not suffer my Miseries without weeping : but he tells me, That Virtue cannot hinder certain Motions within us, which intimate to us, That we must dye ; that it is not Fear that causes a Wise Man in the midst of his Sufferings to knit his



his Brows, but a natural Inclination which Reason cannot correct. Send me word, whether the Gentleman that is with ye be a Philosopher ; whether he has a tender Heart ; and whether you still talk of me as you were wont to do. I remember once you wrote me word that he took me for a kind of a Sybil : assure him that within these Two Months I shall be Eighteen years of Age. I am incomparably much better then you have seen me. When you were here, I was so turmoil'd, that I liv'd without Eating or Sleeping. Adieu, Sir,— I am going to try whether I can leave off Sleeping ; Sleep was never ordain'd for the Unfortunate. I have sought in vain for some Repose in my Bed ; but I can hope for no Consolation unless it be in communicating my Sufferings to your Self. I find indeed that I talk of 'em with more Pleasure and Confidence then it behoves me to have in ye. Methinks my Anger forsakes me in spite of all that I can do. But believe me Sir, 'tis to the excessive Severity of my Parents that you are beholding for this Return of my Tenderness. Nothing more supports me under my Misfortunes, then the Consolation of imparting 'em to your Knowledge ; they are above all Expression ;  
and

and the Reflexion that lessens others, makes mine appear more dreadful. I cannot apprehend how People can be so cruel, to Persecute an unfortunate Creature to that Degree as I am harras'd. My Mother told me, that I had no other Course to take, but to yield an absolute Obedience to my Father's Will. And now, that I can no longer Flatter my self, it behoves me to conceal nothing from yee. And I would fain find out the way, by making you acquainted with my Misfortunes, to raise, in you, the same Compassion which you demand of me, and which I would be ready to grant if you deserv'd it. But you are rather to be Envy'd: You force your self to be belov'd, with a Friendship the most Sincere that ever Virgin harbour'd in her Breast, when Sentiments so rarely known, and so fit to flatter your Vanity, cost yee not so much as a Sigh. You find by my Expressions, that I am not over-forward in giving Credit to yours: And this same Mark of distrust I let you see, perhaps, to the end you may convince me better. Good God! How many things do I acquaint you with, which I thought never to have spoke of while I liv'd! They that are in Love, ought to be careful  
of

of making rash Vows. There is no greater Misfortune that could have befallen me, then to be the Object of their Scorn whom I my self find so Contemptible. And if there be any Consolation for the Necessity of leaving you for ever, I shall find it in the Revenge which I shall take upon 'em, by constraining 'em to value and Respect the Constancy and Purity of those Sentiments which they would enforce me to stifle. But as for you, Sir, what Sentiments shall I infuse into your Breast? Alas! I always look'd upon it as my greatest Happiness, that you believ'd me much more worthy of Respect than any other. So that whatever befall me, and whatever Persecutions I endure, I shall not think my self altogether Miserable, if you will but afford me the sole Possession of your Esteem.

## L E T T E R LXXV.

**W**ERE it in my Power to complain of all my Sufferings, and make you bear a sensible and cordial Part in my Misfortunes, they would not be so terrible as they are. But, alas! I have too justly merited the Mortifications I have suffer'd. My Tenderneſs has caus'd me  
to

to commit Offences inexcusable, and the greatest of all, was the choice of a Lover, who never Lov'd me in good Earnest. But I am cur'd, at length, of my Blindness. I know that you never Lov'd me: And I know it so well, that 'twould be a Folly in me to doubt of it. The Proof which I have of it I never gather'd from Don *Gaspar's* Malice, which I understand in the full Extent of it. I make no question but he made use of the Converse which I had with him, to thick'n the Tempest, which, at length, brake out in Thunder. However, he was not the only Person that contributed to the Storm. The People, who are an Obstacle to your good Fortune, have made your Passion the Subject of their Chat, and by testifying their Knowledge of it to be true, have put my Parents in a terrible Rage; and they fall foul upon me, which has reduc'd me under that Restraint, that I am forbid, under pain of a publick Affront, to stir abroad to any Place whatever. So that it would be in vain for you to seek after me. All Pleasures are debarr'd me: But, alas! they take but little from me; the Condition of my Heart is such, as will not permit me to tast of any. I'm more miserable then ever I was. Formerly,

ly, it was some Relief to me in my Afflictions, that I believ'd yee not indifferent, but a zealous Lover. Heaven has depriv'd me of that Comfort also : And my Pains and Sufferings are no longer supportable ; because that he, whom I love, appears unworthy to be belov'd. This unjust Lover, who has been more dear to me, than my Life, and for whom had I had 'em, I would have sacrific'd a Thousand Lives, was never sensible of the most tender Passion in the World ; only his Vanity has shar'd in a Correspondency which his Heart despis'd. Nor can I question these dreadful Truths, whatever Inclination I may have to delude my self. Could I speak with yee, you would acknowledge your Faults : But, in regard they are daily and hourly committed, and of a nature never to be Pardon'd, to what purpose would it be to tell yee of 'em ? and therefore, it behoves me to flye your Presence, as I would do a dismal Precipice. My Weakness, in Reference to your self, is known, and my Reason renders odious the Inclination of my Heart 'Twas only against that, that I have all along been striving ; and Thanks to your Indifference, I have now quite done with struggling against that too.

P

However,

However, you accuse me of breaking my Word. But you that are so ill an Observer of your own Promises, are not you afraid of those Stings of Conscience, that attend upon evil Actions? Can you think upon all that I have suffer'd for yee, and not dye, at the same time struck with the Infamy of your Ingratitude? And, those ill Returns of my Sincerity and Friendship, will they not cause yee to appear, in your own Eyes, the most unworthy of all Mankind? I am naturally too little addicted to Revenge, and too much dispos'd to treat you favourably, to wish you a Revenge proportionable to the Pains which you have made me undergo. But, as for Repentance, I wish yee as much as you have need of, that is, as much as can be wish'd. 'Tis the sole Desire I have, to trouble your Repose, which obliges me to prolong a Life, that you have made me hate, and which can never be other then unfortunate. But I am too tedious in bewailing my Misfortunes, to a Person altogether insensible of 'em. Men little mind the Mischiefs that they create on purpose; and therefore, the best way for me, is an eternal Silence. If you have any Goodness yet remaining for me, you will not stir

Foot to make me break it. Forget me  
 therefore, if you can ; you have my free  
 Consent. I cannot say, whether I can do  
 as much, as to your self ; nor do you de-  
 serve to know the Sentiments of my  
 Heart.

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*The End of the* LETTERS.

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T H E  
H I S T O R Y

Of the

Marquis *de L E Y N A*.

**A**Mong the great Number of Persons of Quality, that reside at *Madrid*, *Dona Constantia*, Daughter of the Marquis *de Villafior*, was one of those that drew upon her most, the Envy of the Ladies, and the Admiration of the Gentlemen. Her Beauty which was without Defect, and the delicacy of her Wit, charm'd all alike that beheld her. She was in the Sixteenth Year of her Age, and liv'd in her Father's House, under the Care of one of her Kinswomen, who was a young Widow, so Lovely, that if she had not been Eclips'd by *Dona Constantia*, who was one of the most beautiful Creatures in the World, *Dona*

*Elvira,*



*Leira*, ( for that was her Name ) had those Temptations, that few Hearts could have escap'd. Many Persons had list'd themselves in *Dona Constantia's* Service; several had demanded her in Marriage, and her Father would have been willing to have given his Consent, but that she had all along testify'd her Indifferency for any such Engagement. Her general Excuse was, that she was too young; and sometimes she made her Relations believe, that she would betake her self to a Religious Life. But the Truth was, that nobody as yet had touch'd her Heart.

One Day, that she went to take a walk in the *Caza del Campo*, which is one of the King's Houses of Pleasure, hard by *Madrid*; the Walls of which, are wash'd by the River *Mansanarez*, there they met *Don Ferdinand*, *Dona Constantia's* Brother, together with the Marquis of *Leyna*, of the Illustrious House of *Lacerda*, and Nephew to the Duke of *Medina Celi*. Now, in regard he only knew them by Report, he durst not presume to have ventur'd into their Company, had not *Don Ferdinand* offer'd to present him to the Ladies, one of which was his Sister, and the other his Kinswoman. The Marquis was overjoy'd at so fortunate an Accident, and

thank'd his Friend a thousand times for the Kindness of his Proffer, and so both together they accosted the Ladies. When he drew near enough to have a perfect View of 'em, he manifested a sudden Surprise, and a kind of petty Agony, which he could not master. The two beautiful Kinswomen took notice of it, with some delight ; but they could not tell which of the two had produc'd the Effect, which both were willing to attribute particularly to themselves. The Converse was general ; but the Marquis's Eyes ne'er left informing *Constantia* that she it was who had won the Victory, and when they parted, she felt in her self something of a disturbance that she had never been acquainted with before. The next day the Marquis desir'd Don *Ferdinand* to present him to his Sister. But he excus'd it, by telling him that she never receiv'd Visits of her own Head ; and that all he could do was to carry him to Dona *Elvira's* where he should see her. He approv'd the Expedient, and they went to her House betimes, before any other Visitants came to her. She receiv'd the Marquis with an extraordinary Civility ; and because that Dona *Constantia* was not in her Cousin's Chamber, her Brother went to find her out ; during which

which time the Marquis remain'd alone  
 with *Elvira*. Now there is a Necessity in  
 Spain to be the best Husband you can of  
 your Time, when you are in the Com-  
 pany of Ladies. A Man that do's not do  
 this, would be look'd upon as a Person that  
 wanted both Wit and Breeding. In pur-  
 suance therefore of this Custom, the Mar-  
 quis began to talk to *Elvira* of the Passion  
 which she had inspir'd into him. At first  
 she listen'd but coldly to him, nor had she  
 as yet alter'd the Air of her Countenance,  
 when her lovely Kinswoman enter'd the  
 Chamber, together with her Brother. She  
 curs'd the hour in her Heart a thousand  
 times; but it was convenient that she should  
 conceal her Vexation: and Don *Ferdinand*  
 who was willing to give his Friend an Op-  
 portunity to discourse his Sister, told Dona  
*Elvira*, That he had a short word or two  
 to say to her, about a Business that con-  
 cern'd him. Thereupon she rose up, and  
 retiring presently to the Window, 'What  
 'is the Matter, Don *Ferdinand*, (*said she*)  
 'you know, that there is no Concern of  
 yours which I doe not as deeply lay to  
 Heart as your self. 'That is the Rea-  
 son, Madam, (*said he*) which engages  
 me to desire your Opinion upon an Em-  
 ployment which is propos'd to me. He

gave her an Account of all the Advantages of it, and enlarg'd his Discourse as much as he could, to keep her from returning to her Seat. However, she was not altogether so attentive to his Discourse, but that she often cast her Eyes upon the Marquis of *Leyna*, and perceiving that he spoke to *Dona Constantia* with a serious and Timorous Air, she gave a shrewd Conjecture how things went. She began already to lay it secretly to Heart, and fearing there was something of too much Tenderneſs in that Converſe, ſhe had no longer Patience to heark'n to *Don Ferdinand*; ſo that ſhe gave him her Advice in two Words, and return'd to her Kinſwoman. The Marquis was really troubled at it; ſo that if any thing could make him amends, it was the Hopes he had to recover an Opportunity more favourable, and that afterwards the young Lady would liſt'n more kindly to him. The next day, and the days following, he ſent 'em Baskets of Flowers; but he durſt not do any thing more particularly for *Dona Constantia*, till he had obtain'd Permiſſion from her, which he deſir'd by a Billet in theſe words.

*I muſt*

[ Must acknowledge, Madam, to ye, that 'tis a strange trouble to me, to divide those Sedulities, which are only intended for your self; and of this it is that my Heart makes these Complaints to you. How happy should I be, if your Heart would take notice of 'em! at least that it would consent to a full persuasion of my Respect and the Excess of my Passion.

He put this Billet into one of the Baskets under the Flowers, without any Subscription; but the Person that was entrusted to carry the Baskets, mistook, and gave that to *Elvira*, which was design'd for *Dona Constantia*. They were Both together, at what time *Elvira*, culling out the Flowers, found the Billet, and open'd it in great haste. But while she was ravish'd with delight in reading it, *Dona Constantia* underwent a secret Vexation of which she could not be the Mistress. *Elvira*, who perceiv'd it, cast a malicious Look upon her, full of Vanity and Joy, which compleated *Constantia's* Disorder, and put her quite out of Humour. However being ashamed to shew it, she would not stay any longer in her Kinswomans Chamber: but she was hardly got upon the Stairs when she met the Marquis coming up. This

Encounter augmented both her Confusion, and her Discontent : she knew not whether she should go forward, or return, while her Lover over-joy'd with the hopes of speaking to her, by her self, made the more hast to overtake her : but he was no sooner got up to her, but she flew from him with a disdainfull Look ; which both afflicted and surpriz'd the Marquis at the same time. He could not apprehend what it was that procur'd him a Reception so far remote from that with which he flatter'd his Expectation ; for which he could only excuse the Liberty which he had taken to write to her. And he would most certainly have followed her, for the Satisfaction of his Curiosity, but that the fear of displeasing her stopt him : however in hopes that she might come to Dona *Elvira*, he went to her Chamber. There he found *Elvira* alone, and at first she spoke to him of indifferent Things ; and he was so afflicted at Dona *Constantia*'s Proceeding, that all his Answers were nothing to the Purpose. *Elvira* thought that his Disturbance was a point that concern'd her, and that she might the better inform her self, ' Either I am deceiv'd, (*said she to him*) or ' you are disturb'd at the Fate of your ' Billet. Perhaps I have more Indulgence  
then

then I ought to have in that particular :  
 In short, I am willing to let yee under-  
 stand, that the Lady, who receiv'd it,  
 was not at all displeas'd.' The Marquis  
 not doubting, but that she spoke of *Con-*  
*stantia*, ' Ah Madam, (*cry'd he, with an ex-*  
*traordinary Joy*) how much am I behol-  
 ding to yee, for telling me such happy  
 Tydings! For, indeed, I long'd to  
 know how that Paper was receiv'd.  
 She had not time to return him an An-  
 swer, in regard that several Ladies com-  
 ing into the Room, brake off their Dis-  
 course; so that the Marquis withdrew,  
 no less satisfy'd, then full of Fear. *Elvira's*  
 words gave him some assurance; but  
 the unkind Reception of his Mistress, put  
 him in a terrible Fright. However, be-  
 cause People are generally willing to  
 flatter themselves with what they Fancy  
 most, he willingly believ'd, that 'twas as  
 he would have it, and rested all that  
 Night, like one that had enjoy'd his  
 Wishes. The next Morning, he fail'd  
 not to send the Ladies their Basket of  
 Flowers; and the Messenger that carry'd  
 'em, presented *Elvira* a Basket that was  
 very neat and jolly indeed, but to *Dona*  
*Constantia*, another that was wonderful  
 for Variety and Contrivance. But this pre-  
 eminence



eminence of Beauty in the latter Basket, astonish'd *Elvira*. ' I am sure, (*said she*) ' that the Page has mistak'n, and that he ' has giv'n you that, which was intended ' for me.' ' With all my Heart, (*reply'd* ' *Constantia*) take it.' ' But, first (*said* ' *Dona Elvira*) see whether there be never a Billet, that may clear this Mystery to us.' ' I have found one, (*cry'd* ' *Dona Constantia*) and I am resolv'd to ' have the Satisfaction of Reading it first ' of all. With that she open'd it, and read these Words to her self.

**T**Ho' *Dona Elvira*, has assur'd me, *Madam*, that you receiv'd my Billet with some kind of Favour, yet I'm afraid she did but Flatter my Disquiet. Your Coldness, when I met you Yesterday, and your Cruelty, not to come into the Chamber, intimates to me an Indifference which I cannot reconcile to what she told me.

*Dona Constantia* was surpriz'd at this Billet ; she rightly conjectur'd, that the first was intended for her : But not being able to unfold the Riddle, ' It is now (*said* ' *she, smiling*) in my power, to revenge ' my self for your Yesterday's foul Play, in ' not imparting to me what was written

to



to your self, and without considering whether this be directed to you or me, See Cousin, (*continu'd she*) how little I value it; and with that she tore it into bits. 'What you have done, (*said Elvira*) plainly shews, that 'twas for me; but whatever Resolution I had tak'n not to write to the Marquis, you have urg'd me to break it. I will give him notice to be more cautious when he sends any thing to me; and if you think by your rash Incivilities, to disappoint his Kindness for me, you are very much deceiv'd; for he assures yee, you serve him better then he could serve himself.' I am very glad, (*said Dona Constantia*) to be serviceable to People that are indifferent to me; which helps to convince me, that if I had any Design, in Favour of my Friends, I could easily be induc'd to assist 'em.' Let us dally no longer, (*said Elvira*) I will write to him immediately, and I will let you see my Billet. With that, away she went into her Closet, and while she was writing on her part, Dona Constantia, after a little musing, wrote these Verses to the Marquis, to thank him for his Present.

*These*

*These Flowers that are so fresh and gay,  
And your brisk Love as fresh as they,  
Into my Heart did soon inspire  
A Thousand Pleasures no less new.*

*But should my Heart once listen to Desire,  
I dread the Pains that would my Heart subdue,  
If you should be unfaithful in your Love,  
Or should it of no longer durance prove  
Then these fair Flowers, tho' newly blown,  
Yet wither'd and decay'd as soon.*

Dona Constantia had already finish'd her Pillet, when her Cousin brought her what she had written. ' Certainly, (*said the beautiful Virgin*) you take me to be ' Naturally very Patient, to think I would ' stay here, till you brought me my Pro- ' cess to read': and so taking the Paper, she found therein these words.

**Y**OU are Happy that your Billet Yesterday fell into my Hands, but that you sent to day has not obtain'd so favourable an Entertainment. Dona Constantia fix'd it with as much Confidence, as if it had been directed to her. Another time, leave not to Chance, the Power of deciding the Difference. The Possessions of the Heart will never admit of being shar'd.

' You

' You see, (*said Elvira*) that I am in  
 ' Earnest, and that I will neither have yee  
 ' for my Rival, nor my Confident.' ' To  
 ' repay your Sincerity, (*reply'd Dona Con-*  
 ' *stantia*, I will make up your Billet: and  
 after she had folded it, she dextrously  
 slipp'd the Verses she had made in the  
 room of it; at what time *Elvira* wrote  
 the Subscription with her own Hand,  
 and deliver'd her Rival's Verses to the  
 Marquis's Page, believing them to have  
 been her own Billet. Soon after, *Dona*  
*Constantia* retir'd to her own Apartment,  
 where she found the Princess of *Monteleon*,  
 who was come to carry her to a Play.  
 The whole Court was there that Day,  
 and among the rest, the Marquis of *Ley-*  
*na*; and by good Fortune, sat next to  
 the Box, where his Mistress had plac'd  
 her self. There he had an opportunity  
 to thank her for the Favour she had shewn  
 him; and he enhaunc'd the Value of it,  
 that he might put the greater Price upon  
 his Acknowledgment. Withal, he assur'd  
 her, that he deem'd himself the most  
 happy among Men, to see that she had  
 receiv'd the Declaration of his Passion  
 without any Reluctancy. He had a par-  
 ticular Talent to persuade a Belief of what  
 he said, which other People had not, who  
 spoke

spoke the same Thing. He had a great deal of Wit, Sweetness and Complacency, and a high Reputation, grounded upon true and solid Worth. *Dona Constantia* inform'd him of all that had pass'd between them two : She also gave him the Billet, in the room of which she had so neatly convey'd her own Verses, and she feign'd to be in some Measure ignorant, what Sentiments he had for the fair Widow, to give him time to tell her, upon that point, all that could assure a lovely Person, whose Charms are always Security for a Lover's Fidelity. Thus the Marquis, when the Play was done, departed much more enamour'd then he was before, and much more smitten with the Wit and Beauty of his Mistress. As for *Elvira*, she had refus'd to go to the Play, in regard she was in hopes that the Marquis would come and spend the rest of the Day with her. But it is impossible to be more suddenly vex'd then she was, after she saw her self deceiv'd, and *Dona Constantia* found her in such a scurvy Humour, that she was going to retire to her Chamber, when of a sudden, she heard a most delightful Symphony, under the Windows of the Gallery, which parted *Elvira's* Apartment from *Constantia's*.  
There.

Thereupon, the two Ladies went into a Balcony, and softly drawing the Lattice-Window, they saw two Persons particularly, whom they knew to be the Marquis, and Don Ferdinand. ' Surely, you will not dispute the Property of the Serenade with me, as you have done that of the Billet,' (*said Elvira to Constantia*) ' Who I! Cousin, (*reply'd Constantia*) I will never contend with yee in any thing; I must have lost my Reason, if I did.' *Elvira* had no time to Answer, in regard that several Transcendent Voices began to sing the following Words in Parts.

• *Since I the fair Lisetta lov'd,  
And she my Passion disapprov'd,  
I suffer cruel Torments Day and Night;  
Nor can my restless Mind  
In softest Pleasures or in calm Delight,  
The least asswagement for my Sorrows find.  
Ah! woe is me! how does my Heart lament  
The loss of those blest Hours of sweet Content  
Those happy Days, when free from Amorous  
Upon a sloping Hillock lay'd, [Pains,  
My Oaten Pipe reviv'd the Neighb'ring Plains,  
And was the only Mistress that I had?  
Thy youthful Years, Lisetta, then improve,  
Which Virgins without Pleasure wast  
That*

*That flie the Pleasures of Inchanting Love,  
And they that lose the Summer of their Age,  
Which Nature for the Sports of Love ordain'd,  
Lose that, which when the Season once is past,  
Can never — never be re-gain'd.*

*Unwilling rashly to engage,  
Some may adventure for a while to stay;  
But late or early all must time obey;  
And every Shepherdess  
Must choose a Loving Shepherd to caress.*

These different Periods were sung by different Voices, which at length join'd all together in the following Chorus.

*Shepherds that in your Loves with Crosses meet,  
Be Faithful, Constant and Discreet;  
For often they who long have stay'd  
The Critical Conjuncture, win the Field;  
And then th' Inexorable Maid  
Will tamely in the Lucky moment yield.*

‘ Sincerely, ( said Elvira ) the Marquis is very much to be belov'd, and very coustly.’ ‘ You have your Reasons, ( said Dona Constantia ) to find him so. But for my part, I intend to make it my study, that he may find a Thousand Faults in me.’ ‘ You'll do very well, Cousin, ( said Elvira, embracing her ) to follow

follow that Exercise; for I must confess, I should extreamly pity your Condition, if you should go about to fix your Thoughts upon him. And the Reason is plain, because that from the first time that we saw him, I knew by his Looks, what he began to feel for my sake: If I refrain'd from pleasing him, 'twas because I fear'd, that you were too much in Love with him.' 'Ah! Cousin, what a malicious Charity you have, (*said Dona Constantia, smiling*) would you be so willing, to tell me things that redounded to my Shame? But there she stopp'd--—— to hear a charming Voice that sung the following words.

*The Vernal Face of all things smiles,  
The Meadows and the Groves renew,  
And happy Lovers, to each other true,  
T' improve the Season bend their amorous Toyls.  
But Hearts by fell Misfortune cōw'd,  
And Souls that languish for the coy & proud,  
Midst all these sweet Delights, to Them  
All Seasons are the same.*

The Musick lasted for some time; nor did the Ladies retire till the Marquis and Don Ferdinand, who saluted 'em by their  
Names

Names, withdrew. The next day the Marquis came to Dona *Elvira's*, and understanding she was alone, he enter'd her Apartment, not without some Trouble: for his Sincerity no way suited with the Mistake of that young Widow. He would have undeceiv'd her with all his Heart. But he was apprehensive, that by provoking her, he should deprive himself of the means of seeing *Constantia*; and that Reflexion engag'd him much farther then he was willing to goe. She receiv'd him with so much Kindness, that he was at his Wits end to see it. ' Do not you believe (*said she,*) very obligingly, that I am one of those Ladies, that feign to be ignorant of what is done for 'em, on purpose to exempt themselves from taking notice of it. I am naturally so gratefull, that I would willingly suffer Blame, did I not understand how to acknowledge the meanest Services that are paid me. I am taken Sir, with your Sedulities: I would fain assure ye of it, because I am persuaded you will not misconster this Confession. I listen'd to your Serenades with an extream Delight; I admir'd the Magnificence of your Presents, and I have found ye in every thing full of Invention, and a compleat Courtier.

' Madam,



‘ Madam, (*reply’d the Marquis,*) I am so  
 ‘ out of Countenance at the Praises which  
 ‘ you bestow upon me , and I am sensi-  
 ‘ ble that I so little deserve ’em, that they  
 ‘ rather augment my Confusion then che-  
 ‘ rish my Vain-glory. He was going on  
 with his Complement, when Don *Ferdi-*  
*nand* enter’d the Room, together with  
*Dona Constantia*.

There was now no longer any room for  
 private Discourse ; and *Elvira* reserv’d to  
 her self the pleasure of making Signs to  
 the Marquis. He on the other side, altho’  
 he were overjoy’d to see *Constantia* , yet  
 was his Trouble no less great, to see that  
 there was so much Company, that he could  
 not find a Minute’s Time to entertain his  
 Mistress with his Passion. He whisper’d  
 to Don *Ferdinand* , and conjur’d him to  
 procure him an Opportunity to see his Si-  
 ster in her own Apartment. ‘ If you love  
 ‘ her so well as to make her your Wife ,  
 ‘ (*said he*) I will omit nothing that may  
 ‘ contribute to your Satisfaction ; but if  
 ‘ your Intention be only to talk to her of  
 ‘ your Love without any other Design,  
 ‘ you must excuse me for not complying  
 ‘ with your Desires. ‘ You would have  
 ‘ a very bad Opinion of my Sentiments,  
 ‘ (*reply’d the Marquis,*) if you believ’d that  
 ‘ I had

' I had any other Thoughts then those of  
 ' marrying her. However since that I  
 ' have given you my promise, permit me  
 ' to obtain the same from her, and that  
 ' we may take those Measures together,  
 ' which may be most proper to gain the  
 ' Duke of *Medina Celi's* Condescension  
 ' to what I so passionately desire. Upon  
 that Don *Ferdinand* embrac'd him, and  
 promis'd him he would bring him that  
 Evening to his Sister. Dona *Constantia*  
 was in a strange Labyrinth, when she heard  
 the Proposal, her Joy and Fear being e-  
 qually the same. For she had an extream  
 Kindness for the Marquis, but her Reputa-  
 tion was a thousand times more dear to  
 her. She was afraid of a Breach of De-  
 cency and Maiden *Decorum*, in the ticklish  
 point of Love and Courtship. So that at  
 first she refus'd her Brother what he de-  
 sir'd; neither would she consent, till after a  
 long & obstinate Importunity. So that after  
 she had been but a very little while retir'd  
 to her Chamber; thither they went, with-  
 out making the least Noise. It is impos-  
 sible to express th' inamour'd Marquis's  
 Joy; he flung himself at *Constantia's* Feet,  
 and taking her in despite of all Resis-  
 tance, by the hands, which he kiss'd  
 with an amorous Impatience, ' Madam,

' ( said

of (said he) I am above measure happy in  
 I that you have vouchsaf'd to give me a  
 ne private Admission. But alas! I only  
 at taste the Pleasure but imperfectly, so  
 er, long as you refuse to share it with me.  
 he Tell me, Madam, do's not the excess of  
 on my Passion nothing move ye? and can  
 on you with Indifferency behold at your  
 nd Feet a Man that adores ye? who comes  
 at to swear an Eternal Fidelity to ye, and  
 ia to know of you whether you are willing  
 rd to correspond with those Sentiments, of  
 e- which you never will have any cause to  
 m be asham'd? ' Sir, (said Dona Constan-  
 tu- tia, after she had desir'd him to rise) it  
 to would be a Vanity to tell ye that I am  
 e- indifferent for such a Passion as yours:  
 sh and therefore I must needs acknowledge  
 at my self to be affected with it. I also ac-  
 e- cept your hand, and give you mine be-  
 a fore my Brother: may it please Heaven  
 er to prosper our Designs where Tender-  
 d- ness and Esteem have an equal Share.  
 a- The Amorous Marquis transported with  
 f- delight, return'd her a thousand Thanks,  
 s- and after they had discours'd together a  
 t, very little while, the fear of being sur-  
 i- priz'd, enforc'd 'em to part.

This first Interview was attended by  
 several others, to the infinite Joy and Sa-  
 tisfaction

tisfaction of those two Lovers. But 'twas impossible that so many sweet Contents should long endure. The Marquis of *Villafior*, *Dona Constantia's* Father, had an elder Brother, call'd *Don Sancho*, jealous, violent, ill-humour'd, and in word, a Person that had nothing to recommend him, but his Wealth and his Birth; and, in regard that his Ancestors had made such a Settlement of their Estate, that it always descended from the Eldest to the Eldest; by which means it could never fall to the younger Branch for want of Issue, he bethought himself of Marrying *Dona Constantia*, to the end, the Children he should have by her, might make his Brother amends for the wrong which Nature had done him. He had no sooner meditated this Design, but he imparted his Mind to the Marquis of *Villafior*, who accepted the Proposal with extraordinary Joy, and promis'd him his Daughter, without consulting her, whether her Sentiments were agreeable to his or no. Presently he sent for *Don Ferdinand*, and gave him in charge, to tell his Sister what he had done, and how he intended to dispose of her, and to let her understand, that altho' *Don Sancho* were somewhat stricken in Years, yet that he was troubl'd

with

with none of those Infirmities of old Age, that render People disagreeable to Youth. Don *Ferdinand* was in a kind of Astonishment to hear this unexpected News, and which broke all the Measures between *Constantia* and her Lover. He lay'd before his Father all the Reasons he could imagine, to divert him from so fatal a Resolution. But he found him inexorable; and, in regard the Marquis was absolute in his Family, there was no avoiding it, but he must be the immediate Messenger of it to his Sister. Nor was it without an extraordinary Trouble that he told her the mournful Tydings. She receiv'd it with a lumpish, pensive Silence, by which her Brother might easily judge of the Excess of her Grief; and after she had remain'd for some time, without being able to speak, she abandon'd her self wholly to the Anguish of her Sorrows. But Don *Ferdinand*, interrupting her, conjur'd her to take some speedy course. 'I know not what course in the World to take; (*said she with Tears in her Eyes*) other then to beg of you to find out the Marquis, and let him understand the Condition I am in, and my Father's Design.' Away went her Brother, and in a short time, it was told him, that the Marquis was gone with

Don Pedro de Leyna, his eldest Brother, to Burgos, there to wait upon the Duke of Medina Celi, and propose to him his Marriage with Dona Constantia, and that he made a full Account, to have return'd before she should have known of his going ; but that since, he had sent word, that the Duke had engag'd him to stay much longer then he expected. This last piece of unfortunate Intelligence, put the lovely Lady to her Wits end, and while she was musing what to do, a Messenger came to tell her, that her Father had sent for her. Presently, she went to his Chamber with all the Anxiety of Mind, that a Person devoted to her Duty, and, at the same time, prepossess'd with the Merit of a Lover dearer to her then her Life, could be sensible of. There she found Don Sancho present, at what time the Marquis of Villastor, directing his Speech to his Daughter, ' Thank your Uncle (*said* ' *he* ) for the Honour he do's yee, in making choice of you for his Wife. He ' has demanded, and I have promis'd ' yee: And I make no question but you ' will be ready to comply for your Advantage: I suppose Don Ferdinand has ' acquainted yee with the Business already.' ' Sir, (*said* Dona Constantia) I ' would

would rather choose to dye, then dis-  
 please yee ; but I can now no longer  
 conceal from your Knowledge, that I  
 have solemnly vow'd a Religious Life,  
 and I hope you will not oppose a Reso-  
 lution, in order to my Eternal Salvati-  
 on.' ' You have been too Indiscreet,  
 (*reply'd the Marquis, in a fume*) to en-  
 gage your self in Vows, without my  
 leave ; neither will I consent to it ; and  
 therefore Daughter, I desire yee frank-  
 ly, and without any hesitation, to yield  
 me your Obedience.' ' No, no, Niece ;  
 (*said Don Sancho*) never be troubl'd for  
 your Vow, I will willingly take all your  
 Scruples upon my Conscience ; and I  
 promise, ye you shall live so happily under  
 that Condition, which I propose to yee,  
 that you will never Dream of a Nunnery.'

But she made no other Answer then with  
 her Tears, and presently withdrew.

So soon as she was return'd to her A-  
 partment, she told Don *Ferdinand*, that  
 since there was no Hope to bend her Fa-  
 ther's Obstinacy, but that he was resolv'd  
 upon the Marriage, there was no striving  
 against that Stream, and therefore she  
 conjur'd him to carry her to the Nunnery  
 of *St. Domingo*, where she believ'd they  
 would receive her. He had a great strug-



gle with himself to adventure an Undertaking so opposite to his Father's Intentions ; but the Importunate Prayers of his Sister, and the Tenderneſs he had for her would not permit him to deny her. The Nuns, who were not ignorant why ſhe ſought for Sanctuary among 'em, and who were alſo acquainted with the violent Humours of Don *Sancho*, and the Marquis of *Villaſtor*, would certainly have ſent her back again, if the Conſtable *Colonna's* Lady, who was then in the Convent had not, with much ado, perſuaded 'em to open their Gates and admit her in. That Lady had a particular Friendſhip for *Dona Conſtantia* : But ſhe had not the good Luck to be long happy with her. For within a very few Days, the Marquis of *Villaſtor* had notice whither his Daughter was retir'd ; and no ſooner had he diſcover'd it, but he went, together with Don *Sancho*, and threaten'd no leſs then to fire the Nunnery. There needed no more to fright the Poor Nuns, ſo that notwithstanding all that the Conſtable's Lady could do, to encourage 'em againſt all the Vanity of ſuch Menaces, they return'd the Diſconſolate Fair One to her Father. She Swooned away, at her coming out of the Convent ; but her Father



ther carry'd her home in that miserable Condition: Where, for some few Days they let her alone, till she had a little recover'd her self from the ill plight of Body and loss of Spirits, occasion'd by the Consternations and Troubles of a dejected Mind. But at length, Her Father constrain'd her, by the utmost Rigour of unnatural Violences, to marry Don *Sancha*.

In the mean while, the Marquis receiv'd Advice, at *Burgos*, of the Misfortune that threaten'd his Amours. Upon which, he departed thence without delay, and flew to *Madrid*, with all the speed imaginable. But what he was afraid of more then Death was already befallen him; the ill Fate I mean, to see his Mistress in Possession of another. The News of which awak'd in him all the Sentiments of Grief and Rage, that could exasperate a Person desperately in Love. He was inform'd of all that she had done, to prevent her Marriage; and the Reasons which he had to extol her Fidelity, did but serve to augment his Despair. At length, he fell dangerously Sick: And upon that occasion it was, that *Dona Constantia* stood in need of all her Vertue. She had seen her Father dye suddenly; and her Lover's Melancholy

lancholy had taken so deep a root in his Heart, that his Life was also in a manner despair'd of. . Don *Ferdinand* went every Day to visit the Marquis, and to assuage his Pains, by telling him a thousand Things, the most obliging in the World, of his Sister's Kindness for him. But when he saw him in a fair way of Recovery, he confess'd that his Sister carefully avoided all Opportunities of speaking with him, and that she had often desir'd he might be acquainted that there was a Necessity for him to banish from his Remembrance, and his Heart, a Person who had been so dear to him, since now she could not Love him without a Crime. But while Don *Ferdinand* was thus discouraging to him, and giving him the best Advice he could think of, the enamour'd Marquis late revolving in his Mind most dismal Projects against the Ravisher of his Felicity. Which Don *Ferdinand* perceiving, gave his Sister notice of it ; and she being exceeding alarm'd at it, to prevent the Effects of his Fury, wrote the following Lines to the Marquis.

SO long as it was in my power to listen to my own Sentiments in your Favour, you know I never fail'd to cherish'em with all the  
care.

care imaginable, and that I freely consented to your generous Design of uniting our Destinies together. I was never born to so great a Happiness, and I assure ye, there is nothing that you can think in aggravation of my Sorrows but what is much inferiour to what I endure. If therefore it be true that they do any way affect ye, never seek by violent means to deliver me from a Person for whom I am now bound to have a respect. This is the last Proof which I desire of your Submission and your Friendship. Be so kind, Sir, as not to refuse it, if you are still the same you were for Dona Constantia.

Don Ferdinand carry'd this Billet to the Marquis: he receiv'd it with extraordinary Transports of Affection, and he conjur'd his Friend to spare him some Minutes to see his Sister. ' I know, (said he) she will be at Dona Elvira's this Evening; at all other times I would avoid going thither: for I must confess that the Remembrance of her has plagu'd me ever since my Sickness; but since I am no longer permitted to visit Dona Constantia as formerly, I shall account my self happy only to talk with her in her Kinswoman's Company. In short, he was so afraid of losing the Opportunity, that he got

Q. 4

thither

thither sooner then he ought to have done. Dona *Elvira* receiv'd him so kindly, and shew'd him so many Civilities, that he knew not what to think or say to her. 'You have been punish'd (*said she with a smiling Countenance*) for going to *Burgos* without my Leave; for then I could have inform'd you of the Match that was making between Dona *Constantia* and Don *Sancho*; you would have had the pleasure of being at the Wedding, and I should have had the pleasure of spending a whole day in your Company. The Marquis, upon these words, which recall'd to his Memory all his past Misfortunes, was ready to dye through the Constraint which he put upon himself to conceal his Grief; and the Effects of it appear'd in his Face. Which *Elvira* taking notice of, and withal appearing concern'd at it, the Marquis told her, That he was not altogether so well recover'd from his Sickness, but that he was troubl'd sometimes with fainting Fits; and after that, all he spoke to her while he stay'd, he utter'd with a languishing and melancholly Air, of which she thought her self to be the cause. 'Never fear Sir, (*reply'd Elvira*) my being so highly offended, as not to deem ye worthy pardon. Me thinks

' thinks too, that you carry your Repen-  
' tance too far, and I am troubl'd at it.

But Dona *Constantia* was not long before she came; for tho' she were marry'd she had not yet remov'd her Lodging, and as for her Husband he lay in the Marquis of *Villafior's* Apartment. She appear'd to the Marquis so lovely, so pensive, so careless in her Mourning Habit, and so neat in her Carelessness, that he was charm'd with the sight of her; and no doubt the Trouble and Perplexity which this Enterview had waken'd in these Two Lovers, had not escap'd *Elvira's* piercing Eye, but that Don *Ferdinand* put a stop to her Observation. She had had her Picture newly drawn, and Don *Ferdinand* very pleasantly diverted her, by observing to her, that she had several Beauties which the Limner had neglected to express. This bewitching Flattery pleas'd her extreamly: so that the Marquis made the best of his time, and accosting Dona *Constantia*. ' Ah! ' Madam, (*said he*) is it possible that I ' should lose ye; and that my Grief should ' not have laid me in my Grave; in short, ' do not believe me altogether insensi- ' ble of my Misfortune? ' No, Sir, (*said he*) I do not in the least believe ye in- ' sensible: what I suffer my self, enables

' me to do you Justice ; but 'tis no long-  
 ' er now allow'd me to seek my Consola-  
 ' tion. ' How happy are you, (*contin'd*  
 ' *she*) that 'tis in your power to afflict your  
 ' self without a Crime ! ' What Crime  
 ' then, Madam, (*said the Marquis*) do you  
 ' think it to be, to bewail a Person that  
 ' is acquainted with nothing but Despair,  
 ' and knows not where to find one drop  
 ' of Consolation to mitigate the Anguish  
 ' of his Sorrows, for having lost so rich a  
 ' Treasure as your self. My Duty will not  
 ' let me, (*reply'd Constantia, concealing*  
 ' *some Tears that fell from her Eyes, in spite*  
 ' *of all that she could do* ) my Duty, I say,  
 ' forbids me to love ye, and the same Du-  
 ' ty commands me to fly your Company.  
 ' How ! can you hate me ! (*cry'd the Mar-*  
 ' *quis sighing* ) Unjust Woman ! is Don  
 ' *Sancho* become the Master of your Heart,  
 ' and has he banish'd me from thence ?  
 ' Oh Sir, insult not over me any more,  
 ' (*reply'd Constantia interrupting him.*) It  
 ' behov'd Don *Sancho* to have done all  
 ' that you have said, and it became me to  
 ' assist him : but I had not the Strength ;  
 ' as the Afflictions wherewith you see me  
 ' overwhelm'd, may well inform ye.  
 They had continu'd their Expostulations,  
 but that *Elvira* briskly quitted Don *Ferdi-*  
*nand,*

and, and return'd to the Marquis; and it happen'd very luckily for the two Lovers; for Don *Sancho*, who presently enter'd the Room, would not have been well pleas'd to have seen his Wife in private discoursing with the Marquis. He brought Letters which he had receiv'd from *Mexico*, that gave him a large Account of Goods that he had in the *Indies*. Dona *Elvira* also was concern'd in the Letters; and that was the Reason she was forc'd to hear 'em read over, which requir'd some time; so that the Marquis, not having an opportunity to speak to his Mistress in private; took a Pocket Looking-Glass that lay upon the Table; and making a shew as if he were playing with it, with the point of a Diamond wrote upon it the following Verses.

*Remember, fair Constantia, when your Face  
You see by true Reflexion from this Glass,  
That all those Beauties which you there display,  
Vanish from thence, when once you turn away.  
But, Madam, be you near or far remote,  
My Heart retains 'em, ne'er to be forgot.*

Dona *Constantia*, was too intent upon what the Marquis was doing not to perceive that he had writ something upon the  
Glass,



Glass, and therefore feigning to rectifie something that was amiss in her Head. Attire, she took it out of his Hands, and read what he had there written: *Elvira* also desir'd it, to set her Locks right, which put *Constantia* to a nonplus: However, not thinking it convenient; to shew any thing of Reluctancy, she presented it to her: but as *Elvira* was going to take it, *Constantia*, as if it had been by Mischance, let it fall, and brake it to pieces; and seeming to be extreamly troubl'd for the Accident, pick'd up the bits, and threw 'em out at Window: 'I am resolv'd, (*said she*) this shall give you no farther trouble, and from this very Evening, I shall endeavour to repair my Fault.' The enamour'd Marquis lost no Opportunity of seeing her. On the other side, *Dona Elvira* persever'd in her belief, that he Lov'd her, because he often came to visit her. One Day that he was passing through the Gallery, which was right against *Constantia's* Chamber, he saw *Juana*, one of her Women, for whom she had the greatest Kindness, come forth; he stopp'd her, to ask her how her Mistress did. 'She is like to be at quiet for some Days, (*said she*) *Don Sancho* is going to the *Escorial*, and he has already given



' given *to* two *Duena's*, not to let  
 ' her stir out of their sight.' ' How!  
 ' my poor *Juana*, (*cry'd the Marquis*) must  
 ' I not see her? ' Not so often, Sir, (*said*  
 ' *she*) as if he were at home: For you  
 ' know what a terrible Beast a *Duena* is.'  
 ' They are not so difficult to be tam'd as  
 ' thou thinkest for, (*reply'd the Marquis,*  
 ' *with a smile.*) But, I'll not be behold-  
 ' ing to 'em: Here, take this Jewel  
 ' which I freely give thee, and procure  
 ' me a moment's time to talk with thy  
 ' Mistress.' *Juana* at first, was somewhat  
 squeamish, but the Marquis knew so well  
 how to manage her, that she promis'd  
 him, that the next Day in the Evening,  
 when her Mistress was alone, she would  
 open the back-door, unknown to her Mi-  
 stress, and let him in: The Marquis, at  
 the same time, was afraid to offend her,  
 nor would he have consented to the Maid's  
 Proposal, but that he Flatter'd himself, as  
 all Lovers do, that a Mistress is never so  
 much incens'd, by seeing the Person  
 whom she Loves at her Feet, but that  
 she is ready to Pardon the Transports of  
 a desperate Lover. So that he made his  
 Fears submit to his Desires, and promis'd  
*Juana* not to fail. The pleasing *Idea* which  
 he had form'd to himself of this Meeting  
 caus'd

caus'd him to look with ~~an~~<sup>an</sup> ~~un~~<sup>un</sup> ~~happy~~<sup>unhappy</sup> Air,  
 which he had not done for a good while.  
*Elvira*, with whom he had been that Day  
 and the next, perceiving it, was the more  
 charm'd with him for it, and lov'd him  
 still more and more. And now the appoin-  
 ted Evening being come, *Juana* waited  
 for him, and by a back pair of Stairs, ha-  
 ving convey'd him into the Gallery,  
 ' Here I leave yee, (*said she*) the Door  
 ' is open, and you have nothing to do,  
 ' but not to make any noise when ye en-  
 ' ter. But the Darknes of the Place,  
 his Joy, and the Trouble he was in, caus'd  
 him to commit a gross Mistake. For the  
 Gallery lead into *Elvira's* Apartment, as  
 well as *Constantia's*, and he went into *El-*  
*vira's* Chamber instead of his Mistress's.  
 Now *Elvira* was already got to Bed, and  
 the small Wax Candle, that burnt at a  
 good distance off, gave such a dim light,  
 that the Marquis, whose Thoughts were  
 already taken up with other things, was  
 not in a Condition to distinguish one  
 Chamber from the other. Nor was *Elvi-*  
*ra* yet gone to Sleep, when she heard  
 her Door open, which she never minded,  
 believing it had been one of her Maids;  
 but drawing the Curtain, and seeing the  
 Marquis approach, her Surprize was no  
 less

less then the hurly-burly of her Thoughts :  
 However, she conjectur'd it to be an Ef-  
 fect of his Passion. But tho' she took a  
 great Delight in Flattering her self, yet  
 she look'd upon him now as somewhat  
 too Rude, and was going to tell him a  
 piece of her Mind, when he threw him-  
 self upon his Knees, by her Bed-side,  
 and in a most submissive, yet passionate  
 manner, which discover'd the Trouble of  
 his Soul, ' Most Divine Creature, (*said*  
 ' *be*) never accuse me before you hear  
 ' me. I confess it is a great piece of Rude-  
 ' ness to come into your Chamber at an  
 ' unseasonable Hour ; I know 'tis the way  
 ' to expose yee to many Inconveniences.  
 ' But I have been as cautious as it was  
 ' possible for me to be, to the end, that  
 ' no body should take notice of it. Fear  
 ' nothing therefore, either from my Rash-  
 ' ness, or the excess of my Love. I am  
 ' only come to aggravate the force of it  
 ' before yee, and to dye at your Feet.  
 ' No, Madam, (*continu'd be*) never did  
 ' Lover burn with a Flame so pure and so  
 ' violent : Bear with me for some few  
 ' Minutes, without being affrighted ; and  
 ' do not interrupt with your Reproaches  
 ' the Pleasure which I taste, by being in  
 ' your Presence. ' Ah ! Marquis, (*reply'd*  
 ' *Elvira*)

‘ Elvira) is it possible that you should be  
 ‘ so Respectful as you promise, and should  
 ‘ an Adventure, so extraordinary as this,  
 ‘ once come to be known, would busie  
 ‘ Tongues refrain from taxing me with  
 ‘ keeping Correspondence with yee? I  
 ‘ do not disown but that I have a particu-  
 ‘ lar Inclination to do your Merit Justice.  
 ‘ But tho’ this Inclination be much stron-  
 ‘ ger then I apprehend it to be my self,  
 ‘ there is yet a Reason much more pow-  
 ‘ erful to be offended at the Liberty you  
 ‘ have taken. She spoke these Words with  
 such a Commotion of Mind, and with a  
 Voice so low, that the Marquis could not  
 yet perceive his Mistake. ‘ Listen to  
 ‘ that Inclination, (*said he*) if it be in my  
 ‘ favour. Alas! is there no Mark of  
 ‘ Compassion owing to the only Man in  
 ‘ the World, whom you have made most  
 ‘ Miserable? Concluding those Words,  
 he took *Elvira* by the Hand, and kiss’d  
 it with those Transports, that are not to  
 be express’d. Nor was she insensible of  
 it; inso much, that a soothing Languish-  
 ment, that had almost master’d all her  
 Senses, hinder’d her from being so Rigo-  
 rous as she would have been. The ena-  
 mour’d Marquis perceiv’d it, and neg-  
 lected nothing to improve his Advanta-  
 ges

ges. But finding that she made too strong a Resistance, 'How! Madam (*said he*) would you hinder me from demonstrating the Excess of my Passion, at the only moment that ever I could be Master of, since your Marriage? Have not you plighted your Troth to me, before ever you were engag'd to Don *Sancho*?

The stab of a Dagger would have been less cruel to *Elvira*, then these Words; which so surpriz'd her, and strook her with such an inward Grief, that she swooned away in the Marquis's Arms. This Accident affrighten'd him beyond Imagination: He ran to fetch the Light, to see whether it were in his Power to relieve the expiring Beauty. But in what a Condition was he, when he saw her Face, and found his Mistake. He was almost at Death's Door himself; nor did he know what Resolution to take: He was about to have left her in the Condition she was in. But then considering what a piece of Cruelty it would be toward a Woman that had so passionate a Kindness for him, and that if he did not call for Assistance, she might lie a long time in her Fit, he was at a loss again; for, whom should he call? If any of her Servants,

wants, that were the way to Ruine her.  
 Well——at length, he resolv'd to have  
 recourse to *Dona Constantia*, and the ra-  
 ther, because he had an extraordinary de-  
 sire to see her. To which purpose, he  
 stole through the Gallery, into her Cham-  
 ber, and as he drew the Curtains, tho'  
 it were very softly, she wak'd of a sud-  
 dain, and began to cry out, seeing him  
 so near her at Midnight. ' Be not di-  
 ' sturb'd, Madam (*said he*) and permit  
 ' me to stay but a few Minutes in your  
 ' Chamber. Good God, Sir, (*said she*)  
 ' What d' yee mean to expose me thus?  
 ' Is it possible that you should have any  
 ' kindness for me, yet go about to ruine  
 ' my Reputation? No, no, I cannot  
 ' permit your Company any longer, in a  
 ' place where you run the hazard as well  
 ' of your own, as my Life, if you are  
 ' discover'd. Be gone immediately, I  
 ' conjure yee, Sir : The Request it self  
 ' is so much a Trouble to me, that I have  
 ' enough to do to make it ; and therefore  
 ' give me no farther disturbance, to speak  
 ' any more. ' Madam (*said the Marquis*)  
 ' I cannot leave yee, till I have inform'd  
 ' yee of the cruel Accident that has be-  
 ' fallen me. I thought my self in your  
 ' Chamber, when I was in *Elvira's*. I  
 ' mistook

her. ' mistook her a long time for your self,  
 have ' and have been declaring my Passion to  
 ra- ' her, and she has hearken'd to me. But,  
 de- ' at length she understood, by the contri-  
 he ' nuance of my Discourse, that all my  
 am- ' Vows and Protestations were address'd  
 tho' ' to you, Madam, and I tremble to tell  
 sud- ' yee the Effect which the Knowledge  
 him ' of this produc'd. She swooned away,  
 di- ' and lies still in a Fit ; so that of Necess-  
 mit ' sity, you must be so kind as to go and  
 our ' help her. With that, *Dona Constantia*  
 (she) ' beginning to grow jealous, ' O Sir, (*said*  
 us ? ' (she) 'tis not me that you seek for here,  
 ny ' nor should I have known that you had  
 ine ' been in the House, had not *Elvira* stood  
 not ' in need of my Assistance. No, no, I  
 n'a ' would not have you to think me good  
 ell ' Natur'd enough to go and relieve her  
 re ' in that Condition, to which the Plea-  
 I ' sure of your Company has reduc'd her.  
 elf ' Let it satisfy yee, that I will say no-  
 ve ' thing of it to any body, and so I beg the  
 re ' Favour of yee to depart immediately.  
 k ' How unkindly do you add to the heap  
 s) ' of my Afflictions ! (*cry'd the Marquis,*  
 d ' in a doleful tone) Can you think me ca-  
 e- ' pable of such a piece of Infidelity ; me,  
 r ' that love yee even to Adoration ; who  
 I ' have given yee an ingenious and true  
 k ' Account



‘ Account of what has pass’d, and who  
 ‘ would sacrifice all the Women in the  
 ‘ World to your Esteem? These words  
 were accompany’d with such an Aire, so  
 tender and so moving, that *Dona Constantia*,  
 could not forbear to believe what he  
 said. ‘ Well— (*said she*) I will believe  
 ‘ yee, notwithstanding all the Circum-  
 ‘ stances that make against yee. But do  
 ‘ not abuse my Indulgence, be gone. As  
 ‘ for *Elvira*, take my Advice, and let her  
 ‘ alone as she is: And when you see her,  
 ‘ shew her the same Marks of your Esteem  
 ‘ and Kindness, as you were wont to do.  
 ‘ ’Tis my Opinion also, that if it were  
 ‘ possible to deceive her, when she comes  
 ‘ to talk of this Accident, and to make  
 ‘ her believe she was in a Dream, it would  
 ‘ extreamly conduce to bring us out of  
 ‘ this Perplexity. The Marquis ap-  
 prov’d her prudent Counsel, and went  
 away.

*Dona Elvira* by degrees recover’d her  
 troubl’d Sences, and after that, aban-  
 don’d her self to all that Despite and Re-  
 pentance, which usually attends an Acci-  
 dent like that which had befall’n her.  
 She upbraided her self with her Favours  
 for an ingrateful Lover; she set before her  
 Eyes the Triumphs of her Rival, when  
 she



who should be inform'd of her Misfortune, and meditated Revenge proportionable to her Anger. Nor was *Constantia* less afflicted; she was sufficiently apprehensive of *Elvira's* Fury, and she blam'd her self in her Heart, that she had so soon dismiss'd her Lover. The Marquis also lay under great Disturbances. His Imagination was ingenious to furnish him with Reasons to be afraid, as well for his Mistress as his Passion, and he waited the proper Hour to see Dona *Elvira* with an extraordinary Impatience.

She had given Order, he should be admitted when he came: And he found her in her Closet, upon her Couch, with her Eyes bath'd in Tears, and in a profound Study. He had already thrown himself at her Feet, before she perceiv'd him. But so soon as she saw him, she gave a great shriek, and rose up in a pelting chafe, with a Resolution to have flung out of the Room, but he prevented her, and stopping her with a most awful Aire, 'What have I done, Madam, (*said he*) 'that you should be thus frighted at my 'appearance? I cannot conceive what 'Misfortune it should be, that causes you 'to cast such Looks upon me. Has any 'body been here that has done me any 'unfriendly Office. 'Was

‘ Was there ever any Impudence like  
 ‘ to yours? (*cry’d Elvira, in a terrible heat*)  
 ‘ How durst you come hither to insult o-  
 ‘ ver me, and after all that you have  
 ‘ done, come now and ask me whether I  
 ‘ have any cause to complain. Who, I!  
 ‘ (*reply’d the Marquis, with an Aire of asto-*  
 ‘ *nishment;*) Have I, Madam, ever giv’n  
 ‘ you any cause of complaint? or, Did  
 ‘ I ever do any thing that has displeas’d  
 ‘ yee? ‘ Ah! certainly you must think  
 ‘ me to be very easie of belief, if you be-  
 ‘ lieve me to be cully’d by your Counter-  
 ‘ feigned Surprisal. No, Sir, I have no such  
 ‘ treacherous Memory, as to forget last  
 ‘ Night’s Accident: It was not for my  
 ‘ Honour indeed; but I hope to have a  
 ‘ quick Revenge for the Mortification I  
 ‘ have suffer’d. I understand yee, Ma-  
 ‘ dam, (*said the Marquis, with a disconten-*  
 ‘ *ted Aspect,*) my Affiduities displease yee.  
 ‘ What Trick have you found out, (*said*  
 ‘ *she*) to shift off confessing, that you were  
 ‘ not in my Chamber; that mistaking  
 ‘ me for *Constantia*, you did not fill my  
 ‘ Ears with the dinn of your Passion;  
 ‘ and lastly, that you did not leave me in  
 ‘ a Swoon? ‘ All the Prodigies in the  
 ‘ World, (*cry’d the Marquis*) would less  
 ‘ surprize me, then the Story that you tell  
 ‘ me.

me. Do you think, Madam, that I am so rudely indiscreet, to come into your Apartment at such a time of the Night, without your permission? How should I come to talk of *Dona Constantia*, who have no particular Kindness for her? And if you doubt of what I affirm, Don *Ferdinand* will confirm the Truth of it, who was in my Company all the Night. These confident Assertions of the Marquis put *Elvira* into a strange Astonishment, so that after a Thousand Reflexions of her own making, and a Thousand Oaths the Marquis swore, they both concluded that she had been in a Dream; and upon that, she begg'd him as many excuses, for flying out so severely against him. But the Marquis's Joy had not been perfect, had not *Constantia* had her share of it. Thereupon, he wrote to her the next Day, and gave *Juana* the Billet to deliver to her Mistress. It was in these Words.

I Have over-persuaded *Elvira*; and never was any thing so Pleasant as her Credulity. I can hardly pardon my self the Oaths which I swore; I protested to her, that I Lov'd no living Soul but her self; Whereas you know, Madam, that you are the only Person

*Person that I Love. Is it not possible for me to give you an Account of our Contest, and to enjoy your Company a little longer then I did the last Night?*

*Juana* ran to her Mistress's Chamber, to have giv'n her this Billet: But there she found the two *Duena's*, who, according to their Orders, were not to let her stir out of their sight, and she was careful of making them privy to a Secret, which they would be sure to reveal; so that she presently withdrew. But as she pass'd hastily through the Gallery, as ill Luck would have it, she dropp'd the Billet, and did not perceive it, till some time after. In the mean while, *Dona Elvira*, who was walking in the Gallery, at the same time, saw her let it fall, and said nothing, but took it up. Immediately, no less Impatient then big with Curiosity, she retir'd to her Closet; and it is easie to imagine the Sentiments of Grief and Indignation upon the reading of a Billet that made her the ridiculous Subject of the Enditer's Mirth. She was incens'd beyond all atonement, to find that she should have such a violent Passion for a Man that scorn'd her, and a Rival that was so well inform'd of her Weakness.

She

She could not forbear admiring, that she should, with so much easiness, believe the Marquis, and how he could come to persuade her, that all she had seen was no more then a Dream. She wept, she wail'd, she took a Thousand various Resolutions, sometimes to be reveng'd, sometimes to be as indifferent as he was cold. But, at length her Love prevailing, she agreed to Pardon his Ingratitude, if she could but make him Love her. To compass this Design, upon which all her Tranquility depended, she thought there was not any thing which she might put in practice ; and therefore, feigning not to have seen the Billet, she wrote another to the Marquis, wherein she sent for him to come to her.

*IF you intend to be punctual to the meeting, which is appointed, fail not to come this Evening to my Apartment: I shall not fail to be alone, to the end I may have more time to discourse yee.*

This Proposal of a private Meeting Face to Face, very much gravell'd him. For it is a difficult thing, to act any long time the Part of a Man in Love, and who, in that Respect, desires nothing of

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a Woman by whom he is belov'd. Let a Man have never so little to do with a Mistress that is quick-sighted, she quickly penetrates into that which he most willingly would hide from her, But, tho' he had no mind to meet, yet he durst not fail. Away therefore he went in the Evening, and found her in a magnificent Closet, all hung with Lights, and where there was nothing omitted to make it sumptuous and delightful. She her self was laid down upon a Couch, in a careless Morning habit, of Rose-colour Silk, intermix'd with Silver, such as they usually wear in Spain, her Hair negligently dishevell'd about her Shoulders, and some Jewels here and there dispers'd without any Affectation, compleated the lustre of her Dress; nor had she ever manag'd her Charms to more advantage. 'Tis so difficult a thing (*said she*) for me, that am troubl'd with Company, to find a convenient time to enjoy yours, that I resolv'd to make choice of this, and withal, to order my Servants to say, I am not within. You see, Sir, care has been taken to spare you that time and leisure, which perhaps you never desir'd. 'I have desir'd it, and most earnestly too, (*said the Marquis, falling upon his Knees, by the*

*side*

*side of the Couch*) but being aw'd by my  
 Respect, I durst not tell you so; nor  
 should I ever have presum'd to hope the  
 Favour which you afford me now, but  
 that it is your pleasure that my Happi-  
 ness should be a piece of your Workman-  
 ship. 'I question, (*said she*) whether  
 it be so much your Desire as mine, and  
 I fear 'twill be my Reproach one Day,  
 to have made an ungrateful Person of  
 yee. 'Your suspicions, Madam, (*said*  
*he*) do me infinite wrong; and I am hi-  
 therto utterly ignorant, which way I  
 have deserv'd 'em. Ah! (*cry'd she, no*  
*longer being Mistress of her Resentment,*)  
 perfidious Man! I will instruct yee then,  
 for your better Edification; or rather,  
 this Billet will inform yee, which Ye-  
 sterday you wrote to your Mistress.  
 Will yee now disown this too, and make  
 me believe I'm still in a Dream? Any  
 other Person but my self, (*continu'd she*)  
 would have made use of it to your ruine.  
 But I have suspended my Revenge: I  
 was willing to see whether you are capa-  
 ble of Repentance; for I am still weak  
 enough to pardon yee. Yes——if you  
 intend to preserve *Dona Constantia* from  
 the fury of her Husband, 'twill be your  
 best way to pledge me your Faith; for,

‘ in short, the repose of my Life depends  
‘ upon it.

The Marquis, at these words, all in  
Trouble and Confusion, could not choose  
but discover in his Looks, the disorder of  
his Soul. ‘ I must confess, Madam, (*said*  
‘ *he*) I Love *Constantia*, and I could have  
‘ wish’d, that the same inclination which  
‘ devoted me to her, had made me your  
‘ suppliant. The Union of your For-  
‘ tune to mine, would have been too  
‘ great a Happiness for me. But, Ma-  
‘ dam, I am not the Master of my own  
‘ Destiny, and you ought to pity me.  
‘ For, in short, I am not belov’d by her,  
‘ for whom I had a Kindness; I know  
‘ your Merit, and the price of your Fa-  
‘ vours: Consider then the Extremity of  
‘ my Misfortune, not to be able, neither  
‘ to avoid a great Mischiefe, nor to em-  
‘ brace a great Happiness. How Un-  
‘ fortunate am I! (*cry’d she, at the same*  
‘ *time letting fall a showre of Tears*;) Have  
‘ I been all along so kind to make these  
‘ Condescensions so unworthy of my  
‘ self, and is there nothing that remains  
‘ for me, but the Reward of ruinous  
‘ Despair, to be refus’d? Ah miserable  
‘ Creature! never survive thy Shame, but  
‘ by a speedy Death, repair the Folly of  
‘ thy



thy Life. Concluding those words, she drew a Dagger from under the Cushions, where she had hid it, and stabb'd it into her Bosome. Immediately down she tumbl'd, weltring in Blood, and fetching from her Breast most doleful Sighs, she left the Marquis fully persuaded that she was going to give up the Ghost. You may easily imagine his Astonishment; who seeing her grow pale and motionless, began to be afraid that she was quite dead. In this Extremity, he thought it his best way to get out of such a fatal Place; and meeting *Juana* in the Gallery, he told her what a fatal Accident had happen'd. She was as much troubl'd as He, and carry'd him immediately into her Mistress's Closet, where she help'd him to hide himself. In the mean time, *Elvira*, who had counterfeited a swooning Fit, and only feign'd to kill her self, calling to one of her Women, to whom she had imparted her Design, ' Help, *Eugenia*, help, (*said she*) for ' I am wounded and past all Consolation, ' to find the Marquis so indifferent. My ' Business is done, dear Maid; since he ' has stood his last Tryal, I must never ' hope to move his Heart. The Traytor ' minded nothing, but to get away; and ' here has left me dying for his sake.

‘ I have no more to think of but my Re-  
 ‘ venge ; and that same cruel and re-  
 ‘ morseless Passion shall cure me of that  
 ‘ Affectionate Passion which I had for  
 ‘ him. And so saying, she caus’d her  
 wound to be bound up, and went to Bed.

While things were thus manag’d in Do-  
 na *Elvira*’s Apartment, *Constantia* was not  
 at home, in regard her Husband had sent  
 for her to meet him upon the Road. But  
 at their Return, they found none of their  
 own Servants, either at the Gates or  
 Doors, only the House full of all sorts of  
 People, as well Officers of Justice, as *El-  
 vira*’s Friends, who flock’d thither upon  
 the Account of the Accident. At which  
 they were strangely surpriz’d, and went  
 to her Chamber ; where, so soon as she  
 saw ’em, she renewed her Lamentations,  
 and made ’em a Repetition of what she  
 had already told all the World, that the  
 Marquis of *Leyna* finding her alone, and  
 willing to make the best of his Opportu-  
 nity, for madness that she refus’d his  
 Courtship, had stabb’d her with his Dag-  
 ger. In pursuance of which, she caus’d  
 most heinous Informations to be drawn  
 up against him ; and the Fact was believ’d  
 to be a real Truth. The Duke of *Medi-  
 na Celi*, being inform’d of it, was at his  
 Wits

Wits end, and all People talk'd of no less  
 then of putting the Marquis to Death;  
 so soon as he could be taken. As for Do-  
 na *Constantia*, it is not to be express'd how  
 extreamly she was troubl'd and afflicted  
 when she understood the Business, and  
*Elvira*, observ'd her too narrowly, not to  
 understand her Sentiments; and tho' she  
 strove to conceal 'em with all the Care  
 imaginable, yet they could not choose  
 but appear in her Countenance. It was  
 an extraordinary Grief to her, to think  
 of accusing the Marquis, nor could she  
 believe him innocent, when she call'd to  
 mind with what disturbance he came to  
 her Chamber the same Night that he had  
 been with *Elvira*. She therefore feign'd  
 her self to be tyr'd with her Journey, that  
 she might have a Pretence to quit *Elvira*,  
 only she desir'd Don *Sancho* to stay there  
 some time; and no sooner was she re-  
 tir'd to her Closet, o'erwhelm'd with  
 Grief and Discontent, but *Juana* came to  
 her, and inform'd her that she had hid the  
 Marquis. Upon which, she made a sud-  
 den stop, uncertain what she had to do.  
 But he immediately appear'd and threw  
 himself at her Feet. ' Oh! Madam, (*said*  
 ' *be*) can you scruple to see a Man, who,  
 ' in the excess of his Misfortune, has no o-

' ther Consolation but what you afford  
 ' him. ' Speak more Sincerely, Sir,  
 ' (*said she, interrupting him*) and tell your  
 ' Story to the charming *Elvira*. The  
 ' wicked injury that you have done her  
 ' sufficiently betrays the violence of your  
 ' Passion. ' Ah! Madam, (*said he*) how  
 ' are you going to be sway'd by Pre-  
 ' judice and Mistake! Hear me, for  
 ' Heaven's Sake, and I will quickly let  
 ' you see your Error. And then he gave  
 ' her a full Relation of every particular  
 ' Circumstance of the Accident, with that  
 ' ingenious Sincerity, that she could not  
 ' choose but give Credit to him. ' I am  
 ' infinitely Sorry, (*said she*) and I bewail  
 ' my own Condition; for we have a  
 ' cruel Enemy to deal with. She will look  
 ' upon me as the cause of your Contempt,  
 ' and she will leave nothing omitted to  
 ' gratifie her Hatred; tho' were I the on-  
 ' ly Person upon whom her Resentment  
 ' were to fall, methinks I should be so  
 ' much the less miserable Her Grief  
 ' and her Tears would not permit her to  
 ' proceed: And while the Marquis was  
 ' endeavouring to alleviate her Sadness, *El-*  
 ' *vira*, transported with her unjust Rage,  
 ' seeing Don *Sancho* by her, ' Sir, (*said*  
 ' *she*) never think that Love has any share  
 ' in

' in the Tragedy that has been acted be-  
 ' tween the Marquis of *Leyna* and my  
 ' self ; he has always look'd upon me with  
 ' an indifferent Eye, and it is not conso-  
 ' nant to Sence, that a Man should stab  
 ' a Mistress for not complying immedi-  
 ' ately with his Desires. That was never  
 ' the Motive ; No -- no --- but your Con-  
 ' cerns are the cause of this unhappy Ac-  
 ' cident that has befall'n me. You will  
 ' find by that Billet which he wrote to  
 ' *Dona Constantia*, and which fell into my  
 ' Hands by chance, that he holds a Cor-  
 ' respondence with her ; and as my Lo-  
 ' ver, I tax'd him with it. I would have  
 ' had him renounc'd it, and upon his re-  
 ' fusall, I threatn'd him severely to inform  
 ' you of it, when in a rage, and to rid  
 ' himself of his fears and jealousies, he  
 ' drew his Dagger and gave me this wound.  
 This pernicious Story wrought in Don *San-*  
*cob* the full Effect which *Elvira* promis'd to  
 her self. He gave her a thousand Thanks,  
 and offer'd her his Estate and his Life, in  
 vindication of the wrong she had sustain'd,  
 and finding himself transported with his  
 Jealousie, never meditating any more upon  
 the Consequences of his Revenge, he flew  
 to his Wife's Apartment. *Juana* perceiv-  
 ing him coming, gave immediate notice to

the Marquis, who presently slipp'd behind the Hangings. Don *Sancho* enter'd her Chamber with a furious Aspect, and found *Constantia* lying upon the Couch, so languishing, and withal so beautiful, as would have mov'd the most obdurate to Compassion and Tendernefs. But far from that, the Devil, which had possess'd him, had put it into his Head, that her profound Melancholy was only an effect of her Grief for what was likely to befall the Marquis: and carry'd away with those Thoughts, ' This is no time, Madam, (*said he*) to ' muse upon your Paramour; and so saying, drew his Dagger; which *Constantia* seeing, as much affrighted and dismay'd as she was, had only so much time and strength to throw her self at his Feet, and beg her Life; and this same short delay was that which sav'd her. For notwithstanding all her Tears, his Hand was up to give the fatal stroak, when the Marquis rush'd out from the place where he lay hid, and calling him to stand upon his Guard, generously gave him time to draw his Sword. But the Match was not equal: For the Marquis's Love and Anger, both together, had re-inforc'd his natural strength and courage to that degree, that he was able to have vanquish'd ten such Enemies;

so

so that with one Mortal thrust, he lay'd  
 the Jealous Husband dead at his Feet.  
 Dona *Constantia*, scar'd with her own  
 danger, and the death of her Husband,  
 would have call'd out for help: but the  
 Marquis embracing her Knees, ' Make  
 ' no noise, Madam, (*said he*) for if you  
 ' do, we are utterly ruin'd: You will be  
 ' accus'd as well as I; but permit me to  
 ' secure you in a Place of safety. Or,  
 ' if you resolve to stay, to your own  
 ' destruction, I am resolv'd to run the  
 ' same hazard, and be ruin'd with yee.  
 Her dismay, and her irresolution at first,  
 were such, as were not easie to be express'd;  
 but at length, her Reputation, which was  
 always more dear to her, then her Life,  
 oblig'd her to determine. ' Flie Sir, *said*  
 ' (*she*) and leave a miserable Woman, whom  
 ' the Laws of Decency will not permit  
 ' to accompany your flight: nor is it for  
 ' me to be any ways assisting toward your  
 ' escape, without a Crime, since you are  
 ' the Murderer of my Husband. But I  
 ' consent to your escape, and beg ye to  
 ' provide for your self, and to be more  
 ' careful of your preservation, then I  
 ' would be of my own. For my part, I  
 ' intend to wait the issue of this unlucky  
 ' business in a Cloyster, and there I will  
 ' preserve

‘ preserve you in my Remembrance,  
 ‘ which is all I can do for yee.

Concluding those words, notwithstanding all the tears and entreaties of the Marquis, she left the Room, attended only by *Juana*, both wrapp’d up in long Mantles; nor would the Marquis forsake her, but still follow’d her at a distance. She had been so provident as to take along with her some Jewels and Money; but, in regard the Night was now far spent, she went no farther then *Juana’s* Mother’s House, in expectation of Day, that she might shut her self up in the Nunnery of *St. Domingo*. There this afflicted Lady thought to have found an assured Sanctuary and perhaps her Expectations would have been answer’d, but for the violent Prosecutions of *Dona Elvira*. She accus’d her to have assassinated her Husband with the assistance of the Marquis of *Leyna*: She justify’d also, that he went from her very late in the Night, and all the Circumstances which she produc’d contributed to the ruine of those two Lovers. She discover’d where her Rival had conceal’d her self; she gave present information of it to the Court, and she obtain’d an Order from the King to the Abbess, to keep *Constantia* as a Person that would be call’d to a very severe Account.



Account. She was also depriv'd the Liberty of stirring out of her Chamber, and while they were busily contriving to frame the Process against her and the Marquis, Letters were intercepted which he had written to her full of Passion, and Menaces against their Common Enemies; and they were brought in as Evidence against 'em.

All this while, the Marquis was reduc'd to such a Condition of Despair and Fury, as would have transported him to the last Extremities of Violence, so eager was he to ruine himself, in hopes to save his Mistress. All his Friends labour'd to appease his Fury, and kept him private, whither he would or no. But at length, the Duke of *Medina Celi* told him, that it was in vain to delay any longer, that his business went worse and worse, and that there was an absolute Necessity for him to retire into *Flanders*. This was to him another Thunder-clap; he saw his Mistress in Danger, and yet they would enforce him to forsake her in the midst of her Necessity: So that he refus'd to consent to their Advice, while he thought it a greater Misfortune to escape alone, then to perish with the Person that he lov'd. He therefore made it his whole business to get his  
Mistress

Mistress out of the Place of her Confinement. • He had sought in vain to corrupt her Guards, for they were too vigilant, and too faithful to *Elvira*. But, at length he bethought himself of a particular Expedient. There are in *Madrid* a great number of blind People that strowle about the Streets, with their Tabors and Pipes, much like those which the Biscayners make use of : They also sing long Songs, containing sometimes, the Amours of the Moors, that made themselves Masters of *Grenada* , and sometimes other Stories. The Marquis therefore compos'd several Stanza's, wherein he set forth *Constantia's* and his own Misfortunes, under the Names of the enamour'd *Zegris*, and the unfortunate *Galiana*. He also gave *Constantia* notice to be ready to make her Escape, and that she should meet with Assistants at the Garden Door. This done, he gave the blind People their Lesson, and they being thoroughly instructed, went to the Convent. Now the Nuns are generally extremely taken with this sort of Musick, and therefore as soon as they heard 'em, they caus'd 'em to be let into the great Speaking-Room, whether all the Society flock'd together. The Marquis knew that *Constantia's* Chamber was near to that Room;

Room ; and the Nuns that were appointed to Guard her, never considering the Charge with which they were entrusted, run after the rest of their Companions. Nevertheless, *Constantia* never minded to take advantage of the opportunity, till the Beggars having sung out several of their Ballads, began that which the Marquis had given 'em. But then, not doubting but that the Ballad concern'd her, by the resemblance of the Story with her Misfortunes, she resolv'd to satisfy her Curiosity. With that, she went immediately, together with *Juana*, into the Garden, and made directly to a Door, that open'd into the Fields ; and before she came near it, she heard some body bounding against it, to break it open. In short, the door was soon forc'd off the Hinges ; and then appear'd the Marquis of *Leyna*, with a great Number of his Friends. It is impossible to express the Joy of those two Lovers at their Meeting. Don *Ferdinand* also, who was one of the Party, put *Constantia* and *Juana* into a Coach and Six Horses, and the Road being laid with fresh Coach and Horses, they quickly got out of reach, and travelling through *France*, arriv'd safe at *Brussels*, where *Dona Constantia* put her self into a Nunnery, that she might

might not break the Laws of Decency, of which she was a punctual Observer.

Dona *Elvira*, mad that her Rival, and the Marquis had thus escap'd her Fury, labour'd all she could to obtain Orders to continue her Prosecution in *Flanders*. But those were deny'd her; and then it was, that she could no longer withstand the Excess of her Vexation. And now the Objects of her Revenge being out of her reach, she had time to reflect upon the enormity of her Crime. She consider'd, that the Persons whom she persecuted, had never deserv'd her Resentment. Rage and Repentance turmoil'd her to that Degree, that she could not any longer resist their force, and the wound which she had given her self, beginning to fester, by reason of her wilfully refusing to apply necessary Remedies, in a few Days she found that her Life was in great Danger; and being at length given over by the Physicians, she began then to think of discovering the Truth, which she had so obstinately prosecuted; and made use of her remaining Strength, to write to the Duke of *Medina Celi*. To that purpose, when she had finish'd her Relation, she gave the Pacquet to her Confident *Eugenia*, with express Order, not to deliver it till after her

her Death. After that, she seem'd to be more at rest, and with an extraordinary Resolution, lay'd aside, for the short remainder of her Days, all farther thoughts of worldly Affairs. Thus dy'd *Elvira*. As soon as her Friends had pay'd their last Duties to her deceased Body, *Eugenia* deliver'd her Mistresses Pacquet to the Duke; who opening it, found therein a Letter from *Dona Elvira*, of which these were the Words.

**I**F the shame of acknowledging that I have Lov'd an ungrateful Man, and that I have committed a piece of Treachery, unworthy a Person of my Birth, may suffice to merit the pardon of my Folly and Wickedness; If the just Anguish which my approaching Death inflicts upon me, may procure me that Compassion, which I dare not promise to my self, you will no longer, Sir, be incens'd against a Woman, whose Crime and Misfortune were Love and Jealousie. The Marquis of Leyna is innocent. 'Twas I that gave my self the wound. I thought to move him by all the outward Appearances of a deep Despair. To that purpose I had prepar'd a little Bladder of Blood, under my Bosome, ready for the stroak of a Dagger, but the Trouble I was in, caus'd me to stab it farther then I intended, and by that means,

means, I inflicted upon myself the Punishment that I deserv'd. 'Tis also true, that I infus'd into Don Sancho the cruel Resolution to have sacrific'd Constantia to his Jealousie. I omitted nothing to inflame his Rage, and render her Guilty; so that if the Marquis had not sav'd her Life, he had infallibly murder'd her. Inform the King of this my Confession, made at such a time, as clears it from all Suspition. I bequeath, Sir, by my Will, all my Estate to Dona Constantia, and I wish, that together with it, she may enjoy the Person who was born to compleat the Felicity of her Life.

Tho' the Duke were over-joy'd to read a Deposition so beneficial for his Nephew, however, he could not choose but bewail the hard Fate of Dona Elvira. He besought the King that this Letter might be read in Council: To which his Majesty freely consented, and likewise granted the Marquis his Pardon. Which was the more easily obtain'd, because there were no other Prosecutions against him, and for that, all People were convinc'd of his Innocency. Thereupon, the Duke sent him the happy Tydings, and Dona Constantia return'd to Madrid, at the same time that the Marquis arriv'd there. Every body desir'd her no longer to delay the Felicity

Felicity of her Lover. But she thought it became her to pay a little respect to the Rules of Decency, which would not permit her so soon to marry the Person who had slain her Husband. However, she gave the Marquis leave to trust to her Assurances, and then retir'd to a Nunnery with the Constable *Colonna's* Lady, who had always been her constant Friend.

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*F I N I S.*

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